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THE NEW NATIONAL GALLERY,  
TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON.

*Engraved by W. Wallis from a Drawing by The R. H. S. Popham, Esq. for*

JOYES' SERIES OF ENGRAVINGS FROM THE PICTURES

*In the Gallery.*



















## P R E F A C E.

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The march of mind involves the march of taste. A taste for the nobler works of art, formerly rare, is now almost universal. This is very distinctly shewn by the returns of the annual visitors to the National Gallery. In 1830, when it had been open some years, the number was 60,321; in 1840 it reached 503,011!

If so remarkable an increase have been witnessed in the attendance at the Gallery, those who favoured it in the first instance, or who have since deemed it right to give it their support, have their reward. It was in 1824, during the administration of Lord Liverpool, that this step was resolved upon, and a Parliamentary grant of £60,000 voted with a view to the purchase of Mr. Angerstein's collection, eventually secured for £56,000. That important step produced noble gifts and donations, which have added to it from fifty to a hundred pictures. The most rigidly frugal political economist, seeing the public wealth so accumulated, cannot but admit that in forming this establishment, national liberality appears to have been anything but national waste.

But in reference to such a subject, the statesman will look beyond pounds, shillings and pence; he will look to the mental improvement which must follow from contemplating—

“ Works that a Titian's hand could form alone,  
Works that a Rubens had been proud to own.”

and it is difficult to imagine what could more directly tend to elevate a people than rendering them familiar with sacred and important scenes, embellished by the hand of genius. Just reflection, will assure every one that vast benefits may be derived from such a source. The society of Friends, having remarked wanton abuses of the artist's skill, were long unfavourable to its exercise, but when several members of that estimable body were invited to decide on the choice of a calling for young West, the future President of the Royal Academy, John Williamson, one of their members, thus spoke incidentally of painting, after remarking that the youth had been moved by “ something like inspiration ” to study it: “ It is true,” said he, “ that our tenets refuse to own the utility of that art to mankind; but it seemeth to me that we have considered the matter too nicely. God has bestowed on this youth a genius for art—shall we question God's wisdom? Can we believe that he gives such rare powers but for a wise and good purpose? I see the Divine Hand in this. We shall do well to sanction the art and encourage this youth.” He added of painting, “ In wise and in pure hands it rises in the scale of moral excellence, and displays a loftiness and a devout dignity, worthy of the contemplation of Christians.” Such were the sentiments breathed by the honest and enlightened Quaker. Is it too much to say that in this spirit the National Gallery of England has been formed? To blend delight with instruction, and to charm the age with “ devout dignity,” are the objects those entrusted with its direction have been careful to pursue.

In this publication, their footsteps will be carefully followed, in the hope of perpetuating the gratification which a visit to the Gallery must afford. The admirer of the old masters and foreign talent will here have the treat renewed by living industry and contemporary skill. They aspire to throw open sources of pleasure and improvement to all classes, which in other days none but the chosen favourites of Fortune could hope to approach.

Great Britain has been pronounced to be the last among the civilized nations of the earth that has fostered the Fine Arts,—the last that has sought to awaken the slumbering energies of native genius; nor may we controvert this too manifest truth. On the contrary, we must acknowledge that she has but tardily, and at length, arrived at M. Necker's conviction, that the cultivation of the Arts, and the formation of national collections of exemplars, consecrated by the admiration of the tasteful and judicious, "repay the state with usury for its liberality in forming and promoting them." The report of a Select Committee of our own House of Commons, appointed to consider the propriety of purchasing the Elgin Marbles for the National Collection, has been the harbinger of our NATIONAL GALLERY of PICTURES.

In that Report, British artists and patriots had the pleasure and the pride of reading, that "Your Committee cannot dismiss this interesting subject without submitting to the attention of the House, how highly the cultivation of the Fine Arts has contributed to the reputation, character, and dignity, of every government by which they have been encouraged, and how intimately they are connected with the advancement of every thing valuable in science, literature, and philosophy."

"If it be true, as we learn from history and experience, that free governments afford a soil most suitable to the production of native talents, to the maturity of the powers of the human mind, and to the growth of every species of excellence, by opening to merit the prospect of reward and distinction, no country can be better adapted than our own to afford an honourable asylum to monuments of the school of Phidias, and of the administration of Pericles,—where, secure from further injury and degradation, they may receive that admiration and homage to which they are entitled, and serve in return as models and examples to those who, by knowing how to revere and appreciate them, may learn, first to imitate, and ultimately to rival them."

Necker's anticipation that the liberality of the state in such cases would be "repaid with usury" is already more than justified in our own country. The Gallery of Julius Angerstein, Esq., wisely purchased by government, has become the nucleus of a collection, worthy to be distinguished by the name it bears, of "The National Gallery," for which a lofty and commodious, but much criticised structure, has been raised, on the north side of Trafalgar Square, London. It is enriched by the noble gift of the collection of Sir George Beaumont, and the magnificent bequest of the Rev. Wm. Holwell Carr, who, with provident foresight, stipulated that a fitting home should be prepared for the treasures of Art he was disposed to bestow. Judicious purchases have been made by the Noble Governors of the British Institution, and besides, to render the National Gallery what it has become, the country has to acknowledge presents or bequests from George IV., his late Majesty William IV., the late Duke of Northumberland, the Duke of Sutherland, the Earl of Liverpool, the late Earl of Blessington, the Lords Farnborough, Vernon, and Francis Egerton, the Dowager Lady Beaumont, Lady William Gordon, Lieut.-General William Thornton, Lieut.-Colonel John Harvey Ollney, the Rev. Dr. Herbert Hawes, the Rev. William Long, the Rev. R. E. Kerrich, Mr. Serjeant Taddy, Mrs. Fitz-Hugh, William Wilkins Esq., (the distinguished architect,) M. M. Zachary, G. J. Cholmondeley, J. Forbes, Henry Gally Knight, Capel Lofft, Thomas Phillips, R. A., Francis Robertson, and Richard Simmons, Esqrs. The lapse of years, will doubtless extend the list of high-minded donors, whose rich gifts could not have been received by the Public in other days, and must have been irretrievably lost.



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# W I L S O N .

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NIOBE,

No. 1.

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p. 1

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RICHARD WILSON was born in 1714, at Pinegas, in Montgomeryshire, of which parish his father was then rector, but who afterwards obtained the living of Mold, in Flintshire. Having received a liberal education, in the course of which he discovered a strong genius for painting, his father indulged his inclination, and sent him to London, where he was placed under the tuition of an obscure artist named Wright, who professed portraiture. Wilson, therefore, began his career as a portrait painter, but with a mediocrity, as is said, that afforded no great prospect of excellence; and yet he must have acquired some distinction in that department, since we find that in 1745 he executed a large picture of George the Third, then prince of Wales, and his brother Edward, afterwards duke of York. After practising some time in London, he went to Italy, and there continued portrait painting, until a small landscape of his, possessing much freedom and spirit, casually met the eye of Zuccarelli, and so pleased him, that he strenuously advised the artist to follow that line only, as being most congenial to his powers, and therefore most likely to obtain for him fame as well as profit. This flattering encomium from a painter of established reputation had its effect, and Wilson, from that time, exchanged portraiture for landscape, which he pursued with vigour and success. To this circumstance is owing the splendour diffused by his genius, not only over his native country, but even over Italy itself, whose scenes have been the frequent subjects of his pencil. His studies,

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indeed, in this branch of the art must have been rapid, for he had some pupils in landscape while at Rome, where his works were so much esteemed, that Mengs painted his portrait, and Wilson, in return, presented him with one of his most charming pieces. In 1755 he returned to England, and took apartments in Covent Garden, where he gained great celebrity as a landscape painter.

On the foundation of the Royal Academy, Wilson was one of the first members, and after the death of Hayman, in 1779, he accepted the office of librarian of the institution; a situation which his circumstances rendered convenient, but for which, in one respect, he was ill qualified, being never at his ease out of a tavern. At length his necessities increased to such a degree, that he was obliged to pawn some of his pictures that he might be enabled to visit his native place, where he died, in May 1782. Mr. Edwards says, "that though he had acquired great fame, yet he did not find that constant employment which his abilities deserved." This neglect might probably result from his own conduct; for though a man of sense, and superior education, he certainly did not possess that suavity of manners which distinguished many of his contemporaries. On this account his connexions and employment insensibly diminished, and at length left him in comfortless infirmity. The style of Wilson formed an epoch in English landscape painting, being equalled by none before, and not surpassed since by any in the same line.

The picture of Niobe has been universally commended for the originality and invention of the composition, and boldness of execution and effect. Great praise is due to the artist, for the manner in which he has introduced the large cloud with the figures of Apollo and Diana; the lower part being brought down almost to a level with the foreground, enabled him to give to these figures a greater appearance of reality than they could otherwise have had, being connected with the lower parts of the composition. Some, however, are of opinion, that the subject is of too high a class to be introduced subserviently in a landscape.

Size of the picture:—length, five feet six inches; height, four feet. Presented by Sir George Beaumont, bart.











# W I L K I E.

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## THE VILLAGE FESTIVAL.

No. 2.

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p. 24

THIS picture represents the circumstances likely to occur at the door of a village alehouse, on a warm summer evening, when the labours of the day are done, and its fatigues have tempted some of the villagers to take something more than their needful repose. It consists of three principal groups, and several subordinate ones, scattered about the scene in a somewhat unskilful and unsatisfactory manner, as far as relates to mere composition, but full of the most rich and admirable truth of detail. The centre group represents a contest between two parties—a set of half-tipsy merry-makers, and a village housewife and her daughter—as to which shall get possession of the person of an idle husband, whom the latter have come to fetch home. There is a homely and pathetic truth in the expression of the wife, that is delightful. Anybody but Wilkie would have made her a shrew. The imploring expression of the daughter—which is conveyed by the air and attitude alone, her face not being seen—is also admirable. These are richly, but perhaps somewhat too forcibly contrasted with the coarse merriment of the boozers, who wish to retain their companion. The principal figure in this group—the husband—is the least expressive part of it. It seems a matter nearly of indifference to him whether the contest is decided “for go or stay.”—The colouring of this group is exquisite in every part: perhaps superior to any thing else from the hand of this artist.—The left-hand group of the three is even more rich in the expression appropriate to the subject than the one just described. The face of the sot who is holding up the bottle is absolutely perfect. It is unquestionably superior in its way to

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any one face that has proceeded from the pencil of any artist—dead or living—with the exception of two or three others by Wilkie himself. That of the landlord, also, who is pouring out the ale, and who seems to contrive to keep himself just sober enough to make his guests tipsy, is no less true than rich. The *black*, who forms the third of this group, is not so good: he is not black, but red. It is very rare to see this artist thus sacrifice truth to harmony of effect: he had better have left the head out altogether, than have done so in this instance.—The third principal division of the composition, occupying the right corner, contains two or three exquisite morceaux, both of colouring and expression. The girl holding the fat infant is an admirable study, designed with infinite ease, and coloured with great sweetness. Indeed, the colouring of many parts of this picture, both for breadth, sweetness, and purity, is perhaps superior to any other from the pencil of this extraordinary painter—whose forte does certainly not lie in that department of his art. And, in fact, it is only of individual parts that the above is true, even with regard to this picture. As a whole it is scattered, confused, and unsatisfactory in this respect.—The only other portion of this group which requires particular mention is the face, figure, and whole deportment of the nice old woman who is just finding her idle, drunken son, half-asleep behind the horse-trough. The sight, painful as it evidently is to her, is scarcely capable of moving her from that staid gravity which becomes her age and character: for she is evidently one of the matronly oracles of the village, and perhaps the school-mistress.—The secondary groups in this picture do not demand any detailed description.

The fault of this work (and it is a very great one) is a want of unity and compression in the composition, and consequently a want of general compactness and singleness of effect. Unlike one of Teniers' great works of this kind, it tells like two or three different pictures, instead of like one consistent and necessarily connected whole. The immense size of the buildings, as compared with that of the figures, increases this defect. The work, however, displays infinite talent, both of mind and of hand—but certainly more of the latter than of the former.—Angerstein Collection. On wood: Length, 4 feet, 2 inches; height, 3 feet, 1 inch







From the original in the collection of the  
British Museum





# BENJAMIN WEST, P. R. A.

## THE BANISHMENT OF CLEOMBROTUS.

No. 3.

p. 3

IT has been asserted that the President has not, in the present instance, evinced his usual discrimination with regard to the choice of his subject: and the reason given is, that the pathetic address of Chelonisa (commonly written Chelonis) to Leonidas, stating her resolve now to share the adverse fortunes of her husband, as she had recently shared those of her father, forms the most interesting feature in the story, and that this could not be painted.

Perhaps there may be some truth in this; but painters do not always choose their own subjects—and the spectator perceives, at a glance, that the picture is of considerable interest notwithstanding, and displays professional powers in the way of composition, drawing, chiaroscuro, and colouring, that are worthy of high commendation.

The Leonidas who makes his appearance in the present performance, is not he who gloriously perished with the three hundred Spartans at Thermopylæ, but another Lacedemonian king of the same honoured name, who reigned about two hundred and twenty years after Leonidas the Great. Agis, the colleague of Leonidas II., was so entirely opposed to him in disposition and character, that he intrigued with Cleombrotus, and Leonidas was in consequence set aside and expatriated, his daughter accompanying him into exile. But Agis being soon after obliged to go with a body of Spartan troops to the assistance of the Achæans, Cleomenes abused the power entrusted to him to such a degree, that Leonidas was restored to regal authority, and Cleombrotus, in his turn, sentenced to

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banishment. The events, or incidents, immediately consequent on the pronouncing of this sentence, are the proper subject of Mr. West's picture. Conjugal affection now mingled itself with that desire to alleviate pain and sorrow, which distinguishes the softer sex; and she, who had already suffered one banishment, stands prepared to endure the rigours of another, in the event of her not being able to cause the sentence to be mitigated.

After granting that such an incident is rather suited to display the powers of the dramatic poet or the historian, than those of the painter, we perceive that West has ably told, and with considerable dignity, as much of the story of the banishment of Cleombrotus as it was practicable for the art of the painter to tell, and that an affecting picture has been the result. He could not paint *words*, it is true, but he has with great address availed himself of the pathetic circumstance (which also adds great beauty to the composition) of introducing the two innocent children, who must also quit their country; and while Chelonis, after her eloquent and pathetic, but almost fruitless appeal, leans her cheek upon the head of her doomed husband, (as Plutarch has recorded,) Leonidas firmly pronounces that sentence on Cleombrotus, which his wife has heroically resolved to share with him.

The picture was presented to the nation by William Wilkins, Esq., the talented architect of the new National Gallery. It measures 6 feet, by 4 feet 6 inches.









THE CONTRACT





# HOGARTH

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## MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

FIRST PICTURE.—THE CONTRACT.

No. 4.

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p. 4

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THERE is always a something wanting to make men happy.—The great think themselves not sufficiently rich, and the rich believe themselves not enough distinguished. This is the case of the alderman of London, and the motive which makes him covet for his daughter the alliance of a great lord; who, on his part, does not consent thereto but on condition of enriching his son: and this is what the painter calls *Marriage a la Mode*.

The portly nobleman, with the conscious dignity of high birth, displays his genealogical tree, the root of which is, *William, duke of Normandy, and conqueror of England*. The valour of his great progenitor, and the various merits of the collateral branches which dignify his pedigree, he considers as united in his own person, and therefore looks upon an alliance with his son as the *acmé* of honour, the *apex* of exaltation. While he is thus glorying in the dust of which his ancestors were once compounded, the prudent citizen, who, in return for it, has parted with dust of a much more weighty and useful description, paying no regard to this heraldic blazonry, devotes all his attention to the marriage settlement. The haughty and supercilious peer is absorbed in the contemplation of his illustrious ancestry, while the worshipful alderman, regardless of the past, and considering the present as merely preparatory for the future, calculates what provision there will be for a young family. Engrossed by their favourite reflections, neither of these sagacious personages regard the want of attachment in those who are to be united as worthy a moment's



## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

consideration. To do the Viscount justice, he seems equally indifferent; for, though evidently in love,—it is *with himself*. Gazing in the mirror with delight, and, in an affected style, displaying his gold snuff-box and glittering ring, he is quite a husband *à la mode*. The lady, very well disposed to retaliate, plays with her wedding-ring, and repays this chilling coldness with sullen contempt; her heart is not worth the Viscount's attention, and she determines to bestow it on the first suitor. An insidious lawyer, like an evil spirit, ever ready to move or second a temptation, appears beside her. That he is an eloquent pleader, is intimated by his name, *Counsellor Silvertongue*: that he can make the worse appear the better cause, is only saying, in other words, that *he is great in the profession*. To predict that, with such an advocate, her virtue is *in danger*, would not be sufficiently expressive. His captivating tones, and insinuating manners, would have ensnared *Lucretia*.

Two dogs in a corner, coupled against their inclinations, are good emblems of the ceremony which is to pass.

The ceiling of this magnificent apartment is decorated with the story of Pharaoh and his host drowned in the Red Sea. The ocean, on a ceiling, proves a projector's *taste*; the *sublimity* of a painter is exemplified in the hero delineated with one of the attributes of Jove. This fluttering figure is probably intended for one of the peer's high-born ancestors, and is invested with the golden fleece, and some other foreign orders. To give him still greater dignity, he is in the character of Jupiter; while one hand holds up an ample robe, the other grasps a thunderbolt. A comet is taking its rapid course over his head; and in one corner of the picture, two of the family of Boreas are judiciously blowing contrary ways. All this is ridiculous enough, but not an iota more absurd than many of the French portraits, which Hogarth evidently intended to burlesque by this parody.

This series formed part of the Angerstein collection: size of the picture, 2 feet 11, by 2 feet 3.







# HOGARTH.

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## THE MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE,

BREAKFAST SCENE.

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No. 5  
P. 5

THIS scene represents a saloon in the young nobleman's house, not long after the breaking up of a party. The clock shews us it is noon. We are to suppose, then, by the candles being still burning, that the day had been shut out, and converted into night; a circumstance not a little characteristic of the irregularity and disorder that reign within the house; and that, after an hour or two's sleep, madam is just risen to breakfast; whose rising has occasioned that of the family in general. This is intimated by one of the servants in the back-ground of this plate, who we are to understand, though scarce awake, has hurried on his clothes, in order to set the house in some measure to rights. By the treatise of Hoyle upon the floor, we are taught the idle study of people of distinction, to whom books in general are disgusting, unless they tend to dissipation, or serve to instruct them in their favourite amusements. With respect to the attitudes of the two principal figures, the fineness of the thought, and the particular exactness of the expressions, they must be allowed to be extremely beautiful. They are at the same time well introduced, as from the indifference that gives rise to them, springs the destruction of this unhappy family. On the one hand we are to suppose the lady totally neglected by her husband; on the other, by way of contrast, that the husband is just returned from the apartments of some woman, fatigued, exhausted, and satiated. And as pleasures of this sort are seldom without

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

interruption, we are shewn, by the female cap in his pocket, and his broken sword, that he has been engaged in some riot or uproar. An old faithful steward, who has a regard for the family, seems to have taken this opportunity (not being able to find a better) to settle his accounts; but the general disorder of the family, and the indisposition of his master and mistress, render it impossible. See him then returning in an attitude of concern, dreading the approaching ruin of them both. As a satire on the extravagance of the nobility, Mr. Hogarth has humorously put into this man's hands a number of unpaid bills, and placed upon the file only one receipt; intimating the general bad pay of people of quality.

Led, then, from one act of dissipation to another, the hero of this piece meets his destruction in hunting after pleasure. Little does he imagine what misery awaits him, and what dreadful consequences will be the result of his proceedings; but determined to embrace the trifling happiness in view, he runs heedlessly on in his dissipated career, until he seals his unhappy fate.

It has been justly remarked that "the figure of the young libertine, who on his return home from his debaucheries, after day-break, has thrown himself into a chair, is so admirable for its attitude, expression, drawing, and colouring, as alone utterly to refute the assertion of Lord Orford, that Hogarth, however great as an author or inventor, possessed as a painter but slender merit." This picture formed part of the Angerstein Collection.







Engraved by W. Radcliffe

MARIA, A LA MODE

OLD WITH ME

*Unwound. (Charles by?)*





# HOGARTH.

## MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

THIRD PICTURE.—SCENE WITH THE QUACK.

No. 6.

p. 6

IN the two preceding prints, the hero and heroine of this tragedy show a fashionable indifference towards each other. On the part of the viscount, we see no indication of any wish to conciliate the affections of his lady. Careless of her conduct, and negligent of her fame, he leaves her to superintend the musical dissipations of his house, and lays the scene of his own licentious amusements abroad. The female heart is naturally susceptible, and much influenced by first impressions. Formed for love, and gratefully attached by delicate attentions; but chilled by neglect, and frozen by coldness,—by contempt it is estranged, and by habitual and long continued inconstancy, sometimes lost.

To show that our unfortunate victim to parental ambition has suffered this mortifying climax of provocation, the artist has made a digression, and exhibited her profligate husband attending a quack doctor. In the last plate he appears to have dissipated his fortune; in this he has injured his health. From the hour of marriage, he has neglected the woman to whom he plighted his troth. Can we wonder at her conduct? By the viscount she was despised; by the counsellor—adored. This insidious, insinuating villain, we may naturally suppose acquainted with every part of the nobleman's conduct, and artful enough to make a proper advantage of his knowledge. From such an agent, the countess would probably learn how her lord was connected: from his subtle suggestions, being aided by resentment, she is tempted to think that these accumulated insults have dissolved the marriage vow, and given her a right to retaliate. Thus impelled,—thus irritated,—and attended by such an advocate,—can we wonder that this *fair unfortunate* deserted from the standard of honour, and sought refuge in the camp of infamy? To her husband many of her

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

errors must be attributed. She saw he despised her,—and therefore hated him; found that he had bestowed his affections on another,—and followed his example. To show the consequence of his unrestrained wanderings, the author, in this plate, exhibits his hero in the house of one of those needy *empyrics*, who play upon public credulity, and vend poisons under the name of drugs. This quack being family surgeon to the old procuress, who stands at his right hand, formerly attended the young girl, and received his fee, as having recovered his patient. That he was paid for what he did not perform, appears by the countenance of the enraged nobleman, who lifts up his cane in a threatening style, accompanying the action with a promise to bastinado both surgeon and procuress for having deceived him by a false bill of health. These menaces our *natural son of Æsculapius* treats with that careless *non chalance*, which shows that his ears are accustomed to such sounds; but the haggard high priestess of the temple of Venus, tenacious of her good name, and tremblingly alive to any aspersion which may tend to injure her *professional reputation*, unclasps her knife, determined to wash out this foul stain upon her honour with the blood of her accuser.

An horn of the sea unicorn is so placed as to give the idea of a barber's pole; this, with the pewter bason, and broken comb, clearly indicate the former profession of our mock doctor. The high-crowned hat and antique spur, which might once have been the property of Butler's redoubted knight, the valiant Hudibras, with the model of the gallows, and sundry non-descript rarities, show us that this great man, if not already a member of the Antiquarian Society, is qualifying himself to be a candidate. The dried body in the glass case, placed between a skeleton and the sage's wig-block, form a trio that might serve as the symbol of a consultation of physicians. A figure above the mummies seems at first sight to be decorated with a flowing periwig; but on a close inspection, will be found intended for one of Sir John Mandeville's *Anthropophagi*, a sort of men "whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders." Even the skulls have character; and the principal mummy has so majestic an aspect, that one is almost tempted to believe it the mighty *Cheops*, king of Egypt, whose body was certainly to be known, being the only one intombed in the large pyramid.







all by Armstrong





# HOGARTH.

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## MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

FOURTH PICTURE.—TOILETTE SCENE.

No. 7.

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p. 7

By the old peer's death our fair heroine has attained the summit of her wishes, and become a countess. Intoxicated by this elevation, and vain of her new dignity, she ranges through the whole circle of frivolous amusements, and treads every maze of fashionable dissipation. Her excesses are rendered still more criminal, by the consequent neglect of domestic duties; for, by the coral on the back of her chair, we are led to suppose that she is a mother. Her morning levee is crowded with persons of rank, and attended by her paramour, and that contemptible shadow of man, an Italian singer, with whose dulcet notes two of our right honourable group seem in the highest degree enraptured.

That our extravagant countess purchased the pipe of this expensive exotic in mere compliance to the fashion of the day, without any real taste for his mellifluous warblings, is intimated by the absorbed attention which she pays to the advocate, who, with the luxuriant indolent grace of an *eastern Effendi*, is lolling on a sofa beside her. By his pointing to the folding screen, on which is delineated a masquerade revel, at the same time that he shews his infatuated inamorato a ticket of admission, we see that they are making an assignation for the evening. The fatal consequences of their unfortunate meeting are displayed in the two succeeding plates. A Swiss servant, who is dressing her hair, has all

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

the grimace of his country ; he is the complete *Canton* of the Clandestine Marriage. The contemptuous leer of a black footman, serving chocolate, is evidently directed to the singer, and forms an admirable contrast to the *die-away* lady seated before him, who, lost to every sense but that of hearing, is exalted to the third heaven by the enchanting song of this pampered Italian. On the country gentleman, with a whip in his hand, it has quite a different effect ; with the echoing TALLY HO ! he would be exhilarated ; by the soft sounds of *Italia*, his soul is lulled to rest. The *fine feeling creature* with a fan suspended from *its* wrist, is marked with that *foolish face of praise*, which understands nothing, but admires every thing—that it is the *ton* to admire ! The taper supporters of *monsieur, en papillote*, are admirably opposed to the lumbering pedestals of our mummy of music. The figure behind him blows a flute with every muscle of his face. A little black boy, in the opposite corner, examining a collection of grotesque china ornaments, which have been purchased at the sale of Esquire Timothy Babyhouse, pays great attention to a figure of Acteon, and, with a very significant leer, points to his horns. Under a delineation of Jupiter and Leda, on a china dish, is written *Julio Romano* ! The fantastic group of *hydras, gorgons, and chimeras dire*, which lie near it, are an admirable specimen of the absurd and shapeless monsters which disgraced our drawing rooms, until the introduction of *Etrurian* ornaments.

The pictures in this dressing-room are well suited to the profligate proprietor, and may be farther intended as a burlesque on the strange and grossly indelicate subjects so frequently painted by ancient masters. Lot and his Daughters ; Ganymede and the Eagle ; Jupiter and Io ; and a portrait of the young lawyer, who is the favourite, the *cicisbeo* ; or more properly, the seducer of the countess.







... , regard solum Hogarth





# HOGARTH.

## MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

FIFTH PICTURE.—DEATH OF THE EARL.

No. 8,

p. 8

OUR exasperated peer, suspecting his wife's infidelity, follows her in disguise to the masquerade, and from thence traces these two votaries of vice to a bagnio; finding they are retired to a bed-room, he bursts open the door, and attacks the spoiler of his honour with a drawn sword. Too much irritated to be prudent, and too violent to be cautious, he thinks only of revenge; and, making a furious thrust at the counsellor, neglects his own guard, and is mortally wounded. The miscreant who had basely destroyed his peace, and deprived him of life, is not bold enough to meet the consequences. Destitute of that courage which is the companion of virtue, and possessing no spark of that honour which ought to distinguish the gentleman; dreading the avenging hand of offended justice, he makes a mean and precipitate retreat. Leaving him to the fate which awaits him, let us return to the deluded countess. Feeling some pangs from a recollection of her former conduct, some touches of shame at her detection, and a degree of horror at the fate of her husband, she kneels at his feet, and entreats forgiveness.

“ Some contrite tears she shed.”—

There is reason to fear that they flow from regret at the detection, rather than remorse for the crime; a woman, vitiated in the vortex of dissipation, is not likely to feel that ingenuous shame which accompanies a good mind torn by the consciousness of having deviated from the path of virtue.

Alarmed at the noise occasioned by this fatal *rencontre*, the inmates of

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

the brothel called a watchman : accompanied by a constable, this *nocturnal* guardian is ushered into the room by the master of the house, whose meagre and trembling figure is well opposed to the consequential magistrate of the night. The watchman's lantern we see over their heads, but the bearer knows his duty is to *follow* his superiors ; conscious that though the front may be a post of honour, yet *in a service of danger*, the rear is a station of safety.

Immediately over the door is a picture of St. Luke ; this venerable Apostle being a painter, is so delineated, that he seems looking at the scene now passing, and either making a sketch or a record of the transaction. On the hangings is a *lively representation* of Solomon's Judgment. The countenance of the sapient monarch is not sagacious, but his attitude is in an eminent degree dignified, and his air commanding and regal. We cannot say that the Hebrew women who attend for *judgment*, are either comely, or fair to look upon. Were not the scene laid in Jerusalem, they might pass for two of the silver-toned *naiades* of our own Billingsgate. The grisly guards have a most rueful and tremendous appearance. The attractive portrait of a Drury-lane Diana, with a butcher's steel in one hand, and a squirrel perched on the other, is hung in such a situation, that the Herculean pedestals of a Jewish soldier may be supposed to be a delineation of her legs continued below the frame.

Our counsellor's mask lies on the floor, and *grins horribly*, as if conscious of the fatal catastrophe. Dominos, shoes, &c. scattered around the room, show the negligence of the ill-fated countess, unattended by her *femme de chambre*. From a faggot, and the shadow of a pair of tongs, we may infer that there is a fire in the room. A bill near them implies that this *elegant apartment* is at *the Turk's Head bagnio*.

The dying agony of the earl, the eager entreaty of the countess, the terror of *mine host*, and the vulgar inflected dignity of Mr. Constable, are admirably discriminated.







*The Birmingham Exhibition by J. H. P. 1851.*





# HOGARTH.

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## MARRIAGE A-LA-MODE.

SIXTH PICTURE.—DEATH OF THE COUNTESS.

No. 9.

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p. 9

THE last sad scene of our unfortunate heroine's life, is in the house of her father, to which she had returned after her husband's death. The law could not consider her as the primary cause of his murder; but consciousness of her own guilt was more severe punishment than that could have inflicted. This, added to her father's reproaches, and the taunts of those who were once her friends, renders society hateful, and solitude insupportable. Wounded in every feeling, tortured in every nerve, and seeing no prospect of a period to her misery, she takes the horrid resolution of ending all her calamities by poison.

Dreadful as is this resolve, she puts it in execution by bribing the servant of her father to procure her a dose of laudanum. Close to the vial, which lies on the floor, Hogarth has judiciously placed *Counsellor Silvertongue's last dying speech*, thus intimating that he also has suffered the punishment he justly merited. The records of their fate being thus situated, seems to imply, that as they were united in vice, they are companions in the consequences. These two terrific and monitory testimonies, are a kind of propitiatory sacrifice to the *manes* of her injured and murdered lord.

Her avaricious father seeing his daughter at the point of death, and knowing the value of her diamond ring, determined to secure this glittering gem from the depredations of the old nurse, coolly draws it from her finger. This little circumstance shews a *prominent feature* of his mind. Every sense of feeling absorbed in extreme avarice, he seems at this moment calculating how many *carats* the brilliants weigh.

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

A rickety child, heir to the *complaints* of its father, shews some tenderness for its expiring mother; and the grievous whine of an old nurse is most admirably described. These are the only two of the party who exhibit any marks of sorrow for the death of our wretched countess. The smug apothecary, indeed, displays some symptoms of vexation at his patient dying before she has taken his *julep*, the label of which hangs out of his pocket. Her constitution, though impaired by grief, promised to have lasted long enough for him to have marked many additional *dittos* in his day-book. Pointing to the dying speech, he threatens the terrified foot-boy with a punishment similar to that of the counsellor, for having bought the laudanum. The fellow protests his innocence, and promises *never* more to be guilty of a like offence. The effects of fear on an ignorant rustic cannot be better delineated, nor is it easy to conceive a more ludicrous figure than this awkward retainer, dressed in an old full-trimmed coat, which, in its better days, had been the property of his master. By the physician retreating, we are led to conceive that, finding his patient had dared to quit the world in an irregular way, neither abiding by his prescriptions, *nor* waiting for his permission, he cast an indignant frown on all present, and exclaimed in style heroic,—

“Fellow, our hat!”—no more he deign’d to say,

“But, stern as Ajax’ spectre, stalk’d away.”

The leathern buckets immediately over the doctor’s head, were, previous to the introduction of fire-engines, considered as proper furniture for a merchant’s hall. Every ornament in his parlour is highly and exactly appropriate to the man. The style of his pictures, his clock, a cobweb over the window, repaired chair,—nay, the very form of his hat, are characteristic.

Thus has our moral dramatist concluded his tragedy, and brought his heroine from dissipation and vice, to misery and shame, terminating her existence by suicide! From the whole we may form a just estimate of the value of riches and high birth, when abused by prodigality, or degraded by vice.







THE CITY OF LONDON, AS SEEN FROM THE TOWER OF LONDON.

Engraved by J. G. Thompson, from a drawing by J. G. Thompson.

LONDON: PRINTED BY J. G. THOMPSON, 1825.

THE CITY OF LONDON, AS SEEN FROM THE TOWER OF LONDON.





## RICHARD WILSON, R.A.

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### THE VILLA OF MÆCENAS, AT TIVOLI.

No. 10.

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p. 10

It was fitting that one of the most virtuous of ministers of state and of men should be one of the happiest. The name of Mæcenas has become the synonyme of fine taste, united with liberal patronage of the polite arts; and the remains of his villa in the most romantic spot in Europe, shew that the estimate formed of his taste has been justly formed and properly bestowed.

It was Mæcenas who made the Romans duly sensible of the ameliorating influence of those Arts which have not been, and which are not, ungrateful to his memory. He has been reproached with effeminacy, but at least the occasional energy of his character was not inferior to its mildness and refinement. It was Mæcenas who, to check the barbarous gladiatorial exhibitions that were then prevalent in Rome, boldly entered the Amphitheatre, and in the face of the Roman world, dared to address his imperial master aloud in the following terms, "*Executioner!* wilt thou never have done?" And it was Augustus who had the magnanimity to submit to the reproof.

Upon another occasion it is recorded, that, seeing the emperor about to condemn a criminal to death, with a passionate expression in his own countenance, Mæcenas exclaimed, "Descend from the tribunal, thou *butcher!*" and that Augustus again listened to the admonition, and suspended or revoked the sentence. These are the boldest words that ever were uttered by minister or subject, and applied by him to an absolute sovereign; and they are triumphs of virtuous emotion.

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

Tivoli—glorious Tivoli! was the scene of the retired recreations of this great man: where the poets and the artists, whom he munificently patronised, sat at his social board—

“Where Pleasure lit her torch at Virtue’s flame:

“And Mirth was Bounty with a nobler name.”

There is something like poetical and pictorial justice when such a scene, as Wilson has here set before us, receives and reflects honour on and from such a public character as Mæcenas. Upon a certain occasion, our artist was accompanied from Rome to Tivoli, by the Earl of Thanet and Lord North. All were smitten with the picturesque beauties of its scenery, and the former nobleman commissioned Wilson to paint for him the present view of the Villa of Mæcenas. But our young nobility, like other young gentlemen who are educated at colleges where no instruction is imparted concerning the leading principles of Fine Art—though they are left to pick up, as they may, their information respecting *such* matters—have generally their Horace in their pocket or their recollection; and Lord Thanet, remembering that this poet had celebrated the Blandusian fountain which was in the vicinity of his own villa at Mandela, requested Wilson to transport the said fountain; and it accordingly adorns the foreground of the present picture, which came into the National Gallery with the rest of Sir George Beaumont’s Collection. Its dimensions are 5 feet, 6 inches, by 3 ft. 10 inches.













# WILLIAM HOGARTH.

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## PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.

No. 11.

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*pl*

WILLIAM HOGARTH was born Nov. 10, and baptized Nov. 28, 1697, in the parish of St. Bartholomew the Great, in London; to which parish, it is said, in the *Biographia Britannica*, he was afterwards a benefactor.

Young Hogarth seems to have received no other education than that of a mechanic, and his outset in life was unpropitious. He was bound apprentice to a silversmith (whose name was Gamble) of some eminence, and was confined to that branch of the trade which consists in engraving arms and cyphers upon plate. While thus employed, he gradually acquired some knowledge of drawing; and, before his apprenticeship expired, he exhibited talent for caricature.

On the expiration of his apprenticeship, he entered into the academy in St. Martin's-lane, and studied drawing from the life: but in this his proficiency was inconsiderable; nor would he ever have surpassed *mediocrity* as a painter, if he had not penetrated through external form to character and manners. "It was character, passions, the soul, that his genius was given him to copy."

The engraving of arms and shop-bills seems to have been his first employment by which to obtain a decent livelihood. He was, however, soon engaged in decorating books, and furnished sets of plates for several publications of the time. In the mean time, he had acquired the use of the brush, as well as of the pen and graver; and, possessing a singular facility in seizing a likeness, he acquired considerable employment as a portrait-painter.

In 1733 his genius became conspicuously known. The third scene of "The Harlot's Progress" introduced him to the notice of the great: at a

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

Board of Treasury (which was held a day or two after the appearance of that print), a copy of it was shown by one of the lords, as containing, among other excellences, a striking likeness of Sir John Gonson, a celebrated magistrate of that day, well known for his rigour towards women of the town. From the Treasury each lord repaired to the print-shop for a copy of it, and Hogarth rose completely into fame.

This performance, together with several subsequent ones of a similar kind, have placed Hogarth in the rare class of original geniuses and inventors. He may be said to have created an entirely new species of painting, which may be termed the *moral comic*; and may be considered rather as a writer of comedy with a pencil, than as a painter. If catching the manners and follies of an age, *living as they rise*,—if general satire on vices, and ridicule familiarised by strokes of nature, and heightened by wit, and the whole animated by proper and just expressions of the passions, be comedy, Hogarth composed comedies as much as Molière.

Two years after the publication of his “Harlot’s Progress” appeared the “Rake’s Progress,” which, Lord Orford remarks (though perhaps superior), “had not so much success, for want of notoriety: nor is the print of the Arrest equal in merit to the others.” The curtain, however, was now drawn aside, and his genius stood displayed in its full lustre.

The Rake’s Progress was followed by several works in series, viz. “Industry and Idleness,” the “Stages of Cruelty,” and “Election Prints.” To these may be added, a great number of single comic pieces, all of which present a rich source of amusement: such as, “The March to Finchley,” “Modern Midnight Conversation,” “The Sleeping Congregation,” &c. &c.

The series of “Marriage-à-la-Mode,” together with the Painter’s own Portrait,—and which, as Mr. Ireland justly observes, are of themselves sufficient to establish his reputation as a first-rate genius,—were purchased by Mr. Angerstein, and fortunately became part of the National Collection, affording perhaps as good a specimen of his talents as could have been desired or selected.

The painting measures 2 feet 11 inches by 2 feet 3 inches.









Fig. 10.





# JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY, R.A.

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## THE DEATH OF THE EARL OF CHATHAM.

No. 12.

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p. 12

THIS grand and multifarious composition represents the interior of the British House of Peers, with portraits of all those noblemen and commoners who were present there on the memorable 7th of April, 1778, when the great and venerable Earl of Chatham fell a victim to the energies of his own patriotic ardour. He had opposed, though unhappily in vain, every harsh measure which the existing administration had adopted in its unfortunate contest with America; and still wishing and hoping to conciliate and retain the allegiance of the colonies, Lord Chatham, on that eventful morning, rose from his bed, weakened by the pain and debility occasioned by a severe fit of hereditary gout; went down to the House of Lords, and spoke with his accustomed zeal and vehement eloquence, in opposition to an address to His Majesty, moved by the Duke of Richmond, ostensibly on the state of the Nation, but wherein *the necessity of acknowledging the independence of America*, was something more than insinuated. Lord Chatham deprecated this sentiment in the warmest terms, rejoicing that, though pressed down by the hand of infirmity, he was still able to lift his voice against this proposed dismemberment, and still able to assist his country in this most perilous conjuncture. The Duke of Richmond replied: and Chatham, forgetting himself and his enfeebled state of body in the intensity of his patriotism, rose by the help of his crutch, to answer his

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

Grace ; but the effort, added to the exertion of the morning, was more than his remaining strength could endure, and was the proximate cause of the death of this great man. After two or three unsuccessful attempts to stand, he fainted and fell back ; but was caught in the arms of some of the Peers who sat sufficiently near.

This circumstance, combined with the general agitation, and anxious rush of the noble peers toward his Lordship, that immediately ensued, constitutes the subject of Copley's picture. The most prominent figure in the right-hand group, seen in profile, is that of the Duke of Richmond, who had just spoken : the scroll in his hand being supposed to contain his written motion for an address to the king. On the other side, and pretty far advanced toward the centre, the nearer group consists of the Earl of Sandwich, the Marquis of Rockingham, Lord Gower (whose demise as Duke of Sutherland, and a distinguished patron of the Arts, the public has had recent cause to regret) and some other noblemen, followed by certain learned and Right Reverend prelates (habited in their proper costume) who have risen from their bench in emotion at the awful event, and are advancing toward the central and principal group.

That central group consists of the death-stricken patriot, and those who have gathered hastily around him. The Duke of Cumberland supports the fainting Earl on one side ; on the other, are some twelve or fourteen noblemen, amongst whom the two sons of Lord Chatham are conspicuous, and are seen under the deepest filial sorrow. The eldest (the present Earl of Chatham) having advanced with an affectionate look and action, and a tear on his cheek, and William Pitt (afterwards the Right Honourable Premier) with an expression not less affecting, appearing behind his brother, with extended arms and outstretched hands.

The Picture was presented to the National Gallery by the late Earl of Liverpool. It measures 10 feet by 7 feet 6 inches.









Engraved by J. G. Thompson

THE BIBLE IN ENGLISH

THE BIBLE IN ENGLISH





# BENJAMIN WEST.

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## PYLADES AND ORESTES.

No. 126.

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p. 13

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THE PYLADES AND ORESTES was painted soon after Mr. West's arrival in England, from Italy, and while the impressions received there, from contemplating the great works of the Old Masters—and more especially those of Poussin, learned in academical acquirement, and erudite in classic lore—were strong on his memory; and also while the wish to rival them was honourably fervent. He painted it on speculation, as a public announcement of his graphic powers; and a noble announcement it was.

His biographers inform us, that “in this early stage of his career, (somewhere about the year 1768,) the two of his earliest pictures, which attracted the greatest share of public attention, were the Orestes and Pylades, and the Continenence of Scipio. He had undertaken them on speculation, and the applause which they obtained when finished, were an assurance of his success and reward. His house was daily thronged with the opulent and the curious to see them; statesmen sent for them to their offices; princes to their bed-chambers; and all loudly expressed their approbation, but not one ever inquired the price; and his imagination, which had been elevated in Italy to emulate the conceptions of those celebrated men who have given a second existence to the great events of history, religion, and poetry, was allowed in England to languish over the unmeaning faces of portrait-customers. It seemed to be thought that the genius of the artist could in no other way be encouraged, than by his

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

friends sitting for their own likenesses. The moral influence of the art was unfelt and unknown."

Alas! for the art of painting and its British professors! But, as far as respected *such patrons*, and as far as their pleasures and interests were concerned, the blind mistake brought its own punishment; for West was by no means a good portrait painter. It was imitating the conduct of the half-witted dog in the fable, which vainly snapped at a shadow, and let go the substance.

Whether Sir George Beaumont had *then* the taste and discernment to purchase of Mr. West the Pylades and Orestes, we have not been able to learn; but it seems highly probable, and we should have been glad to have recorded a circumstance so honourable to the baronet and to the artist.

The picture is painted with great ability. In composition it is grand and instructive: the draperies are cast in a fine taste; and the naked parts are more mellow and pūlpy, and less dry, than in some of the subsequent works of this artist; we more particularly allude here to the drawing and colouring of the two youthful friends (who are prepared for sacrifice), the carnation tints of which are very pure, and the anatomical markings full of such intelligence as was then quite exemplary. We had indeed Mortimer; but Reynolds, though a great master of effect and colour, could not have approached the peculiar merits of the figures of Pylades and Orestes.

Our less classically informed reader may not be displeased to know, that though the two Grecian friends stand here, condemned to death, neither of them was really immolated: both were saved by the curiosity, and the stratagem or connivance, of the priestess Iphigenia, who must else have sacrificed her own brother.

The picture measures 4 feet, 2 inches, by 3 feet, 4 inches; and we scarcely need repeat, was bequeathed to the Gallery by the late Sir George Beaumont, Bart.









Engraved by J. G. Bouverie.





## SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

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LANDSCAPE, WITH JAQUES AND THE WOUNDED STAG.

No. 14.

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p. 14

THE subject of Sir George's picture, as is pretty well known, is taken from the first scene in Shakspeare's "As you like it," where the melancholy or philosophical Jaques is introduced as moralising on a deer, which has been struck by the hunter's shaft, and is come weeping, to allay her feverish thirst in a brook which brawls through the forest of Arden.

There are woods and glens so much resembling that which is here depicted, in the neighbourhood of Coleorton in Leicester, (the seat of the Beaumont family,) that we have little doubt it is, in all the main features, and perhaps in all its details, a view from Nature; and that scarcely more than the wounded deer and the philosophising courtier are imagined from the poetry of our great dramatist. Of the fact of the locality of the scene we are indeed well persuaded, having formerly been favoured with the sight of sketches of similar subjects (taken probably in Charnwood forest) from the pencil of this tasteful Baronet. But, whether so or not, whatever is placed before the public on the Shaksperian pedestal, must submit to have its proportions and its propriety examined.

The brilliant Mr. Washington Irving, under his incognito of Geoffrey Crayon, supposes that Shakspeare himself, though he has conferred a foreign name on his forest, really copied, or studied from, English scenery; and fancies he knows the glades, trees, and rivulets, among the wild wood scenery on the estate, formerly that of Sir Thomas Lucey of Charlecote, where the poet once exercised his wits, perhaps his deer-stalking talent, and which he afterwards introduced into his comedy of "As you like it."

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

In this case, Sir George Beaumont has but followed the example of Shakspeare in his employment of English scenery; and be it remembered here, that Leicestershire and Charlecote are scarcely more than five-and-twenty miles apart. Our further references must be to the poetry.

“To-day, my Lord of Amiens, and myself,  
Did steal behind him, as he lay along  
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out  
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood;  
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,  
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,  
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,  
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,  
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat  
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears  
Coursed one another down his innocent nose  
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,  
Much marked of the melancholy *Jaques*,  
Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,  
Augmenting it with tears.”

Now, speaking in general terms, and looking at this performance of Sir George's in the cursory and amusing way in which pictures are generally regarded, it sustains its dignity, and keeps its countenance with regard to colour and chiar'-oscuro without blenching, though surrounded by splendid works of high reputation: yet we may not dissemble, that, when tested by comparison with Shakspeare and Nature, it is liable to some objections. As the poet has specified an *oak*, and dwelt emphatically upon its romantic roots, the painter should doubtless have done the same. The root of Sir George's oak is not so picturesque nor so bold and conspicuous as its archetype in the comedy, or as some others that we have seen from the Baronet's pencil; neither are its lateral branches sufficiently angular and vigorous; the stream of water in the picture is rather a river than a brook; and, in consequence, the wounded deer is so far distant from the sentimental philosopher, that he could neither see his tears, nor hear his groans. Size, 2 feet, 6 inches; by 3 feet, 4 inches.















## NICCOLO POUSSIN.

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### A LANDSCAPE AND FIGURES.

No. 15.

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P. 15

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FRANCE has the honour of having given birth to Niccolo Poussin, but is reluctantly compelled to concede to Italy the glory of having cherished and educated him to art. He was descended from a noble but not wealthy family of Picardy, and born at Andelys in the year 1594. From his infancy he evinced a strong natural talent for delineating such objects as came in his way, filling those school books with drawings, which his parents had destined for writing and arithmetic. Some of these drawings having been seen by Quintin Sarin (an historical painter who visited Andelys), his encomiums kindled the enthusiasm of young Niccolo; but despairing of his father's consent, he clandestinely departed for Paris, at the age of eighteen, hoping for those opportunities of improvement which he could not obtain under the parental roof. Arriving at that metropolis, he became acquainted with M. Courtois, a mathematician of some eminence, who lived in the Gallery of the Louvre, and had a fine collection of engravings, including those of Marc Antonio, after Raphael. As soon as this treasure was opened to Poussin, light flashed along the true road to eminence, and he recognised with transport the guides whom he must follow. Hence, his ideas of beauty and grandeur, having been neither restricted by the narrow views of an inferior master, nor trammelled by the conventionalities of an academy, he sprang with the force of genius toward perfection, when stimulated by these bright exemplars; standing in need of no extraneous instruction in order to enable him to appreciate that ideal but fugitive grace which forms the charm of the master-pieces of Raphael.

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

In the thirtieth year of his age he arrived at Rome, but being unknown and destitute, he was obliged to sell his pictures for awhile at very low prices. Two battle pieces, containing a great number of figures, produced him but seven crowns; and a Prophet, but eight francs! Still, in his ardent love for the arts, and his native strength of mind, he sought and found the means of braving adversity. He also found in Fiamingo the sculptor, and in his countryman, Jaques Dughet, *sympathy*, both with his pleasures and his sufferings. The latter, during a severe illness with which Poussin was visited, took him home to his house, where the great artist was attentively nursed by his wife and daughters.

Finally, Poussin married one of his friend's daughters, and adopted and instructed in painting his son *Gasparo*. His wife's dowry now enabled him to purchase a small house, and devote himself to the study of his art. Patronage, with its usual concomitants, flowed in upon him, and he shone forth till the radiance of his fame reached every part of Europe. Pressingly invited by Cardinal Richelieu, he visited Paris, where the king received him with distinction; but those whom he could far overmatch with his pencil, he could not successfully meet in the lists—the labyrinths rather—of court intrigue. He sighed for Italy and domestic quiet, and after battling and counter-plotting awhile with Vouet and Fouquieres, returned to Rome, where he continued to live and paint, and teach others, profoundly respected by all who knew him, till he attained the age of seventy-one years and five months.

In the present Landscape, Poussin has depicted the venerated precinct of some ancient and classic city, Thebes, Argos, or Sparta, where the traveller on his arrival finds the means of ablution, and is bathing his feet near the brink of a simple but superb fountain, before he enters a grove sacred to the protecting deity of the district. A suburb is at a distance, and beyond are lofty mountains, one of them cloud-capped. The other figures, who are conversing near the foot of a monumental column, are most judiciously introduced.

From the Beaumont Collection: 3 feet, 4 inches, by 2 feet, 5 inches.











## BENJAMIN WEST, P.R.A.

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### CHRIST HEALING THE SICK, &c.

No. 16.

p. 16

THE scene of this composition is the same with that of one of Raphael's cartoons, namely, that entrance of the temple of Jerusalem which was called "*The Beautiful Gate*;" but West has left the portal open, and shown a glimpse of the interior, with the sacred candelabrum and its ever-burning lamps; and the critical spectator has an opportunity of comparing the twisted or wreathed columns of Raphael (to which certain cavillers have objected that they appeared unable to sustain the incumbent weight), with the straight columns of the President.

The scene is the same; but instead of the two apostles, Christ himself is coming forth from the Temple, where the sick and lame have awaited his approach, and seem to feel an inward glorying, which peers through a suffering exterior, as he advances—as if his presence were redolent of returning health.

The subject of Jesus Christ advancing to restore the sick and lame to health, was peculiarly well calculated—perhaps beyond all others that could possibly be thought of—for an altar-piece to the chapel of an hospital, the purpose for which it was originally designed; for, although purchased at a generous price by the noblemen and gentlemen of the

#### THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

British Institution, and placed by them in the National Gallery, it was intended for a newly-erected, or then erecting hospital, at Philadelphia, the native country of Mr. West; and its history, as recorded by his biographer, is as follows:—

“A number of gentlemen of the society of Quakers, in Philadelphia, set on foot a subscription for the purpose of erecting an hospital for the sick poor in that city. Among others to whom they applied for contributions in this country, they addressed themselves to Mr. West. He informed them, however, that his circumstances did not permit him to give so liberal a sum as he could wish; but if they would provide a proper place in the building, he would paint a picture for it, as his subscription, which perhaps would prove of more advantage than all the money he could afford to bestow; and with this intention he began the *Christ Healing the Sick*. While the work was going forward, it attracted a great deal of notice in his rooms, and finally had the effect of inducing the Association of the British Institution to make him an offer of three thousand guineas for the picture. Mr. West accepted the offer, but on condition that he should be at liberty to make a copy for the hospital at Philadelphia, and to introduce into the copy such alterations and improvements as he might think fit. This copy he also executed; and the success which attended the exhibition of it in America was so extraordinary, that the proceeds enabled the committee of the hospital to enlarge the building for the reception of no less than thirty additional patients.”

Its dimensions are 14 feet by 9 feet.







*Engraved by R. Brindley.*

*James & Co. Temple of the Muses, Fushbury Square, London.*







## SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

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### LANDSCAPE, THE WOODED BANK OF A RIVER.

No. 17.

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p. 17

GEORGE HOWLAND BEAUMONT was born at Dunmow in Essex, where his father then resided, in November 1753. He was the only child of Sir George, the sixth baronet of that name, by Rachel, daughter of Matthew Howland, esq. of Stonehall, Dunmow.

Sir George succeeded to the title and the baronetcy, in the year 1762, losing his father at the early age of ten; but his mother, the dowager Lady Beaumont, a very fine old woman, whose whole-length portrait was taken by Owen, the academician, shortly before her decease, survived till the year 1814.

Having received his earlier education at Eton, Sir George entered himself of New College, Oxford, in the year 1772. The pious, exemplary, and reverend Charles Davy became his tutor, happily for all parties concerned; nor may we omit to mention that about this period of his life he became intimately acquainted with our great English landscape painter, Wilson, who taught him drawing and painting, and who doubtless gave that pictorial turn to his taste and talent, which remained with him ever after, and became at once the charm and solace of his life.

In the year 1778, Sir George married Margaret, daughter of John Welles, esq. of Astrop in Northumberland, eldest son of Lord Chief Justice Welles. Having a mutual taste for the Fine Arts, they lived harmoniously, but had no children. In 1782, Sir George, accompanied by his lady, went to the Continent, and visited the most distinguished parts of

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

France, Switzerland, and Italy. At the general election, in 1790, he was returned member for Beeralston, but sat in the House of Commons only during the parliament which lasted till 1796.

It was not in the arena of politics that Sir George Beaumont distinguished himself; but as a patron of art, and an amateur practitioner of painting, his celebrity ranks high, and many admired specimens of his talent in landscape painting have been exhibited at the Royal Academy.

A congenial taste introduced him to the friendship of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who at his death bequeathed to the Baronet his "Return of the Ark," by Sebastian Bourdon, now in the National Gallery, as a memorial of his esteem—a very appropriate one, considering who was the testator, and who the legatee.

The "Return of the Ark," is one of the sixteen pictures which Sir George, a year or two before his demise, presented to the National Collection, where, inscribed as those pictures are—and we trust will ever be—in legible characters, with the munificent donor's name, they constitute his most appropriate and most public monument:—a monument in every sense honourable. Both in public and private life, Sir George was abounding in blandishment. His manners and accomplishments rendered him an ornament of the circles in which he moved; and those circles the highest in points of taste and intellect, if not of rank. He died of erysipelas in the head, on the 7th of February, 1827.

The subject of the present picture is not extraordinary, but such as in countries of hill and dale is not unfrequent; but the Baronet has contrived to throw into it a broad, bright, and Rembrandtesque chiar'-oscuro. He did not himself place it in the National Gallery. His modesty would have shrunk from mixing it with the sixteen from the consecrated pencils of the Old Masters; but it was afterward presented, with becoming respect for the talent of her husband as a landscape painter, by his widow, who afterwards died, at their seat of Coleorton, at the same age of seventy-three years.

It is painted on panel, and is only  $7\frac{1}{2}$  inches by  $9\frac{1}{2}$  inches.











## JOHN BOTH.

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### LANDSCAPE AND FIGURES—MORNING.

No. 18.

p. 18

JOHN BOTH was born at Utrecht, in 1610, and was the disciple of Abraham Bloemart, who at the same time instructed Andrew, his brother; but, to perfect themselves in design, they went together to Rome, and resided there a great many years. The genius of John directed him to landscape, in which he rose almost to the highest perfection, making the style of Claude Lorraine his model; and, by many, his works are even mentioned in competition with those of that great master. The warmth of his skies, the judicious and regular receding of the objects, and the sweetness of his distances, afford the eye a degree of pleasure, superior to what we feel on viewing the works of almost any other artist. John and Andrew had different talents, and each were admirable in their way. If the former excelled in landscape, the latter inserted the figures, which he designed in the manner of Bamboccio; and those figures were so well adapted, that every picture seemed only the work of one master. The works of these brothers, therefore, are justly admired through all Europe, are universally sought for, and purchased at large prices.

Descamps says, that John painted landscapes, and Andrew figures, in the manner of Bamboccio; and yet, in a following paragraph, he asserts that Andrew was drowned in a canal at Venice, and that John returned to Utrecht; in which account he appears to follow Sandrart, though other writers agree that it was the landscape painter who was drowned. Houbraken mentions a picture of John Both, which is six feet high, and



#### THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

esteemed his master-piece: the figures are large, and the story represented is that of Mercury and Argus. The two brothers mutually assisted each other, till the unfortunate death of John, in 1650, when Andrew left Italy, and settled at his native place, where he painted portraits and landscapes in the manner of his brother, and conversations with players at cards, in the style of Bamboccio. Both these masters had extraordinary readiness of hand, and a free, light, sweet pencil; and that they were expeditious, is evident from the number of pictures which they finished. Andrew, during the remainder of his life, had as much employment as he could execute; but he was so affected by the melancholy death of his brother, that he survived him only a few years; dying in 1656. Notwithstanding the authority of Houbraken, some writers choose to follow Descamps, in saying that Andrew perished in Italy in 1645, and John returned to Utrecht, where he practised his art, and employed Polembourg in painting the figures.

The picture of "LANDSCAPE AND FIGURES," represents a road, winding among rocks and broken ground upon the borders of a lake. In that part of it which is nearest the eye of the spectator, are seen a peasant driving before him his loaded horse, a woman riding on an ass, and a muleteer with his two loaded mules; and in a more distant part of the road, on the right, is another man seated on an ass. A mountain torrent, issuing from a cleft between two large rocks, forms a fine fore-ground on this side; the rocks, and a tree which grows from among them, rising to the top of the canvass. Upon an eminence in the middle-ground, on the left, is seen a small village; and beyond the lake, the horizon is bounded by distant mountains.

This landscape is exceedingly picturesque in its arrangement, the masses of light and shadow are well managed, and the picture altogether produces a very agreeable effect; having in it a more just proportion of cool tint than the immoderate fondness of Both for warm sunshiny hues generally permitted him to introduce into his pictures.

Presented by Sir Geo. Beaumont.—Length, 5 feet, 3 inches; height, 3 feet, 9½ inches.





ALFRED, LORD OF THE ISLE

ALFRED, LORD OF THE ISLE

ALFRED, LORD OF THE ISLE

ALFRED, LORD OF THE ISLE





## SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

### LORD HEATHFIELD WITH THE KEYS OF THE FORTRESS OF GIBRALTAR.

No. 19.

p. 19

“GENERAL ELLIOTT, the intrepid defender of Gibraltar, was not ignorant that inventions of a peculiar kind were prepared against him, but knew nothing of their construction. He nevertheless provided for every circumstance of danger that could be foreseen or imagined. The combined fleets of France and Spain in the bay of Gibraltar amounted to forty-eight sail of the line. Their batteries were covered with one hundred and fifty-four pieces of heavy brass cannon. The numbers employed by land and sea against the fortress were estimated at one hundred thousand men. With this force, and by the fire of three hundred cannon, mortars, and howitzers, from the adjacent isthmus, it was intended to attack every part of the British works at one and the same instant. The surrounding hills were covered with people assembled to behold the spectacle. The cannonade and bombardment were tremendous. The whole peninsula seemed to be overwhelmed in the torrents of fire which were incessantly poured upon it. The Spanish floating batteries for some time answered the expectations of their framers. For some hours the attack and defence were so equally supported, as scarcely to admit of any appearance of superiority on either side. In the afternoon, the effects of hot shot became visible; and the endeavours of the besiegers were now exclusively directed to bring off the men from the burning vessels. The generous humanity of the victors equalled their valour, and was the more honourable, as the

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

exertions of it exposed them to no less danger than those of active hostility. In endeavouring to save the lives of his enemies, Captain Curtis nearly lost his own. The exercise of humanity to an enemy under such circumstances of immediate action and impending danger, conferred more true honour than could be acquired by the most splendid series of victories. It in some degree obscured the impression made to the disadvantage of human nature, by the madness of mankind in destroying each other by wasteful wars."—*Miller's George III.*

"THE PORTRAIT OF LORD HEATHFIELD," is in all respects one of the finest and most strikingly characteristic Sir Joshua ever painted. The head is full of animation; the figure finely drawn, especially the left hand, which is foreshortened with consummate skill; and the whole is painted with the greatest possible breadth of manner, and vigour of colouring. The back-ground is sublimely conceived, and serves to throw out the figure with surprising force of effect. Volumes of smoke obscure the atmosphere, and we almost hear the roar of artillery: a cannon, pointed perpendicularly downwards, shews the immense elevation of the spot; whilst the intrepid veteran,—firmly grasping in his hand the keys of the fortress,—stands like the rock of which he was the defender.

Angerstein Collection.—Height, 4 feet, 8 inches; width, 3 feet, 8 inches.







AT THE END OF THE

From the Original Picture by J. M. W. Turner.

Illustrated by J. M. W. Turner.





# CANALETTO.

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## A VIEW IN VENICE,

No. 20.

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p. 20

ANTONIO CANALETTO, or CANALETTI, was born at Venice, in 1697. His father was a scene-painter, and Antonio was brought up to the same branch of the profession, in which he acquired a vividness of conception, and facility of execution, that subsequently enabled him to despatch a number of works in a short time. When young he went to Rome, where he painted views from Nature, and the remains of antiquity. On his return to Venice, he continued the same course, and drew several fine views of that city, and neighbourhood. His finest performance was that of the Great Canal; but he introduced into his picture the Rialto, in the room of the present bridge, with the Basilic of Vicenza, by Palladio, rising in the middle. Canaletto used the camera-obscura, for accuracy of representation, and of outline, but afterwards corrected its defects in the air tints. His masterly delineation of Venice attracted the notice of Mr. Smith, the English resident or consul at that place, who, having disposed of some of his pictures, for which he gave a mere trifle, at a very considerable price, contrived to drive a bargain with poor Canaletto, for as many as he could paint during a number of years, which were readily disposed of to travellers in Italy, and mostly found their way to England. The painter, however, finding out the sort of trade that was carrying on so much to his disadvantage, and having also an inclination for travelling, thought he might as well transport himself instead of his works, and accordingly made the best of his way to this country. Such talents as

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

his could not fail of attracting notice, and he soon received commissions from many of the nobility and gentry, for whom he painted some of what are considered his best pictures: of these, some are in the Royal Collection at Windsor, and others at Goodwood, the seat of the Duke of Richmond, besides a multiplicity of masterly drawings, some of which, from the Royal Collection, have been engraved; and views of scenery on the Thames. He also painted a perspective view of the interior of King's College Chapel, Cambridge. After remaining about two years, and perhaps realising a small sum, he began, like most of his countrymen, to complain of the cold climate and cloudy atmosphere of England, as unfavourable to genius, and he returned to his native land; where, assisted by several skilful pupils (of whom, his nephew Bernardo Bellotti, and Francisco Guardo, are the most eminent,) he continued his labours to a very advanced age. Being indefatigable in his profession, his works are very numerous; and the superior excellence they possess, sufficiently distinguishes them from those of his many imitators, notwithstanding their having affixed his name to *some* of their pictures. He died in 1768. His nephew and scholar, after completing his studies at Rome, went to Dresden, where he assumed the title of Count Bellotti.

The "VIEW IN VENICE" represents a church, with a tower, situated upon the borders of a canal, which traverses the middle of the picture, and upon which are several gondolas. On the right, in the fore-ground, are some brick houses; and underneath them are certain wooden hovels, the dwellings of stone-masons, who are seen working upon various blocks of stone or marble, which lie scattered before their doors.

The view does not appear to have been chosen with any regard to the picturesque; and as almost all the shadows are confined to the central parts of the picture, the effect of it, as a whole, is not very agreeable; though every part is painted with the artist's accustomed boldness and decision of pencil.

Presented by Sir Geo. Beaumont. Length 5 feet, 4 inches; height,

4 feet.











# ANTONIO DA COREGGIO.

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## A STUDY OF HEADS.

No. 21.

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p. 21

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IN Professor Fuseli's translation of the Abbé Winkelmann's *Reflections on the Painting and Sculpture of the Greeks*, (p. 77,) we arrive at the following passage :—

“It is well known, that after the surrender of Prague to Count Konigsmark, on the 15th of July, 1648, the most precious pictures of the Emperor, Rudolph II. were carried off to Sweden. Among these were some pictures of Coreggio, which the Emperor had been presented with by their first possessor, Duke Frederic, of Mantua; two of them being, the famous Leda, and a Cupid handling [probably shaping] his bow. Christina—[the famous Queen of Sweden, who abdicated, and would have reclaimed, her crown; but who had apostatized from her religion]—Christina, endowed at that time rather with scholastic learning than with taste, treated these treasures as the Emperor Claudius did an Alexander of Apelles, who ordered the head to be cut off, and that of Augustus to fill its place. In the same manner, heads, hands, and feet were here cut off from the most beautiful pictures, a carpet was plastered over with them, and the mangled pieces fitted up with new heads, &c. Those which fortunately escaped the common havoc, among which were the pieces of Coreggio, came afterwards, together with several other pictures bought by the Queen at Rome, into the possession of the Duke

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

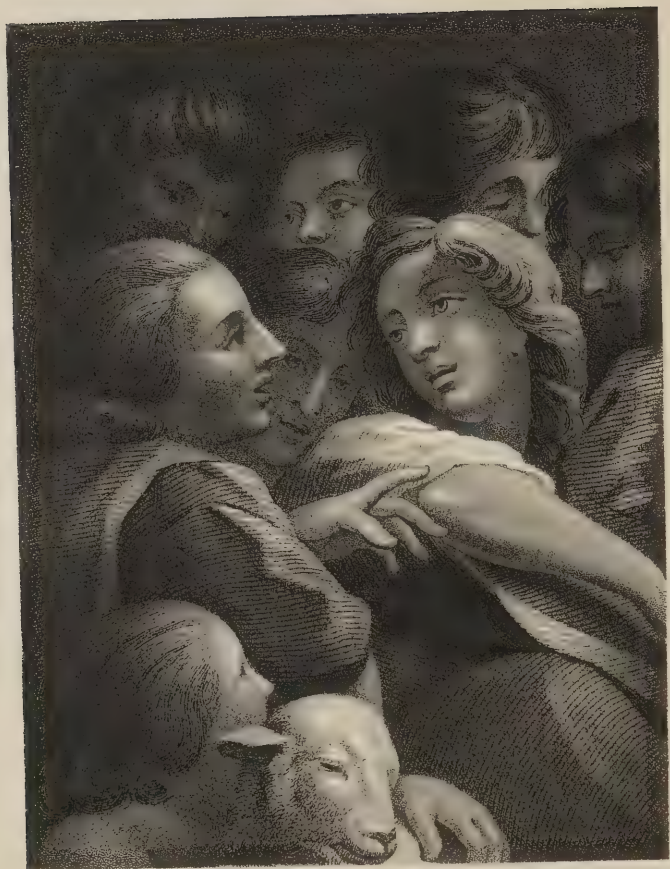
of Orleans, who purchased two hundred and fifty of them, and among these, eleven of Coreggio, for nine thousand Roman crowns."—Thus far Winkelmann.

But the Abbé may possibly have been misinformed where he says—or implies—that *all* the Coreggios escaped decapitation. Mr. Angerstein obtained the two groups which are now in our National Gallery from the Orleans collection; and they have every appearance of having been cut off from larger works, which it has been justly supposed were intended to be seen at some considerable distance. Perhaps, too, they have been otherwise maltreated by royal authority; for some of the heads, although characterised by a certain breadth and suavity, and an absence of all littleness of style, which shews they are from the hand and mind of a master, are not in good drawing, and in other respects are not very Coreggiesque. Neither are they so decided in character and expression as for us to know whom they have been intended to represent; and, since we are thus ignorant to what bodies or souls these large heads may have belonged, we shall not be obtrusive here with our conjectures, nor over-censorious on the subject of picture-cutting; for West, the president, characteristically dated the commencement of the aberration of mind of our own George III. from the time when he spoke of cutting one or more of Raphael's cartoons, that they might fit into certain pannels either at Windsor Castle or at Hampton Court.

The dimensions of these fragmental pieces are, 5 feet by 3 feet 6 inches.







*The Virgin Mary, by J. G. Kneller del.*







# ANTONIO DA COREGGIO.

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## A STUDY OF HEADS.

No. 37.

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p. 22

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It has been our rule to adopt the designations which we found inscribed on the picture-frames and in the printed Catalogues of the National Gallery: but as concerns the two groups of colossal heads which bear the name of the divine artist of Parma, upon mature inspection and consideration, we incline to believe that they should be regarded as exceptions. Although they obtained admission into Mr. Angerstein's collection under the much honoured name of Coreggio, we are reluctantly compelled to think they should be regarded but as copies or studies made by some student of the Bolognese school,—and not improbably by one of the Caracci,—from Coreggio's celebrated cupola of the *Duomo* at Parma, now rapidly yielding, according to Lady Morgan's account, to damp, and time, and mildew.

Our reasons are, that the heads, and portions of heads, seem disposed hastily and without order, by the studying copyist, so as to make the most of his canvass and his time. In neither of the pictures do we trace any story, or part of a story, or any principle of union or composition. There is no simultaneous movement; no common object; no pivot, or perceptible motive of aggregation: but a collection of *disjecta membra* brought together as studies, or memoranda, are collected in a scrap-book; or as a student in literature sometimes treasures detached sentences in a

#### THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

common-place book. In short, here is nothing consecutive, except we might say as much of the two musicians in No. 21, and the figure who stands immediately above and beyond them, and who looks up heavenward with an emotion of pious surprise. The latter is probably one of the saints, who are gazing upward at the blessed Virgin of the *Duomo*, as she ascends to beatitude.

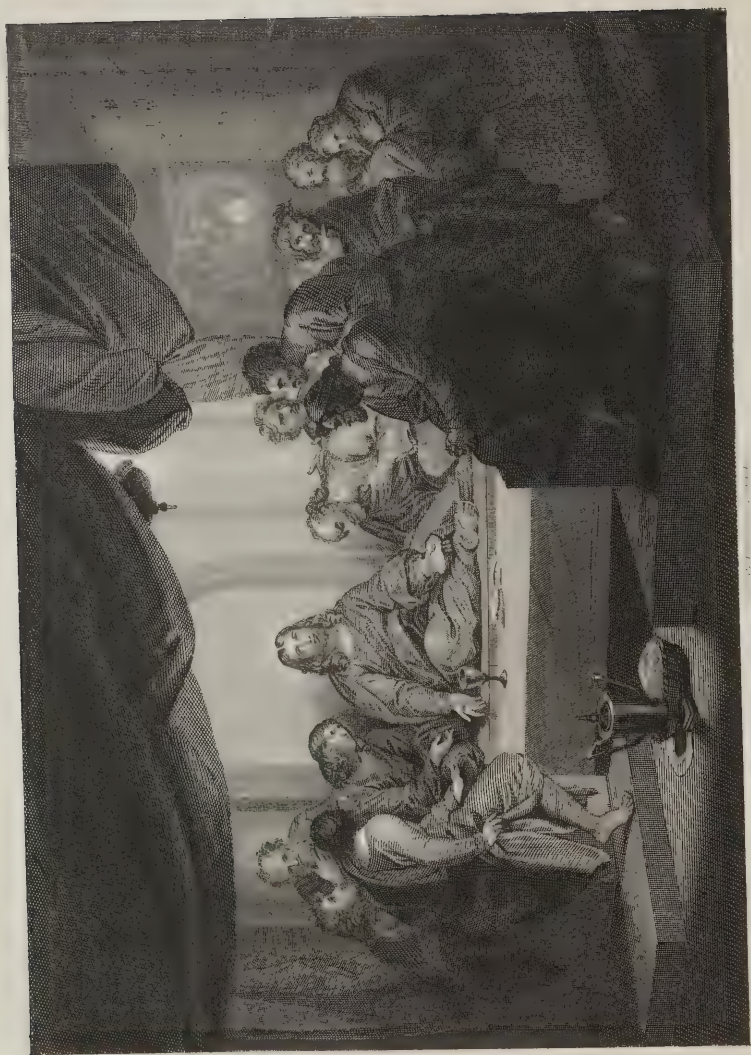
The group which we now publish (No. 22) is, on the whole, the best. Here is a fine Caracci-like head, of much energy, with the abundance of hair in which Annibale delighted—a head which might suit the youngest of the Evangelists, and which has not improbably been copied from a Saint John of Coreggio's creation—judging by its elevated air. And here is an extended arm, of much energy, which shows how greatly length of line, when appropriate to the given occasion, conduces to grandeur of composition.

We are not sufficiently conversant with the details of Coreggio's two great works in fresco, to pronounce whether the *Duomo* (or Cathedral of Parma), or the cupola of St. Giovanni, or both, gave birth to the groups which are now repositied in our national collection.

The dimensions are 5 feet, by 3 feet 6 inches.













# WEST.

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## THE LAST SUPPER,

No. 23.

p. 23

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BENJAMIN WEST was born at Springfield, about ten miles from Philadelphia, October 10, 1738. His parents were quakers, but not rigid ones. At the age of seven years, Benjamin gave the first specimen of his talent for drawing, by sketching, with a pen and ink, the likeness of an infant asleep in the cradle. This led to further exertions in the same way, when some Indians coming to the house of his father, were much pleased with these drawings, and gave him instructions how to prepare the red and the yellow with which they painted themselves and their ornaments. His mother afterwards gave him a piece of indigo, so that he was thus furnished with three of the primary colours. The use he made of these materials drew general notice, and one person said it was a pity he had not pencils. Benjamin enquired what they were, and being told that pencils were composed of camel's hair fastened into a quill, he began to consider what could be substituted in the room of these instruments. Camels were not known, except by name, in America, but the domestic cat presenting herself to his view, he thought it would do no harm to borrow some of her fur. This he did so often, that his father apprehended the animal was suffering under some disease, till his son made him acquainted with the cause of this altered appearance. About this time, a merchant named Pennington calling upon old Mr. West, was surprised to see so many pictures in his house, and more so on hearing by whom they were executed. He was pleased with the performances of the boy, and shortly afterwards furnished him with a box of paints, pencils, and prepared canvass, with some engravings. He now proceeded to work with greater alacrity, and painted a picture which, sixty-seven years afterwards, was sent to him from America, by his brother, and

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

placed in the same room with his *Christ Rejected*; and West has frequently declared that there were, in that juvenile attempt, certain touches which, with all his subsequent experience, he had never been able to surpass.

When he had nearly completed his twenty-second year, a proposition was made for his going to Italy, which was accepted, and having made suitable preparations, he speedily embarked for Rome. After surveying the works of the most eminent artists, his health became injured, and he repaired to Leghorn. On his recovery he visited Florence, Bologna, Parma, and Venice. After an absence of fifteen months he returned to Rome, and there painted a portrait, the fame of which spread to America, and drew from his friends letters of unlimited credit. In 1763, he first set foot in England, and among others who visited him at this time was Mr. Reynolds, who at once acknowledged his merit, offered him his friendship, and as a proof of his sincerity, urged him to exhibit his two pictures of *Cymon and Iphigenia*, and *Angelica and Medora*, at the Society's Rooms in Spring Gardens. There they accordingly appeared, and the praises which they elicited far surpassed the most sanguine expectations of our artist. The Incorporated Society having become the seat of contention, was soon after this dissolved, and the institution of the Royal Academy, in the establishment of which West had a leading concern, took place. From that period till his death, he was a regular contributor at its annual exhibitions, and when Sir Joshua Reynolds died, Mr. West was chosen to the vacant chair without a dissenting voice, and, with little interruption, retained that situation till his death. He had, for above half a century, enjoyed the favour of his sovereign; and as they were both born in the same year, so they both died within two months of each other, the king on the 29th of January, and West on the 11th of March, 1820.

THE LAST SUPPER was one of the many pictures exhibited at the Royal Academy by its president: the composition is thought to be better than the colouring, in which too much red prevails. The Saviour has just broken the bread, and appears to be addressing these words to his disciples, "Take, eat, this is my body."

Presented by George the Fourth. Length, 9 feet; height, 6 feet





Engraved by W. Holl.

THE HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES THE FIRST

By JOHN BURNET, BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

LONDON, Printed by J. Streater, 1680.







# VELASQUEZ.

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## TWO PORTRAITS.

No. 89.

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P. 24

DIEGO VELASQUEZ DE SILVA, sometimes styled the Spanish Vandyck, and on the whole the most distinguished of the portrait and historical painters of Spain, was born at Seville, in the year 1594, and was descended from an illustrious family, originally of Portugal. He was successively the pupil of Herrera the elder, and of Francis Pacheco, and began his illustrious career with painting peasantry from Nature.

One of his early pictures of this description, familiarly known by the name of "The Water Carrier," and representing an old man employed in this occupation, stopping to give drink to a boy, is now in the possession of his Grace the Duke of Wellington. Having been removed from the New Palace at Madrid by Joseph Bonaparte, at a moment of imminent danger to his royalty, it was found with other pictures in the imperial carriage which was captured at the battle of Vittoria.

To some of his hidalgo friends, who fancied that such subjects were coarse, vulgar, and degrading to the artist, and who took upon them to admonish Velasquez accordingly, he replied, with great truth, that the foundation of the painter's art was energy, which he thus attained, and that elegance and delicacy would follow; which is precisely the sentiment, so well expressed by our minstrel poet—

"Of elegance as yet he took no heed,  
For this of time and culture is the fruit;  
And Edwin gain'd, at last, this fruit so rare."

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

At length the sight of some pictures, which his master Pacheco had received from Italy—the work of Guido and Carravaggio, excited the emulation of Velasquez, and in the year 1622, after marrying Pacheco's daughter, he proceeded from Seville to Madrid, was introduced to the minister D'Olivarez, whose portrait he successfully painted; and finally to Philip IV. who sat to him almost immediately.

This royal honour stamped the fame of the painter, while it widely extended his reputation. Poets sprang forth to honour him with laudatory verses: and finally the king, like the Macedonian of old, granted an exclusive patent to the royal portrait-painter.

Rubens appeared at Madrid a few years afterwards, and his conversation inspired Velasquez with the desire, which he soon indulged, of visiting Italy. After an absence of a year and a half, he returned with fresh professional honours, and was now, by his Majesty's order, lodged in the Royal Palace, which he continued to inhabit, increasing in riches and honours, excepting during the period of a second absence to Italy, on a political mission, till his death by fever, in the year 1660.

It is not known whether he painted the TWO PORTRAITS which we set before the reader's notice, during his first absence from Spain, or during an embassy with which Philip afterward entrusted him, (in 1648) to Pope Innocent X. And a similar uncertainty attends on the supposition that they represent Ferdinand de Medicis and his consort, the grand Duke and Duchess of Tuscany, as is, however, generally supposed.

Conformably to the military vanity of the age of Velasquez, the duke or hero appears in his war-dress of plate armour; his martial terrors are, however, tempered by a broad neckband of lace, and a silken sash loosely thrown over his shoulder. Although in presence of a lady, whose fair bust and benignant smiles might claim attention, and who has attired herself in the graceful costume of the court-ladies of Vandyck, he grasps his truncheon, and looks grave, and there is throughout his air and figure somewhat too much of consciousness that he is standing for his portrait, and that he wears his knightly trappings.

The original picture was in the Angerstein Collection, and measures 4 feet, 8 inches, by 4 feet, 2 inches.









# ANNIBALE CARACCI.

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## ST. JOHN AT THE FONT.

No. 25.

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p. 25

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THIS is one of those rare and excellent performances which shew the intrinsic power of simple and modest pretensions, and how meretriciousness fades into nothingness before it.

The Baptist is represented as a youth arrived at early manhood, and as not having yet entered upon his important mission. He bears his little cross of reed with its customary label, but merely as an accessory symbol. It will perhaps be remembered that though Jesus Christ disputed with the Doctors in the Temple at the age of twelve, he did not put forth his miraculous powers, in preaching to the people, till he was about thirty; and that Saint John was but six months older: consequently, at the period of life at which Annibale Caracci has painted him, he was, as far as we are informed, merely leading the hermit life of a studious recluse in the Judæan desert.

The present is a poetic idea put forth on canvass by Annibal, where the graphic Muse assumes her proper power and attribute as patroness of an original art; or an art (at least) susceptible of originality—that is to say, assumes a power of not merely representing what History or Poetry hath already presented or described, but of producing to the optic sense what may be inferred from their suggestions, or from those of Nature herself.

Few pictures are—or indeed can be—drawn more purely from the spring-head of the poetry of painting than the present. The Saviour himself,



## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

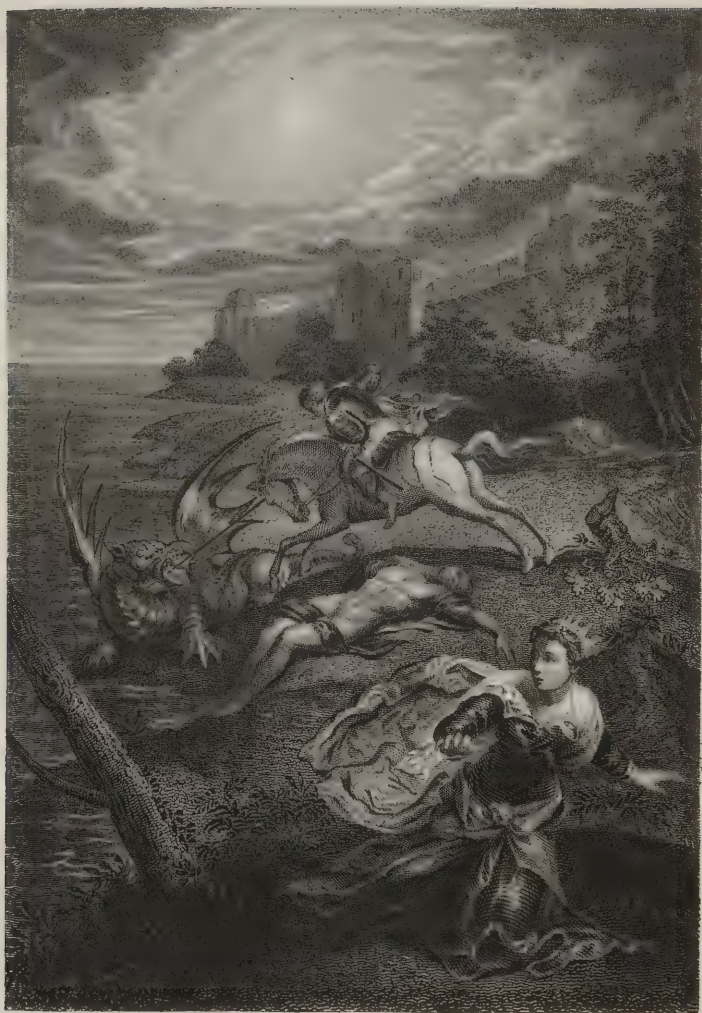
as well as previous prophecy, have spoken of his divine mission under the metaphor of a fountain of living waters; and hence Drummond of Hawthornden, as well as Annibale Caracci, have caught the same figurative idea. The poet, describing his recluse habits and his ascetic food, says, that "his drink was the living water from the rock," which is precisely what we here see depicted. For the spectator of this picture is not so much to think of a tributary rill of the river Jordan, as of the divine purity and clearness of the religious truths for which the Baptist thirsted, while a student and an incipient prophet, at the period of his life which is here set before us. The waters for which he now analogically thirsted, were those with which he afterward baptised those who in faith came thitherward, of which the material waters of the Jordan were but typical.

St. Luke says of the Baptist that "he was the prophet of the Highest, to give knowledge of salvation unto his people:" and, treating of his boyhood, that "the child grew and waxed strong in spirit, and *was in the deserts* till the day of his shewing unto Israel:" during which secluded portion of his life, our talented artist has followed him in imagination into the desert; and delineated the Baptist as a recumbent youth of sedate countenance and auburn hair, receiving, in his drinking-cup, the clear unpolluted waters of eternal life, as they gush from that fountain of salvation which washeth away the sins of the world. Therefore, whether the depicted accompaniments be literally or figuratively understood, they are extremely pertinent to, or illustrative of, the character of Saint John the Baptist.

This picture came from the Gallery of the Duke of Orleans, with the rest of Mr. Angerstein's Collection. Its dimensions are, 5 feet, 5 inches, by 4 feet, 1 inch.











# GIACOMO ROBUSTI,

(SURNAMED TINTORETTO.)

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## ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

No. 26.

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p. 26

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TINTORETTO did not obtain his cognomen, as might have been supposed, from the uncommon splendours of his palette; but it was conferred on him by his familiar friends (probably as a mere juvenile joke) from the circumstance of his being the son of a dyer. He was born at Venice, in the year 1512; and a strong natural talent for drawing manifesting itself during his early youth, his father had the discernment to foster it, and after the son had made a certain progress under competent but unknown masters, Titian, then in the height of his reputation, was applied to, and agreed to receive young Robusti as his pupil. But, alas! the great, the honoured, the opulent, the accomplished Titian who had himself largely profited from the instructions of Georgione—after ten days only of discipleship, became so jealous of the extraordinary advancement of young Tintoretto, that he sought, and found, occasion to exclude him from his studio and from his house.

We listen reluctantly to the relation of this fact, but it is well attested. We read of no fault on the part of the pupil, that could have occasioned the exclusion, and are compelled to ascribe it to mere illiberality on the part of Titian—unless a suspicion might be indulged, that so forward a youth as Tintoretto, was deficient in personal respect toward his highly distinguished master.

But the aspiring talents of the young genius were not to be damped by a procedure so unworthy. He had confidence in himself; and contrived

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

to construe forbiddal into emancipation. And proceeding with a degree of boldness bordering on temerity—if not overstepping this border,—he soon aspired to the honour and the advantage of forming a school, and a style of painting of his own; and hesitated not to inscribe, in the Italian language, upon the wall of his studio—either in the way of motto, or stimulus, or bravado, or public announcement of the principle of his aspirations—“*the design of Michael Angelo, with the colouring of Titian.*”

To the task which by this proclamation he assigned to himself, he now sat down with ardour. Whatever pictures from the pencil of Titian he could procure the loan of, he employed himself in copying, during the daytime, and in the evenings he industriously drew from casts taken from the sculpture of Michael Angelo, as well as from the antique. Professor Phillips says it is doubtless to these studies by lamp-light, that his great power in *chiar’-oscuro* may be ascribed. He also intently studied anatomy, and helped himself onward in his art—more especially in composition, by small models which he formed in wax and in clay. By these means he was enabled to exert the exuberant and glowing fancy with which Nature had blessed him in the freest, boldest, and most efficient manner; yet not always with just discrimination: nor was it long before he became so confident, and so hasty or careless, as to proceed to the execution of even large works, without any previous design. Hence, and from a certain intrepidity of pencil, he obtained the further addition of “*Il Furioso Tintoretto,*” among his brother artists.

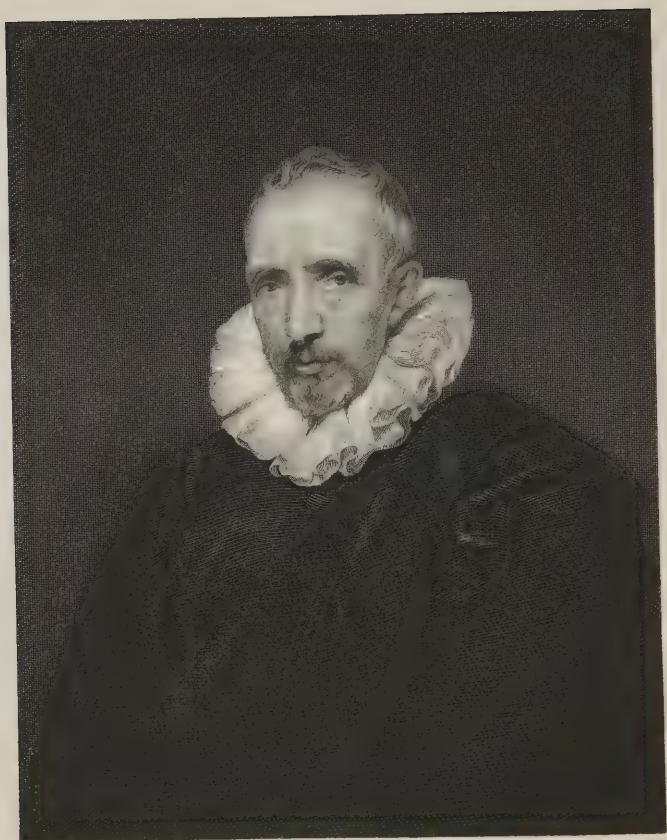
The excellences and the defects of the easel picture before us, are very much of this latter kind. It is obviously a hasty rhapsody, or flight of genius; and, though it has great merits, stands much in need of revision and correction. The admirers of Tintoretto say, and say justly, that you cannot form a fair estimate of his powers, without visiting the public buildings at Venice, which abound with them—mostly upon a large scale.

The George and Dragon is in the Carr Collection, and measures 5 feet, 2 inches; by 3 feet, 3-inches.









J. CARTER

*Samuel Carter, Esq. Secretary to the Admiralty*  
*for the Royal Navy*

*Engraved by J. Smith*





# VANDYCK.

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## PORTRAIT OF GEVARTIUS,

No. 27.

p. 27

THIS eminent scholar and critic was born about the end of the sixteenth century. He received the first rudiments of science at the college of the Jesuits, in Antwerp, and studied afterwards at Louvaine and Douay. At Paris, where he resided for several years, he dedicated his time to literary pursuits, and was connected, by friendship or controversy, with the most eminent men of his age; returning to Douay, the degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by that University; after which he finally established his residence at Antwerp. A Latin poem which he published at Paris, on the death of Thuanus, the illustrious historian of France, gave him the reputation of a poet; and, as a scholar and a wit, he was considered an ornament to the age he lived in; he died in 1666, in the 73d year of his age. It must be acknowledged, that although Vandyck shone in historical composition, his strength lay in portrait, and no painter ever exceeded him in the knowledge of the chiaro-oscuro. His choice of nature, when he painted portraits, was always the most agreeable; he gave an inexpressible grace to his heads, he showed abundant variety in the airs, and in some of them the character was even sublime; and, as to his expression, it was inimitable, the very soul of the person represented being, as it were, visible in the picture. The extremities of his figures are true, graceful, and exact; and the hands in particular are designed in the greatest perfection, beautiful in their form, and delicately exact in their proportions. His draperies, which were taken from the mode of the

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times, are cast in a grand style, broad and simple in the folds, easy and natural in the disposition, and the colouring lovely. In several parts of painting, Vandyck has ever been acknowledged to surpass his master; his touch is more delicate; his ideas are more graceful; and his expression is more true. It is indeed allowed, that he had *less* invention and fire than Rubens; yet, if it be considered that he devoted himself so much to portrait painting, as to allow himself little opportunity to improve his taste for historical compositions, it cannot seem surprising that Rubens, who made that department his principal object, should, in that respect, claim a superiority. It appears, however, probable, that if Vandyck had been as much employed in history as he was in portrait, his ideas would have been more enlivened, his genius rendered more extensive, and his invention more animated.

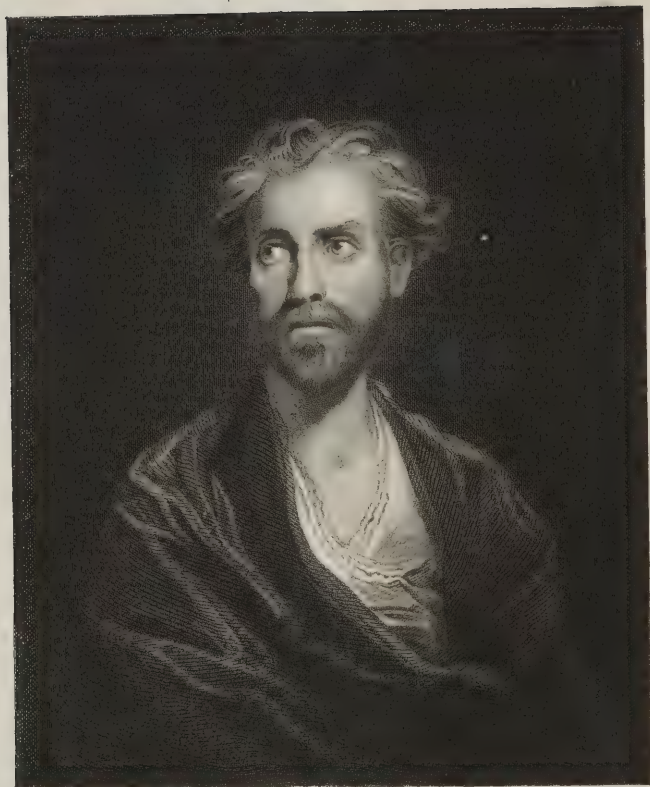
During the first six or seven years after his arrival in London, his performances are accounted most excellent and estimable; but some of his latter works are painted in such a manner, as shows the uncommon rapidity of his pencil, though touched with wonderful spirit; and others are comparatively weak, and partake too much of the lead colour, yet his penciling is always masterly, and even inimitable. Vandyck sometimes amused himself with engraving, and etched several plates, consisting mostly of portraits, executed in a spirited style.

The Portrait of Gevartius, (says Mr. Ottley, in his admirable Descriptive Catalogue,) is painted in Vandyck's most studied and finished manner; and though it presents only a head, is well deserving the high reputation it has long held among persons conversant with the difficulties of the art; the face being admirably drawn and full of character; the eyes having all the liquid lustre of reality, and the carnation possessing the softness, the transparency, and the animated glow of Nature itself.

From the Angerstein Collection. On wood—height, 2 feet, 7 inches; width, 2 feet, 2 inches.





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# SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

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## THE BANISHED LORD,

No. 28,

p. 28

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SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS was born at Plympton, in Devonshire, July 16, 1723. At the early age of eight years, he gave proofs of his genius, by making himself master of the rules contained in the Jesuit's Perspective. It was, however, the accidental perusal of Richardson's Treatise on Painting, that gave a decided turn to the mind of the young artist, and determined him to follow Raffaele, whose character, as there drawn, enchanted him. By the advice of a friend, his father consented that he should become a painter; and, in 1741, he was placed under the tuition of his countryman, Thomas Hudson, then the most popular portrait painter in London, but an artist of very inferior merit. Though Reynolds continued only two years with this inefficient preceptor, he made so rapid a progress in that time as to feel himself competent to paint portraits, and he actually did so, in Devonshire, with great credit. He now practised at Plymouth Dock, and while there, became acquainted with Captain, afterwards Admiral Lord Keppel. That officer being about to sail, in 1749, for the Mediterranean, offered Reynolds to take him thither, which invitation he gladly accepted. While at Minorca he was much employed in painting portraits, by which means he increased his finances sufficiently to enable him to visit Rome, where his time was judiciously employed in such a manner as might have been expected from a student of his talent and taste. After remaining in Italy about three years, he returned homewards by the way of France, in 1752. Reynolds now quickly rose

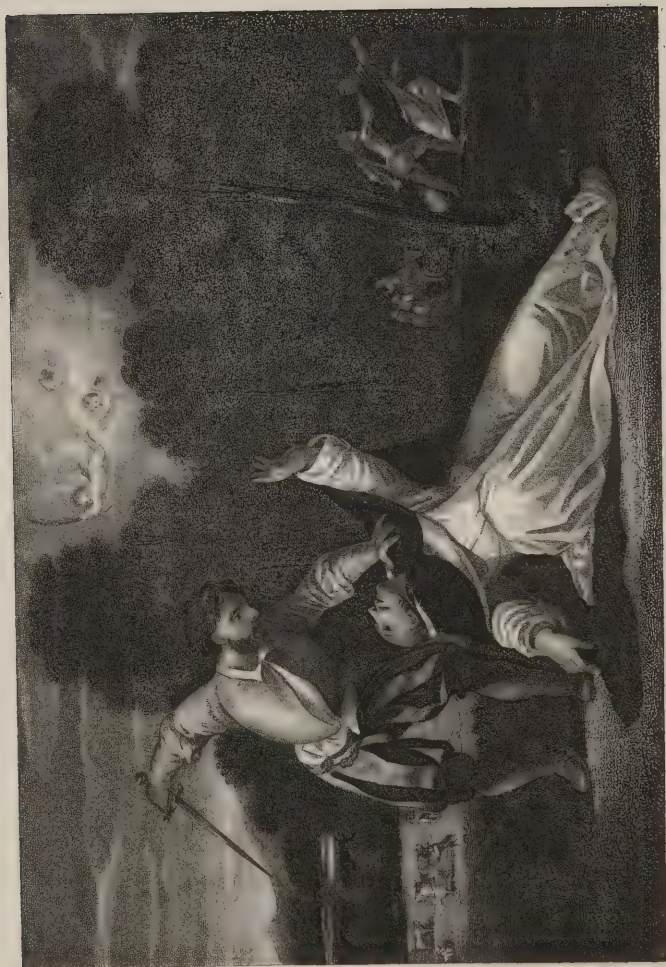
#### THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

into high reputation as a portrait painter, and the whole-length of his friend, Commodore Keppel, gained him great popularity. In 1762, he produced his celebrated picture of Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy, for which the Earl of Halifax paid three hundred guineas. On the institution of the Royal Academy, in 1768, the presidentship was unanimously conferred on Reynolds, who, at the same time, received the honour of knighthood. On the 26th of April, 1769, was the first exhibition of the Royal Academy, and from that time to the year 1790, Sir Joshua sent in no less than two hundred and forty-four pictures. He now raised his price to thirty-five guineas for a head, and commissions accumulated so fast in that line, as to prevent him from painting historical subjects. However, in 1773, he finished his fine piece of Count Ugolino, which was bought by the Duke of Dorset for four hundred guineas, and is now at the family-seat in Kent. For a long period, Sir Joshua had enjoyed an almost uninterrupted state of good health, except that, in 1782, he was for a short time affected by a slight paralytic stroke. But, in July, 1789, while painting the portrait of Lady Beauchamp, he found his sight so much affected, that it was with difficulty he could proceed; and notwithstanding every assistance that could be procured, he was, in a few months, deprived of the use of his left eye. Upon this he determined not to paint any more, lest he should lose the remaining eye. In October, 1791, his spirits began to fail him, and he became dejected, from an apprehension that an inflamed tumour which took place over the darkened eye, would occasion the loss of the other. Meanwhile he laboured under a more dangerous disease, which deprived him of energy and appetite. He bore his sufferings with uncommon fortitude, and closed his mortal career, in the full possession of his mental powers, Feb. 23, 1792.

“The Banished Lord” is painted with a very bold pencil, and possesses great richness and vigour of colouring; it probably received its name from the melancholy cast of the countenance.

Presented to the National Gallery by the Rev. Wm. Long. Height, 2 feet, 5 inches; width, 2 feet.



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# GIORGIONE.

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## MARTYRDOM OF ST. PETER THE DOMINICAN.

No. 29.

p. 29

GIORGIO BARBARELLI, the tutor of Titian, and of Sebastian del Piombo, and the real father of the Venetian school of painting, who obtained the cognomen of *Giorgione*, from a certain grandeur conferred upon him by Nature, no less of mind, than of form; (and which appears, also, impressed upon his productions, as the mental character of a man is by some supposed to be on his hand-writing;) received the rudiments of his professional education in the school of Bellini; but modestly animated by the lofty consciousness of genius, he soon rose superior to his instructor, and became the inventor of a new style of art. No artist, before Giorgione, had acquired that hardihood and determination of the pencil by which his works are distinguished, producing at due distance an effect so striking. Lanzi adds, that from the period of his youth, when he felt assured enough to assume this boldness and originality, he continued to ennoble his manner, rendering the contours more round and ample, the fore-shortenings more new, and the expression of the countenances more warm and lively, as well as the motions of his figures. His draperies, with all the other accessories of the art, became more select; the gradations of the different colours more soft and natural; and his chiaroscuro more powerful and effective. It was in this last, indeed, that Venetian painting had hitherto been most deficient, while it had been introduced by Du Vinci into the rest of the schools, previous to the sixteenth century.

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Vasari is of opinion that, from the same artist, or rather from some of his drawings, or pictures, it was first acquired by Giorgione: this supposition, however, Boschini will not admit, but boldly maintains that Giorgione was his own master and scholar.

Alas! this great genius died at the early age of thirty-four, in the year 1511; and with the exception of Titian and Sebastian, his productions, rather than the pupils he educated, remained to instruct the Venetians in his art of painting.

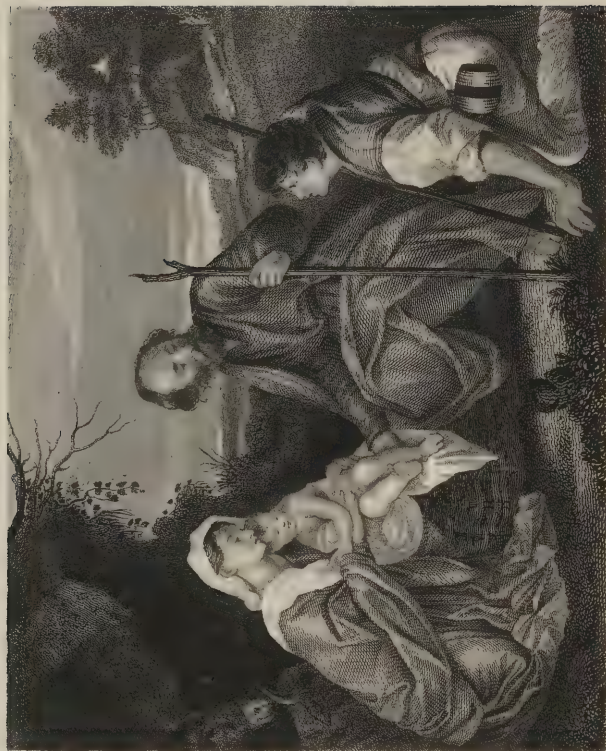
It is much to be regretted that we have not got in the National Gallery a better specimen of Giorgione's abilities, than the Peter Martyr, which, though it came from the Orleans Collection, has evidently been damaged, and worked upon in the way of reparation by other hands than his own. Its subject, the Martyrdom, or rather Assassination of Peter the Dominican, (who was afterwards canonized,) may be briefly rehearsed.

Peter was of the Dominican fraternity, and a Holy Inquisitor—what *they* term a *General* of the order. He was strict, unmerciful, and “persecuted for the faith”—a phrase which would not now be endured; and, by certain military gentlemen, members of a family who thought themselves deeply injured by his proceedings, was assassinated near the entrance of a forest, as he was travelling with a brother of his own order, who escaped.

The picture, which came to the National Gallery with the Carr Collection, measures 4 feet 9½ inches, by 3 feet 4 inches.





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the National Union.

FIGURE 8. (a) Temple of the Muses, Pinsky Square, Leningrad







## TITIANO VECELLIO.

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### THE HOLY FAMILY, WITH THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS.

No. 30.

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p. 30

THIS picture appears to have been painted by Titian before he had thoroughly formed, digested, and entered upon the exercise of his solemnly harmonious and impressive style, in its full plenitude; and while his mind and hand were in transit towards it. The *Madonna* and *Bambino* are of great beauty; St. Mary being of more matronly age than she is frequently represented, and the Saviour more infantile and lovely. The figure of St. Joseph has been thought "unequal to the rest," but so it should be. He is represented, with great propriety, as responding to the gratulations or inquiries of the adoring rustic who has fallen on his knees before the Holy Infant, which is just what we should expect upon such an occasion;—if another such occasion—so humble—so important, we were able to conceive.

At a distance the Angel is seen descending; or as if, self-balanced in the air, he was announcing to other shepherds, the important advent; and beyond is rather an interesting bit of landscape, consisting chiefly of a rocky hill, surmounted by a grove of trees.

But the spread of celestial light proceeding from the Angel seems not sufficiently miraculous for the extraordinary occasion, nor sufficiently so to accord with the Evangelist's account of it; in appending which, we shall probably show to the reader's conviction, that the events of the

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*Nativity*, the *Appearance of the Angel*, and the *Adoration of the Shepherds*, were not simultaneous, but successive; whence he may learn to doubt whether Titian has thought and acted wisely, in thus imperfectly combining them. Duplicity of moment would now be thought inadmissible in a picture; but this law of art, which would now be rigidly enforced, had not been enacted three centuries ago; or, at least, was not duly ratified.

“And she brought forth her first-born son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn. And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night. And, lo, the Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

“And the Angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. And this shall be a sign unto you; Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And suddenly there was with the Angel a multitude of the heavenly host.

“And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

“And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.”

The scene here depicted by Titian is evidently morning—after the angels had departed; yet in the picture we still behold one of them, small indeed, and at a distance. The artist has obviously substituted distance of place for distance of time.

The picture is in the Carr Collection, and came to England from the Borghese palace. Its dimensions are 4 feet 8 inches by 3 feet 5½ inches.







THE BIRTH OF VENUS  
BY PHILIPPO LIPPI  
FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE UFFIZI  
BY J. G. KNEVELT







# SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS.

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## PEACE AND WAR.

No. 46.

p 31

WE here follow our general rule. We adopt the title of this piece from the inscription on its frame, entertaining strong doubts of its propriety; we should not else have designated it "Peace and War;" it being, in fact, a kind of painted lyric ode, with which the artist, then ambassador at the English court, presented King Charles on the conclusion of a war. It is quite unique, and came from the painter to the king with peculiar grace and propriety, being doubly recommended to the royal favour: first, by its inherent graces as a work of art submitted to a monarch of taste; and next, by the circumstance of Rubens himself, in his diplomatic capacity, having been instrumental in bringing to pass the event which it commemorates.

Its subject, like the lyric odes, of poets, is allegorical. It is not, however, as it has been pronounced, "a heterogeneous mixture of allegory with portrait; in which, as upon some other occasions, the painter has here indulged;" but a pure allegory: for though it be true that there are two or three portraits in it,—or more, for aught we know,—yet they are not introduced *as* portraits, but as emblematical or allegorical personages: it is by accident that we know them to be portraits. The picture is, therefore, quite as well calculated to act upon our sympathy, and approve itself to the understanding, as to amuse the eye.

But why would we term it a *lyric* ode? Because this species of triumphing and gratulatory poetry was always accompanied by music;

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and, in the work before us, the rich harmonies of the painter's art are blended with that allegoric meaning which we shall proceed to endeavour to explain, as we think it ought to be construed, after remarking that, being painted here in England, where Rubens resided without those pupils who were accustomed to assist him in the pictures which he produced at Antwerp, it is entirely from his own all-accomplished pencil, and reminds us of that superb modern invention, which has been termed the *Apollonicon*, where a richly-varied and surprising concert is performed by a single hand.

Whoever drew up the catalogue of King Charles's collection has been at an evident loss how to entitle this picture; for, in one part of that catalogue, we read of it under the designation of "Peace and Plenty;" and, in another, it is called "An Emblem of Peace and War, which Sir Peter Paul Rubens, when he was in England, did paint, and presented it himself to the King."

We conceive that the helmed figure, before whom *War* retires reluctantly, and as if still wishing to protect *Discord* with her extinguished torch, and *Malice* with her infernal breath, is *British Wisdom*; before her, *Public Felicity* sits re-enthroned, shedding the milk of human kindness; a winged zephyr brings her a civic wreath, and the caduceus or commercial prosperity; *Opulence*, attended by music, is approaching with a charger of treasure; *All-bounteous Pan* has brought the horn of *Amalthea*, and *Love* is introducing *the rising generation* to partake of its blessed abundance.

The late Marquis of Stafford presented this fine picture to the National Gallery. It measures 9 feet 8 inches by 6 feet 5 inches.





Engraved by H. C. Sharpe

THE SUFFERING OF THE POOR  
 IN THE LONDON DISTRICTS  
 BY H. C. SHARPE





## REMBRANDT.

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### THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS,

No. 32.

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p. 32

THE costume with which we are presented in this fine picture, may not be that of Bethlehem, and of the period when the Saviour was born ; but there is an air of humility and of rusticity about Rembrandt's representation of the divine advent, that is peculiarly impressive, and in perfect accordance with the scriptural record.

The angel who, bursting through the gloom of night, had addressed the shepherds in the field, had said, "This shall be a sign unto you : Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger. And it came to pass, as the angels were gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us go, even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which is come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us. And they came with haste, and found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger."

If the shepherds are not those of Palestine, they are perfectly rustic, and very simple and sincere in their adoration. The humble birth of the Holy Infant has taken place within a stable, or cattle-shed ; the pastoral group, having listened to the angel's announcement, are entering. Every thing seems accidental, yet every thing is so much in its proper place, that we are led to believe the materials of the composition could not possibly have been better disposed.

To shew that the event is nocturnal, an old shepherd has brought with him a lantern, which, however much it contributes to one of those admirable



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effects of *chiar'-oscuro* for which this artist is so justly celebrated, acts but as the centre of a secondary light in the picture; the *principal* light emanating with the utmost poetic propriety from the new-born infant: "The light that was to enlighten the Gentiles, and to be the glory of thy people, Israel!"

It is in justice due to Correggio to mention here, that he is the original inventor of the poetic idea of painting the infant Jesus luminous, like a glow-worm. The fame of the celebrated "*Nocté*," of that great painter had doubtless reached the ears, if the picture had not gladdened the eyes, of Rembrandt, to whose style, and extraordinary power in *chiar'-oscuro*, it was peculiarly adapted.

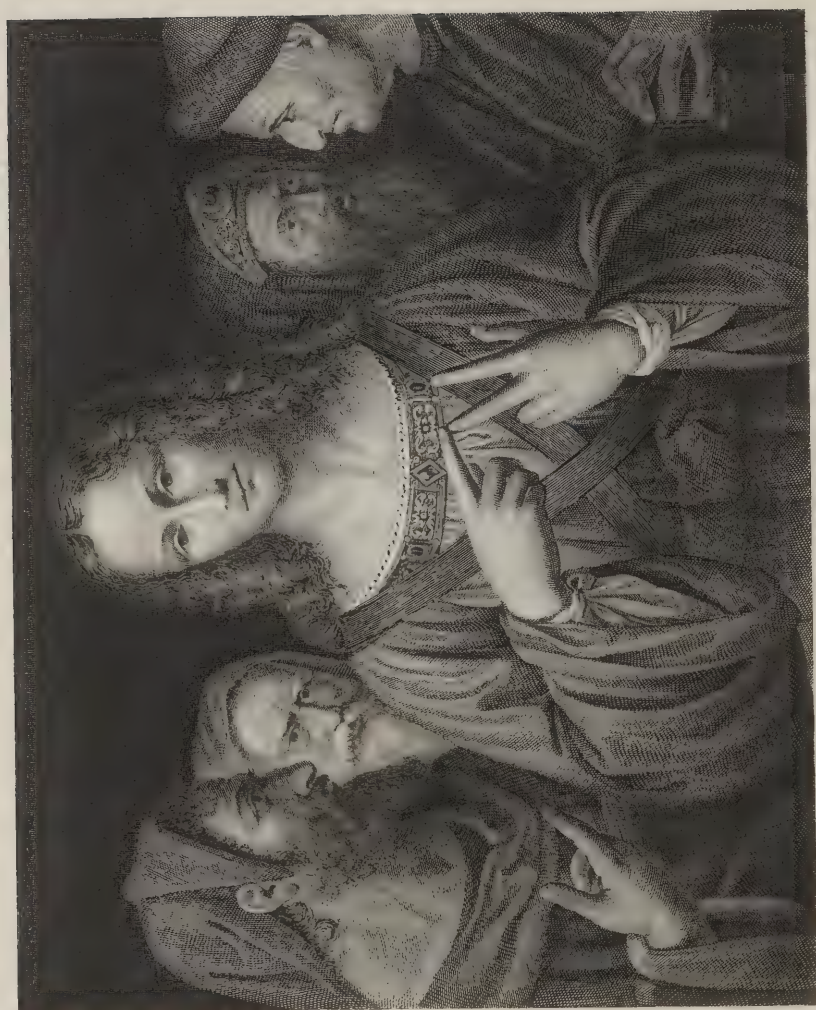
From the Infant Saviour, the divine light strays forth full upon St. Joseph, the Madonna, and a group of adoring rustics. An old shepherd, whose crook leans against his arm, holds up his hands in simple rapture; and another, whose dark back is toward the spectator, in excellent contrast to the flood of light, presses his together, as if in the act of prayer to the newly revealed Deity.

A subject so suited to the talents of this distinguished master of effect and colour, must have been a great favourite with him, and his success has been accordingly.

The picture was in the Angerstein Collection, and measures 2 feet, 1 inch; by 1 foot, 10 inches.







Die Jungfrau Maria im Tempel





# LIONARDO DA VINCI.

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## CHRIST DISPUTING WITH THE DOCTORS,

No. 33.

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p. 33

LIONARDO DA VINCI was the natural son of one Piero, a notary of Florence, and obtained the name of Vinci from the place of his nativity, a small castle, or fortified town, in the Valdarno di Solto. He was born in 1445, and at a proper age was placed under Andrea Verocchio. From the excellence of his genius, he made so rapid a progress as soon to surpass his master, who, having painted a picture of St. John baptising our Saviour, ordered Lionardo to insert an angel holding up some of the vestments. When this was done, the figure appeared so prominently superior to the rest, that Verocchio felt ashamed of his own deficiency, and relinquished the pencil for ever. Da Vinci now set up for himself, and executed many pictures at Florence with great applause, and the universality of his genius soon appeared. He had a perfect knowledge of the theory of his art. He was by far the best physiologist of his time, and certainly the first man who introduced the practice of making anatomical drawings. His reputation soon spread itself over Italy, and Lewis Sforza, duke of Milan, invited him to his court, whither he went in 1494, and there painted a Nativity, as an altar-picture, which was presented to the emperor. At the desire of the duke, he became the director of the academy for architecture, and in that capacity Lionardo restored the simplicity and purity of the Grecian and Roman models. About this period, the duke, having formed the design of supplying the city of Milan with water, by a new canal, entrusted the execution of the design to Lionardo, and he happily

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achieved what some thought next to impossible. The disorders of Lombardy, and the misfortunes of his patrons, obliging Lionardo to quit Milan, he retired to Florence. In 1503, the Florentines resolving to have their council-chamber painted, entrusted the execution of the work to Lionardo. He accepted the charge; but desired to call in the assistance of Michel Angelo, a distinction which that great artist very ill requited. Michel Angelo, though then but a young man, had yet acquired a great reputation, and was not afraid to cope with Lionardo; but jealousy arose between them, and each having his partisans, open war was the consequence. During the heat of this contest, Raffaëlle came to Florence, to inspect the works of Lionardo, which filled him with such astonishment, that he immediately altered his own style. Lionardo remained at Florence till 1513, and then, it is said, went to Rome. Not long after this, he accepted an invitation from Francis I. who received him with very flattering marks of distinction, and assigned him apartments in the palace. But the lamp of life was now sunk low, and the fatigue of so long a journey produced a severe shock in a constitution much enfeebled by incessant labour and vexation. He grew every day worse, and, during his illness, the king came frequently to enquire after his health. On one of these visits, as Da Vinci was raising himself up in bed, to thank the king for the honour done him, he was seized with a fainting fit, and the monarch stooping to support him, Lionardo expired in his arms, in 1520.

The painting of "CHRIST DISPUTING WITH THE DOCTORS," or, as some call it, "Christ reasoning with the Pharisees," has ever been highly prized as a work of art, although some artists are of opinion that it is not really the work of Lionardo's own hand, but done, by the help of his drawings, by one of his numerous pupils at Milan; however this may be, its merits cannot be denied, being drawn with great purity of outline, the foldings of the draperies well chosen, and the whole richly coloured; forcible in effect, and finished throughout with the greatest delicacy of pencil.

Formerly in the Aldobrandini Collection.—Bequeathed to the National Gallery by the Rev. W. H. Carr.

On wood—Length, 10 inches; height, 2 feet, 4½ inches.







Jones & Co Temple of the Muses Finsbury Square London





# LODOVICO CARACCI.

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## SUSANNAH AND THE ELDERS.

No. 34.

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FOUR of the Caracci family were distinguished artists, of whom Lodovico, the painter of the work before us, was the eldest, and the founder of the Bolognese school, which also bears the patronymic name of this distinguished family.

Lodovico was born at Bologna, in the year 1555, and acquired the rudiments of imitative art, at a drawing-school in his native city, journeying afterwards to Venice and to Florence for improvement. Bold, energetic, and single-minded, on his return to Bologna, he, in concert with, and by means of the co-operation of his nephews, Agostino and Annibal, established there a school of design, which the Bolognese painters of his time, from that envy which is the frequent concomitant of rivalry, censured and abused: but

“ Those who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.”

So successful, however, were these contemporaneous intriguers for awhile, that the Caracci were obliged to resort to the disheartening expedient of painting pictures gratuitously for the Bolognese churches, in order that the public might be induced to compare their works with those of their calumniators and rivals. An ingenious but expensive mode of appealing to the superior tribunal in matters of taste.

The fame of the Caracci family was, however, by these means so rapidly spread, that Lodovico was soon sent for from Rome, to paint for the Car-

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dinal Farnese; but not choosing to abandon his favourite project of founding a new school of art, he despatched thither his nephew Annibal. To this project of a new Bolognese school he continued tenaciously to adhere. He outlived his distinguished relatives; and at length, finding himself alone in his native city, zealously continued the pursuit of his art, and its successful cultivation at Bologna, to the last hour of his life, which terminated in his seventieth year.

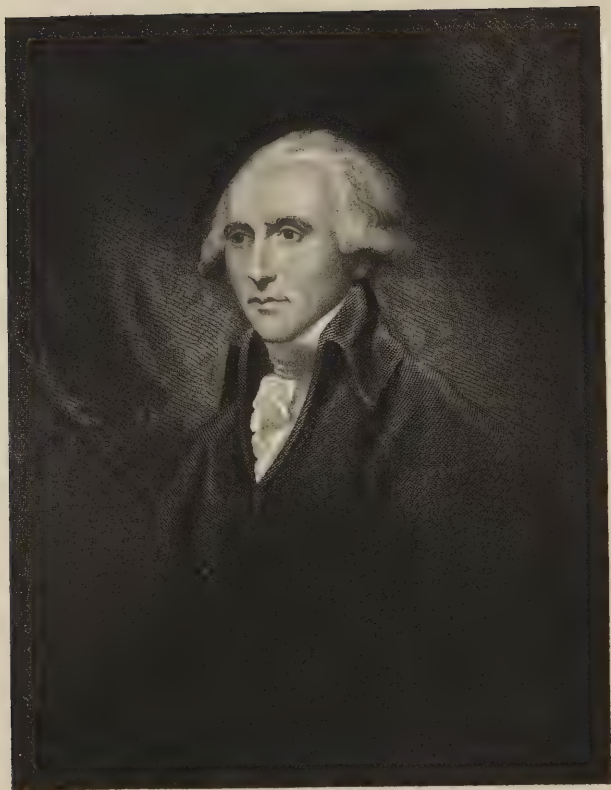
The present work affords a fine specimen of Lodovico's abilities. In composition it is beautifully grand, and conspicuously effective in colour and *chiar'-oscuro*. A much-esteemed contemporary thinks that the head of the principal figure, that of Susannah, is "deficient in expression," and has so stated to the public. But, however painful it may be to differ with a gentleman reputed for his critical taste in pictures, we may not dissemble that we cannot have the honour of agreeing with him. In our humble opinion, the expression—the not violent, but delicate, expression of alarmed innocence, which is superinduced on the peculiarly chaste character of the beauty of Susannah, is so strictly appropriate, and at the same time so transcendental in its accomplishment, that all other considerations and all other sentiments—pictorial and moral, are absorbed in it. Alone it is sufficient to consecrate the work; but in the painting of the Elders there is also great merit. Their draperies are cast with considerable taste; and the coarseness of the colour and texture of their flesh, is most successfully contrasted with the delicacy of that of the young Hebrew bride.

This picture was always, and, as we deem, justly, esteemed one of the chief ornaments of the Orleans, and subsequently of the Angerstein Collection. Its dimensions are 4 feet 8 inches, by 3 feet 7 inches.









*The Temple of the Muses Final*





## SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

### • PORTRAIT OF THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM WINDHAM.

No. 35.

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IN this picture Mr. Windham appears dressed in black, with his hair powdered, as was the fashion of the time; and the crimson curtain, so often repeated by the portrait-painters, constitutes the back-ground.

The character of the countenance corresponds with the known mental character of the individual represented. There is a look of generous sincerity and promptitude about it; a gentlemanly air, and a capability of those flashes of eloquence which were wont to inform, and enliven, and sometimes to electrify, the Commons' house. William Windham was the son of Colonel Windham, of Felbrigg, in Norfolk, but was born in Golden Square, London, in the year 1750. After studying at Eton, and for a short period at Glasgow, he was entered a gentleman commoner of Oxford in 1767; but at times took, or appeared to take, so little interest in public affairs, that a standing joke among his intimates was, "Windham will never know who is prime minister."

He obtained a seat in Parliament for the city of Norwich in the year 1782; where he continued to sit for twenty-eight years, and where he so distinguished himself, that he was selected by Edmund Burke to second an important address to the king on the state of the nation in 1784; and with that statesman he generally thought and voted in his opposition to Mr. Pitt.

When appointed Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he stated, in the hearing of Dr. Johnson, certain scruples which he entertained as to his seeming to sanction, in his official capacity, practices which he could

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not conscientiously approve. "Don't be afraid, Sir," said the literary Colossus, "you will soon make a very pretty rascal." But Windham's scruples prevailed so, that he soon returned from the sister island, to falsify the Doctor's prediction.

He is believed to have always felt too conscientiously to have been what politicians term "a thorough-going party man," though he ranked, and almost constantly voted, with the Whig opposition. When the rupture occurred between Fox and Burke, he sided with the latter; and when Addington had been driven from the helm—an event to which Windham's eloquence had very much contributed; and when, after the death of Pitt, Lord Grenville came into power, Mr. Windham accepted, and filled with considerable ability, the office of Secretary of State for the War Department.

The style of his elocution was marked by a certain loftiness as well as brilliancy, as if he spoke from higher abstract principles, or purer motives, than his opponents. These are the legitimate parents of memorable sayings: and hence, if any one dared to suspect him or his coadjutors of partiality for the emoluments of office, he would repel the insinuation, by speaking of such emoluments with contempt, as "cheese-parings and candle-ends," far beneath the notice of dignified ambition. Was the mercantile interest at any time too exclusive in its claims on the legislature, he would boldly exclaim, "Perish, Commerce! let the Constitution live!"

Returning on foot from the house of a friend, on the 8th of July, 1809, about twelve at night, a fire had burst forth in Conduit Street, next door to the house of the Honourable Frederick North; and in exerting himself to save the valuable library of that much esteemed friend, Mr. Windham fell with some heavy books, and received a hurt on the hip, which being at first neglected, occasioned his death in 1810.

The picture was bequeathed by G. J. Cholmondely, Esq. Size, 2 feet 6 inches by 2 feet 1 inch.







*Il tempio di Minerva, nel bosco di St. Peter, Londra.*







# SEBASTIAN BOURDON.

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## RETURN OF THE ARK.

No. 64.

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THIS Return of the Hebrew Ark from its capture by the Philistines, was formerly in the collection of Sir Joshua Reynolds, who valued it highly, and at his death bequeathed it—in compliment to his taste and talent in the art of Landscape painting—to Sir George Beaumont, with whose collection it came to the National Gallery.

That it was a great favourite with Sir Joshua, may be inferred from the circumstance of his pointing it out to the students of the Royal Academy as an example worthy of the study and imitation of those who would excel in the *poetry* of Landscape painting. Its author, Sebastian Bourdon, was a native of France, who lived about the middle of the seventeenth century, and became principal painter to Queen Christina, of Sweden, and the first rector of the Royal Academy of Paris. He was a man of extensive knowledge, both practical and theoretic; of profound habits of thought; and of rare and disinterested virtue, of which latter he gave indubitable proof, by declining to accept the royal gift of a noble collection of pictures offered to him by Christina, in the year 1652. He knew that the Queen was not aware of the very high value of the present she proffered, and he *therefore* declined to accept of it.

In his fourteenth discourse, the President, addressing the students, says, "I cannot quit this subject (of the poetry of Landscape painting)

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without mentioning two examples, which occur to me at present, in which the *poetical style* of *Landscape* may be seen happily executed: the one is, 'Jacob's Dream,' by Salvator Rosa; and the other is the '*Return of the Ark from Captivity*,' by *Sebastian Bourdon*. With whatever dignity those histories are presented to us in the language of Scripture, this style of painting possesses the same power of inspiring sentiments of grandeur and sublimity, and is able to communicate them to subjects which appear by no means adapted to receive them. A ladder against the sky, has no very promising appearance of possessing a capacity to excite any heroic ideas; and the Ark, in the hands of a second-rate master, would have little more effect than a common waggon on the highway; yet those subjects are so poetically treated throughout, the parts have such a correspondence with each other, and the whole, and every part, of the scene is so visionary, that it is impossible to look at them without feeling, in some measure, the enthusiasm which seems to have inspired the painters."

The depicted story is briefly this:—the Philistines yoked milch kine to the new carriage which they constructed for the Ark; and, rightly believing that the cows would be miraculously directed, left them to pursue their own course: proceeding on this course, they arrived on the Hebrew territory, when "they of Beth-shemish were reaping their wheat-harvest in the valley; and they lifted up their eyes and saw the Ark, and rejoiced to see it. And the cart came into the field of Joshua, a Beth-shemite, and stood there, where there was a great stone." This stone—the rock of *Abel*—forms a lofty and conspicuous feature of Bourdon's picture.

The size of this picture is 4 feet 6 inches by 3 feet 5 inches.













## SEBASTIAN DEL PIOMBO

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### PORTRAITS OF CARDINAL HIPPOLITO DE MEDICIS, AND OF THE ARTIST.

No. 20.

p. 37

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SEBASTIAN was born at Venice, in the year 1485. His patronymic name was Luciano: but, early in his career as an artist, he was styled Viniziano, from his country; and, later in life, del Piombo, from his obtaining the honourable office of Frate del Piombo.

Sebastian was distinguished in his youth as a musician, and was particularly famed for his skill in playing on the lute; but he chose painting for his profession, and was instructed in the rudiments of that art by Giovanni Bellini; but, Giorgione shining forth, and his new mode of colouring attracting great notice, and very general admiration, our artist became his disciple, and soon acquired, in this new style, a degree of power, and felicity of handling, which has rarely been surpassed; and a corresponding degree of renown, both in the painting of portraits and historical subjects.

His first public essays were in portraiture, and his portraits were greatly admired for their strength of resemblance to the originals, and for a certain sweetness and plenitude of style with which they were executed; so much resembling the work of Giorgione, as to give rise to frequent mistakes among the Italian connoisseurs as to their authorship.

Of this, the picture before us, comprehending the likenesses of his liberal patron, Cardinal Hippolito de Medicis, and himself, is a conspicuous instance; appearing rather more like a genuine Giorgione, than

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like another portrait from the pencil of Sebastian, which hangs on the opposite side of the same room—so possible is it in painting, as in moral conduct, while we regard features or actions severally, for two individuals to resemble each other more than the same individual resembles himself.

The present picture appears to represent some biographical incident, which has given occasion for the Cardinal and the painter to meet, and to refer to an ancient parchment deed, which lies unfolded on a carpeted table between them. The two faces receive light, and this incident has given to the artist an opportunity of introducing a third light, with good effect, and which prevents the two former from appearing like painted spots.

Literature and Fine Art have been duly grateful to the illustrious house of Medicis. Their portraits, their names, and their generous patronage, have been transmitted with honour, as connected with most of the great works that were produced during the period of their splendid ascendancy; and our countrymen, Gibbon and Roscoe, have enshrined their memory on their immortal pages.

The present picture, which was once in the Borghese Palace, was bequeathed to our National Gallery by the Rev. W. Holwell Carr. It is painted on wood, and measures 4 feet 6 inches by 3 feet 8 inches.







CHRISTUS QUI CLAVES REGNI  
PETRO TRADIDIT  
JESUS CHRISTUS PETRO  
CLAVES REGNI TRADIT  
ET DIXIT  
TU LIGAS SUPER TERRA ET ERIT LIGATUM SUPER  
TERRAM







# ANNIBALE CARACCI.

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## CHRIST APPEARING TO ST. PETER.

No. 38.

p. 38

IT has been said by Pilkington, and repeated by the professor Phillips, that Annibale Caracci succeeded better in poetical and profane, than in scriptural subjects; and by Fuseli, that he was superior to his uncle Ludovico in power of execution and academic prowess, though inferior in taste, sensibility and judgment. The reader has here an opportunity of making comparisons which may satisfy his own judgment concerning these points of critical animadversion; for though the "Christ appearing to St. Peter," which is here set before him, is not exactly a scriptural subject, yet is it of the same general character, being a depicted tradition or legend of the Romish church.

Saint Peter, according to the catholic legend, had escaped from Rome, in order to save himself from impending martyrdom, and was hurrying along the Appian way, when he was met by his master, bearing his cross, as here represented. "Lord! where goest thou?" inquired the surprised saint: to which the Saviour replied, that he was going to Rome to be crucified a second time, finding his disciples feared to attest the truth of his mission with their blood.

A critic, whom we need not name, asserts that this picture is one of the most studied and finished performances of Annibale; and is especially admirable for the consummate skill displayed by him in the foreshortened figure of Christ, which has been long considered as one of the most perfect specimens of the kind, and almost seems to walk out of

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

the canvass; an effect which is not more the result of the correctness of that figure in respect of outline and lineal perspective, than of the judicious arrangement of its lights and shadows. The figure of St. Peter is not of equal merit. The landscape in the back-ground is beautiful.

Assuredly the landscape is good, and shows that St. Peter must have stolen away from Rome very early in the morning, and not have advanced far on the Appian way. But there is this objection to be made to the landscape, that though the day is breaking over the distant hills and pediment on the right hand, there must be another sun somewhere out of the picture, on the left hand, since the cast shadows, from St. Peter and the Saviour, fall directly to the right.

Thus much for the landscape. "The figure of St. Peter," says the same erudite writer, "is not of equal merit to that of the Saviour;"—neither ought it to be so. The principal part of every picture should be in all respects the best part. We would allow, however, that his right foot came a little too low in the picture, if, as Mr. Cunningham has well conjectured, he might not be supposed to be "about to kneel, or at least to bow the knee. His marvelling looks, and held-up hand, testify the impression made upon him."

The picture is on panel; measures 2 feet, 6 inches, by 1 foot, 10 inches. It came from the apartments of the Prince Aldobrandini, in the Borghese Palace, and is a valuable acquisition to the National Collection.







THE WINDMILL

*A View of the River of the Windmill*  
*in the County of Kent*

Printed by J. Smith, in the Strand, London.





# CLAUDE LE LORRAINE.

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## THE ANNUNCIATION,

No. 39.

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CLAUDE searched for true principles, by an incessant examination of Nature, usually studying in the open fields, where he frequently continued from sun-rise till the dusk of the evening, sketching whatever he thought beautiful or striking. Every curious tinge of light on all kinds of objects, he marked in his sketches with a similar colour; by which means he gave his landscapes such an appearance of nature, as has rarely been equalled by any artist. Sandrart relates, that Claude used to explain to him, as they walked through the fields, the causes of the different appearances of the same prospect at different hours of the day, from the reflections or refractions of light, from dews or vapours, in the evening or morning, with all the precision of a philosopher. He worked on his pictures with great care, endeavouring to bring them to perfection, by touching them over and over again; and if the performance did not answer his idea, he would alter, deface, and repaint it several times, till it corresponded with the image pictured in his mind. But whatever struck his imagination while he observed Nature abroad, was so strongly impressed on his memory, that, on his return home, he never failed to make the happiest use of it. His skies are warm, and full of lustre, and every object is properly illumined. His distances are admirable, and in every part a delightful union and harmony never fail to excite our admiration. His invention is pleasing, his colouring delicate, and his tints have such an agreeable sweetness and variety, as to have been



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imperfectly imitated by the best subsequent artists, and were never equalled.

The Landscape known by the name of "THE ANNUNCIATION," but which is more probably intended to represent that passage in the history of Hagar, when, upon her first flying from the habitation of Abraham, she is ordered by an Angel to return home, is exceedingly beautiful, being painted in the artist's most finished manner. A broad river, with cattle drinking, and a small boat, a bridge of a single arch, a village situated on a rocky eminence, some distant hills, and a group of three trees in the foreground, constitute the picture. Hagar is seated under a bank, with her hands joined together, looking up at the Angel, who, pointing to the village abovementioned, the abode of Abraham, appears urging her to place herself once more under his roof.

From Mr. Duane's Collection. Presented by Sir G. Beaumont.

Height, 1 foot, 8 inches; width, 1 foot, 4½ inches.





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# DOMINICO ZAMPIERI,

OTHERWISE DOMENICHINO.

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## LANDSCAPE, WITH ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON.

No. 40.

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p. 40

DOMINICO ZAMPIERI was born in the year 1581. He was the son of a shoe-maker of Bologna, who resolved to give his children a good education, and bring them up to liberal professions, though his circumstances were by no means affluent: but he made a great mistake. He placed his eldest son Gabriel under an artist; and Dominico under a scholar, intending to qualify him for the profession of literature, or that of the law, or the church.

Gabriel, however, made no progress in the arts of design, while Dominico evinced but little taste for literature, and often made his escape from books, in order to repair to the house of a neighbouring painter, whom he was delighted to see at work: for which he was sometimes reprimanded and sometimes punished.

But reprimand and punishment had little effect, till Gabriel also shewed signs of restiveness, and asked, and at length obtained, his father's permission to introduce his brother Dominico instead of himself, into the school of Denis Calvaert; from which time he renounced the arts, for the more attractive study of literature.

Calvaert was a Fleming, who had brought with him to Bologna the style of art of his native country. He discovered the talent, but could not much advance the studies, of Dominico Zampieri, who sighed after Italian exemplars. Having detected his pupil in the act of secretly copying an engraving by Agostino Caracci, he brutally drove him from his house with his head bleeding. Dominico durst not appear before his parents till the

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following morning, when, finding his reluctance to return, and his strong desire to study in the school of Caracci, his father sought and obtained his admission there, in a very humble capacity, where he soon won the favour of his masters, and made extraordinary progress.

At a more advanced age, he formed an intimate friendship with Albano, and with the common object of improvement, they travelled together, studied with advantage the works of Correggio and Parmegiano, and finally reached "the eternal city," where they both greatly distinguished themselves, befriended by Annibal Caracci; and about this period of his life, Dominico painted the picture of St. George and the Dragon, which is here under our notice.

From Bellori and the rest of his biographers we learn that Zampieri now began to suffer much from the professional jealousy and intriguing spirit of Lanfranco and Spagnoletto. At length, in 1629, he removed to Naples, being engaged to paint the cupola of the chapel of the treasury; but persecution followed, and thwarted his views. While his talents shone brilliantly forth, his fortitude was here put to distressing trials; and when, after expending three years on the task, he had accomplished about three fourths of the cupola, he sunk under his misfortunes, in the sixtieth year of his age,—not without suspicion that poison was employed to shorten his days,—leaving his adversary and rival, Lanfranco, to finish the cupola.

The story of St. George's victory is ably told. A dragon, large, dark, winged, and coiled, occupies the centre of the fore-ground. The principal light falls on the terrified princess, who is flying from his fatal clutch, when the pursuit is arrested by the Christian knight, who is tilting at him from a pie-bald charger, armed cap-a-pee, and with spear in rest. The second light falls on the white flanks of the horse, and gleams on the plate armour of the champion, while a deep and solemn tone, suited to the immolation of a princess, pervades the whole.

The picture is in the Carr Collection, and formerly belonged to Prince Lucien Bonaparte. Its size is 2 feet, 1 inch, by 1 foot, 7 inches.







THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK, BY J. M. W. TURNER.

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK, BY J. M. W. TURNER.

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK, BY J. M. W. TURNER.

THE SHEPHERD AND HIS FLOCK, BY J. M. W. TURNER.





# CLAUDE LE LORRAIN.

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## STUDY OF TREES FROM NATURE.

No. 41.

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THIS performance is very properly entitled a *Study* of Trees, it being evidently neither more nor less, and bearing internal evidence of having been painted immediately from Nature.

Some things have been recorded of Claude that are demonstrably untrue, and others that are scarcely credible. Among the latter, that “he painted for the interior of his *studio*, a landscape enriched with views from the Villa Madama, in which a wonderful variety of trees was introduced. This he preserved for the purpose of supplying himself, as from Nature, with subjects for his various pictures; and refused to sell it to the munificent pontiff, Clement IX. although that prince offered to cover it with pieces of gold.”

This anecdote is much to be distrusted. Had Claude produced and thus cherished such a master-piece, it would have been now extant; would be well known; and what other picture would be so highly valued? But that he did frequently paint the scenery of Tivoli and the banks of the Tiber immediately from Nature, going forth with his canvass, palette, and portable easel, which he employed an ass to carry; and that he has the honour of having been the first landscape painter who adopted that salutary mode of study, are well authenticated facts. And the present performance,—wherein the mild grey or neutral tints, are so beautifully blended and harmonised with those of fresher verdure,—is one of those out-of-door productions, which he has done as a thing of reference to refresh his own ideas, and test his published works by.

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For evidence of this fact, we refer to the *Liber Veritatis*; a record which Claude is known to have kept, in order to authenticate the pictures which he painted for his patrons, and which now reposes in the library of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire.

We therein find a sketch and memorandum of a picture which he painted "for Monsieur Rospigliosi, at Rome," consisting partly of this subject, but with precisely such variations as an artist would naturally make, in the process of reflecting upon and improving what he had sketched from Nature.

In the work before us, a goatherd or other peasant, with naked back, and somewhat equivocal in his action, sits near the right-hand corner of the fore-ground; and a little to the left of the middle of the picture, there is an opening between the trees, which the painter has filled up with a cascata, some rocky ground, and a blue mountain beyond. In painting Monsieur Rospigliosi's picture, Claude has felt that it would harmonise more thoroughly with the sentiment of pastoral retirement and have a better effect, if he removed his figure to the left-hand corner, faced him about, made him more completely a goatherd, and placed him under the lofty tree; and this he has poetically accomplished by putting a flageolet into his hands and mouth; binding his brows with an ivy-wreath, and clothing him in sheep-skin. The removal of this figure called for other alterations both in the composition and *chiar'-oscuro*, and accordingly he has shut out the portion of river where the water falls; the distant mountain, &c., which here appears between the trees, and has let in only sun-light, which catches brightly on their stems.

This highly estimable study, which was presented to the public by Sir George Beaumont, was once in the collection of Lord Londonderry. It measures 1 foot 8 inches; by 1 foot 4½ inches.









It is the original. I have not seen it





# GAINSBOROUGH.

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## THE WATERING PLACE,

No. 42.

p. 42

THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH was born in 1727, at Sudbury, in Suffolk, where his father was a clothier. He early discovered a propensity to painting; but nature was his teacher, and the woods his academy, where he would pass his mornings alone, making sketches of an old tree, a marshy brook, a few cattle, a shepherd and his flock, or any other objects that casually came in view. From drawing he proceeded to colouring, and after painting several landscapes, came to London, where he received instructions, first from Gravelot, and next from Hayman. After quitting his master he resided in Hatton Garden, and practised both landscape painting and portrait, in a small size. Soon after his marriage he went to Bath, where he began to paint portraits for five guineas, which price he gradually raised to one hundred. In 1774, he left Bath, and settled in Pall Mall, happy, as it might seem, in the possession of fame and fortune. In this situation he was disturbed by a complaint in his neck, which was not much noticed upon its first attack, being supposed to be nothing more than a swelling in the glands of the throat, but it soon put on the dreadful appearance of a cancer, which baffled all surgical skill, and carried him off, August 2, 1788. His last words were extremely characteristic, "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyck is of the party." His remains, by his own direction, were deposited by his friend Kirby, in Kew church-yard, where a simple tablet records his name and merit. Gainsborough was a man of eccentric manners, but very generous in his disposition. If he

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

selected for the exercise of his pencil a child from a cottage, all the inhabitants of the humble dwelling were sure of participating in the profits of the picture. On the institution of the Royal Academy, Gainsborough was chosen one of the first members, but he never attended any of their meetings. In 1784, he sent to the exhibition a whole-length portrait, which he ordered to be placed almost as low as the floor; but as this was contrary to the bye-laws, the council remonstrated with him on the impropriety of his demand. Gainsborough returned for answer, that if they did not choose to place the picture as he wished, they might send it back, which they did immediately. Soon after this he had an exhibition of his own works, which, however, did not answer his expectation. His style of execution, as well as his choice of subjects, was original. His pictures are wrought in a slight manner, with great freedom of hand, and little colour, which gives a great airiness of effect. Sir Joshua Reynolds said of him, soon after his death, "That if ever this nation should produce genius sufficient to acquire for us the honourable distinction of an English school, the name of Gainsborough would be transmitted to posterity in the history of the art, among the first of that rising name. Whether he most excelled in portraits, landscapes, or fancy pictures, it is difficult to determine; but upon the whole we may justly say, that whatever he attempted, he carried to a high degree of excellence. It is to the credit of his good sense and judgment, that he never attempted that style of historical painting for which his previous studies had made no preparation."

The picture of the Watering Place is remarkable for its force of effect and richness of colouring. The composition also is strikingly beautiful, although it presents only a few cows drinking, and a group of peasant children loitering beneath a rocky bank, overshadowed with trees. Such is the art which enables a great painter, like a poet, to give importance to trifles.

Presented by Lord Farnborough. Length, 5 feet 11 inches; height, 4 feet 10 inches.







Engraved by W. G. & Co.

THE LIFE OF

JOHN LOCKE

BY

JOHN LOCKE







# SIR ANTHONY VANDYCK.

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## PORTRAIT OF RUBENS,

No. 43.

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p. 43

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CONCERNING the present group—which would consist of three half-length figures, but for the interposition of a portion of an ornamented slab, or cabinet—our readers will readily infer that the principal figure is that of an artist, or gentleman, of distinction, from his air of unassumed superiority, and from the manner in which he is introduced as conversing with one of his companions; the other, who is producing a small statue, seems, perhaps, a little too much like an interruption of their colloquy. But, that this principal figure is the veritable portrait of Sir Peter Paul Rubens, such persons as may have seen the portraits of that justly celebrated painter, by Gonzales, and by Rubens himself, will probably be led to entertain some doubt, if not to disbelieve.

Among the sceptics are ourselves. It is not easy to believe that the pupil can have differed so much from his master, with regard to the portraiture of that master, as the present picture differs from that often-repeated portrait of Rubens, with the round hat and gracefully curled moustaches, which is so well known to be from the admired pencil of Sir Peter Paul himself; which is decidedly more dignified and sedate in physiognomy than the present; and of which there are so many repetitions in the royal and noble galleries of this kingdom, and one in the possession of Mr. Strutt, of Groton Hall. In short, few portraits have been so multiplied, as this of the great painter of Antwerp.

There are beside several engravings of this remarkable picture which

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The remarks by the author of the Descriptive Catalogue on the picture of the Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba, are so elegantly written, and his criticism so just, that we cannot omit giving them.

“This picture is, in the general arrangement, not very dissimilar from that of St. Ursula, viewed in a reverse direction by means of a mirror. The canvass, however, is larger, and as, at the same time, the figures and other objects represented in it are fewer in number, the result is, that a greater degree of simplicity and grandeur of effect pervades the whole. Here, moreover, the matchless pencil of Claude has depicted the glorious orb of day itself, rising in majesty, and dispelling, with its life-giving rays, the vapours of the morning. On the right of the spectator, the Queen is seen descending the steps of her palace, attended by her train, and about to get into the boat, which is ready to receive her. A large round tower, especially, which is built in the sea, but connected with the edifice upon the shore by a bridge of a single arch, is most happily introduced: it is all in shade, and casting a delicate tint of shadow upon the steps and lower parts of the palace, helps to confine the light to the central parts of the picture, and thus to render its focus more resplendent; whilst through the arch of the bridge, and above it, another large building is ingeniously represented illuminated. The left edge of the picture is bounded by part of a triumphant arch, which rises from the foreground to the top of the canvass; behind it are seen part of two large vessels, and beyond are other vessels lying at anchor near the wall of a pier, which juts out far into the sea. In this performance, Claude has represented the sea under the influence of a swell, as if the previous day had been stormy; and, in consequence, the reflection of the sun upon the waves is interrupted at intervals. It is almost needless to add, that he has imitated this effect of Nature to perfection.”

This picture bears the name of Claudio, with the date 1648, and was painted for the Duke de Bouillon, who was one of the artist's earliest patrons.

Angerstein Collection—Length, 6 feet 7 inches; height, 4 feet, 11 inches.







THE RIVER OF THE SOUTH

By the Author of 'The River of the North'

LONDON: Printed by J. DODD, in Pall-mall







## CLAUDE LE LORRAINE.

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LANDSCAPE, WITH THE STORY OF NARCISSUS, &c.

No. 44.

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CLAUDE had many competitors for fame : the elder Poussin stood highest in public opinion, the younger had numerous admirers, and Salvator Rosa, a young and aspiring man, of lofty pretensions and varied talents, was naturally the idol of many ; for the ardent temperament which fired his pencil and his pen, affected his admirers. Each had his party of friends and disciples ; but Claude was neither found haranguing with the “learned Poussin,” nor sporting, like the “dashing Rosa,” among the wits and fashionists of Rome. From morning till night, unseduced by pleasure, and unscared by toil, he laboured to catch the influences of the seasons,—the changes of the passing hour : the beam of the morning was to him dear as the spell of beauty is to others, and the sounds of animated Nature, in her most sequestered scenes, supplied the voice of music, and the “busy hum” of social intercourse.

This entire devotion to an art which repaid his passion by the perfection which he in time attained in it ; by the acquaintance it necessarily gave, despite of his solitary avocations, with the enlightened, the noble, and the good, who encouraged his efforts and increased his fortune, justifies us in the conclusion, that the life of Claude le Lorraine, notwithstanding the gout, was singularly happy, as well as long.

In the Picture of “NARCISSUS,” the left side exhibits a retired spot, with a clear pool, or well-spring, bounded in great part by rocks and shadowy trees, some of which rise to the top of the canvass. The nymph

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of the fountain, her left arm stretched over her head, and her right resting on her urn, is represented asleep in the fore-ground, in allusion to the stillness of the water. At a small distance, Narcissus is seen bending, self-enamoured, over the glassy surface, as yet undisturbed by his tears; whilst the hapless Echo, leaning upon one of the trees above, watches him, and with her left hand raised to her mouth, seems to waft back his sighs. Behind the figure of Echo is that of another nymph, who is also gazing upon Narcissus,—for the youth had many lovers,—and beyond her is seen a deer, feeding.

The large group of trees, which occupies great part of this side of the picture, is skilfully composed, though entirely free from any appearance of artifice in its arrangement. A large pine, with a crooked stem and well-furnished top, shoots out from the rest of the group, giving a very agreeable form to the mass of dark, which would otherwise have appeared to terminate too abruptly; besides that the dark tint of this tree, being boldly opposed to that part of the sky in which the orb of the sun is placed, produces in that luminous part a great increase of apparent lustre.

The principal object in the middle-ground is a ruined castle, situated on a rocky eminence, and represented entirely in shadow; the warm beams of the sun shining through its portal and windows. Nearer the eye of the spectator are a small waterfall and a wooden bridge, over which a peasant appears driving his cattle; and in the distance, on the right, is a beautiful bay of the sea, with a town situated on its margin, and some vessels lying at anchor. The effect of this very fine picture is that of a sultry afternoon in autumn. It is No. 77, in the *Liber Veritatis*, and was formerly in the collection of Peter Delme, Esq.

Presented by Sir Geo Beaumont.—Length, 3 feet, 11 inches; height, 3 feet, 1 inch.





THE  
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# REMBRANDT.

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## PORTRAIT OF A JEW,

No. 45.

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VAN RYN REMBRANDT was the son of a miller, and was born at a village near Leyden, in 1606. His real name was Gerretsz, but he obtained that of Van Ryn from the place where he spent the youthful part of his life, which was on the borders of the Rhine. He was at first placed under Jacob Van Zwanenburg, with whom he continued three years, and gave such proofs of uncommon talents as surprised his instructor. After this he studied under Peter Lastman, but stayed no longer than six months with him; and for the same length of time, he was the scholar of Jacob Pinas, from whom, it is said, he acquired that taste for strong contrasts of light and shadow which he ever after so happily cultivated. He, however, formed his own manner entirely, by studying and imitating Nature, which he copied in its most simple dress, without any attention to elegance of choice. But though it was not his talent to select what was most beautiful or graceful, yet he had an amazing power in representing every object with such truth, force, and life, as nothing but Nature itself can equal. By the advice of a friend, Rembrandt was prevailed on to carry one of his first performances to the Hague, where he offered it to a dealer, who instantly gave him a hundred florins for the picture. This incident laid the foundation of his fortune; for it not only served to make the public acquainted with his abilities, but contributed to make him more sensible of his merit. He soon after this settled at Amsterdam, that he might follow his profession with advantage. Business crowded on him immediately, so as scarcely to allow him time to gratify the general demand for his paintings; but he had such a number of pupils

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

he avoided the necessity of breaking and torturing his colours, and preserved them in full freshness, beauty, and lustre. One of his greatest defects appeared in his designing the naked, in which figures he was excessively incorrect; the bodies being either too gross or too lean, the extremities too small or too great, and the whole generally out of proportion. But in other parts, such as colouring, expression, and the force produced by lights and shadows happily and harmoniously opposed, he had few equals, and no superiors.

The genuine works of Rembrandt are rarely to be met with, and produce incredible prices. Many of them, however, are preserved in the collections of the English nobility; some are in the Ducal Palace at Florence, where the portrait of Rembrandt, painted by himself, is placed in the Gallery of Artists; a few of his works are at Genoa, some at Turin, and several in the royal cabinet of France. The etchings of Rembrandt are exceedingly admired, and collected with great care and expense for the cabinets of the curious in most parts of Europe; but it is remarked, that none of his prints are dated earlier than 1628, nor later than 1659, though there are several of his paintings dated in 1660, and particularly the portrait of a Franciscan Friar. He had the same spirit in every stroke of the graver as in the markings of his pencil; there seems not to be a single touch that does not produce expression and life. Strutt gives 340 as the number of Rembrandt's prints; but De Burgy, at the Hague, collected 655, including the varieties. This great artist died at Amsterdam in 1674, or, according to others, in 1688.

The Portrait of a Jew Merchant is considered to be one of the best the artist ever painted. The effect is altogether striking, and is perhaps the more pleasing from his having admitted into the picture a larger share of light than was usual with him. It has every appearance of having been faithfully copied from Nature, being entirely free from all affectation, and seems to represent the character, dress, and all, just as placed before the painter in his study.

Presented to the Nation by Sir George Beaumont, Bart.—Height, 4 feet 6 inches; width, 3 feet 4 inches.





*From the Original Drawing by Sir John Flaxman.*

No. 46

Jones & Co. Temple of the Muses, Finsbury Square London.





# ERCOLE DI FERRARA

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## THE CONVERSION OF ST. PAUL.

No. 46.

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p. 46

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THE present work demands, and is in some measure entitled, to be looked at with a certain degree of indulgence, on account of the early period at which it was produced. Its colours are vivid; but, in this respect, the Ferrarese school distinguished itself from the very first; and this Conversion of St. Paul is one of the oldest pictures in the National Gallery.

Early and elaborate works of art, where the professor, dim-sighted to higher attainments, felt partly trammelled by what was then conventional, and partly at liberty to excel his predecessors and compeers by more laborious attention to the minutiae of Nature than those predecessors and compeers had been able to display, are valuable as links in concatenating the historical progress of painting, without which the chain would necessarily be broken and imperfect. But apart from this latter consideration, and viewed simply as pictures, these early performances are so inferior to certain works of subsequent production, that they call for indulgence and toleration, rather than appeal to any loftier sentiment.

Whether the present picture *be* from the pencil of Ercole of Ferrara, appears to be somewhat doubted; but there is no doubt that it is an early production of the Ferrarese school. Ercole *Grandi*—which latter was the patronymic name of this artist, flourished from the middle till toward the close of the fifteenth century; studied under Lorenzo Costa, of the same city, and soon learned to excel his master. He first



#### THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

became famous at Bologna, where, according to Lanzi, he produced a work which Albano has pronounced equal to Mantegna, Pietro Perugino, or any artist who professed the modern antique style, sparing neither time nor expense to attain his object: but he did not survive the age of forty; and, to the last, painted with the care and caution of a modest scholar, rather than with the freedom of a master.

On some points here is certainly resemblance between this account of Grandi's style of art, and the picture before us; particularly with regard to his timidity, and the careful labour he bestowed on his work. Mr. Carr obtained it from the Aldobrandini Collection, and it is assuredly a curious and multifarious composition; but it is very deficient in expression of space, the distant groves and suburbs of Damascus, or of Jerusalem, (whichsoever be meant,) appearing scarcely further from the eye of the observer, than the Christ-stricken persecutor, or proselyte, on the fore-ground. Neither is the miraculous point of time specifically chosen; for as "the Lord answered and said, *Arise*, and go into the city"—Saul should not have been represented as already on his legs, nor with his mouth open.

The dimensions of the picture, which is painted on panel, are 2 feet 3 inches and a half, by 1 foot eleven inches.







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# BENVENUTO TISIO,

SURNAMED GAROFALO.

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## THE VISION OF SAINT AUGUSTINE.

No. 47.

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THE proper way of designating this artist is as above, he having obtained the cognomen of Garofolo, or *Garofalo*, from marking his works with a flower which bears this name in the Italian language; either the gilliflower or the violet. He was born at Ferrara, somewhere about the year 1480, and received his first education as an artist under Panetti, from whose school he went to Cremona, and placed himself under his maternal uncle, Niccolo Soriani. Lanzi says, that “on Niccolo’s death he *fled* from Cremona,” which appears to imply that he had been guilty of some fault, or, at least, had reason to dread some punishment—He fled from Cremona to Rome; thence he travelled through various Italian cities, remained two years with Costa in Mantua, and finally returned to Rome just at the season of Raphael’s glory.

Tisio was the senior of this great artist by a single year; nevertheless, he immediately did homage to his genius by becoming his disciple, and though but for a short time, it was sufficient to enable him to become the chief ornament of the Ferrarese school. He imitated Raphael in design; in the characters of his heads; and in expression, with considerable success; and blended with the colour of this master, something of warmth and richness, which he derived from his own earlier Ferrarese education, and of which the work before us—the Vision of St. Augustine,—affords ample testimony.

#### THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

Benvenuto's domestic affairs recalled him to his native city. Having arranged them, he would willingly have returned to Raphael and Rome, but the solicitations of Panetti, and still more, the honourable commissions of Duke Alphonso, retained him in Ferrara, where he is believed to have died, in the year 1559.

The St. Augustine whose vision is here depicted, was not the bishop of that name, who converted our Kentish king, Ethelbert, to Christianity, and who has been emphatically styled, "The Apostle of England;" but a bishop of Hippo in Africa, and a father of the church, who preceded him of Canterbury about a century and a half; and, like him, was very zealous, fond of power, and of distinction as a polemic writer. Among the mysteries which he aspired to unravel, and proposed to display, was that of the Holy Trinity; and whilst engaged in the necessary preliminary studies, he dreamed that a little child, seated by the sea-side, and holding a ladle, warned him that it would be easier for himself to transfer the contents of the ocean into a small hole which appeared in the earth before him, than for any exertion of human intellect to reach the sublime heights of that recondite mystery. The saint, therefore, desisted, with real or well-feigned reluctance, which Benvenuto has very ably expressed in the picture before us.

Behind the holy student, who is attired in his episcopal robes, stands the beautiful St. Catherine, crowned, and holding her palm of martyrdom: and on the clouds above, the Holy Family, of colossal dimensions, are benevolently regarding what passes below, while a choir of some twenty angels are delighting them with a celestial concert of instrumental music.

This beautiful and carefully preserved picture formerly graced the Corsini Palace at Rome, and was bequeathed to the British nation by the Rev. W. H. Carr. It is painted on panel, and measures 2 feet 8 inches by 2 feet 1½ inch.









*Engraving of the original in the collection of the Earl of Pembroke*





# MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI.

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## THE DREAM OF HUMAN LIFE.

No. 8.

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p. 48

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MICHAEL ANGELO BUONAROTTI was born at Castel Caprese, in the Florentine territory, in the year 1474, and died at Rome at the advanced age of ninety years. His master was Domenico Ghirlandaio, to whom he soon afforded such convincing proofs of extraordinary talent as compelled him to confess his own inferiority.

Lorenzo the Magnificent, desirous of encouraging the art of sculpture, had collected in his gardens, adjacent to the monastery of St. Mark, many antique marbles, and, committing the care of them to Bertoldo, he requested of Ghirlandaio to recommend him some youth of promising talent to be there educated as a sculptor, who sent Michael Angelo. This transaction was at first disliked by the father of the youth, in whose mind the art appeared degrading to his high birth: but he was soon conciliated; for Lorenzo not only added to the fortune of Lodovico Buonarotti, but treated his son Michael rather as a relation than a dependant, placing him at the same table with his own sons, and with Politian and other learned men who then graced his residence: and, during the four years that Michael Angelo remained there, he made such excellent use of his time and opportunities, that he firmly laid the foundations of all his great acquirements; and, from reading and conversing with the poets, imbibed that Dante-like taste which prevails throughout his works.

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He studied design in the chapel of Massaccio, sedulously copied the antiques in the garden of Lorenzo, and began that strict attention to the study of mathematics and anatomy, which continued for twelve years, not without injury to his health, but which determined his practice, led to his lasting glory, and finally enabled him to attain that sublimity of conception, grandeur of form, and breadth of manner, which have been learnedly pronounced to be the *elements* of Michael Angelo's peculiar style of art.

Cosway, the academician, who, with much talent, liveliness, and benevolence, was of a visionary turn of mind, fancied that occasional nocturnal revelations of the will of heaven continued down to the present times; and, possessing another version of the picture here under our notice, was accustomed to say of it among his friends, that Michael Angelo was inspired to design it in consequence of having been visited by such a dream or vision. Cosway would occasionally delineate his own visions; and he fancied that the great Florentine arose one November morning and did the same. But, perhaps the reader would approach more nearly to the true interpretation of this dream, if he were to suppose that, like Dr. Young the poet, the great artist had his "Night Thoughts," and sometimes, like Cebes of old, indulged in allegoric reveries, of which the present composition is one—a sort of apologue, or painted *fable of human life*, intended to inform us, that—

"After this *waking* DREAM which *we call* LIFE,"

man shall awaken to lasting realities, at the sound of a trumpet from above.

This picture, designed by Michael Angelo, and painted by some disciple of his, was in the collection of the Rev. W. H. Carr, and came originally from the Barberini Palace. It measures 2 feet 1 inch, by 1 foot 9 inches











# NICCOLO POUSSIN.

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## A BACCHANALIAN SCENE.

No. 42.

p. 49

WE have before had occasion to remark on the poetical and antique air of the Bacchanalian subjects to which the pencil of Nicholas Poussin has given birth; we have noticed the prevailing sentiment of wild riot and joyousness by which this admirable portion of his works is characterised; and how entirely they appear to be animated by the spirit of those classic poets and artists who have treated pastoral and Anacreontic subjects.

Congenial in power and purpose with Anacreon, Theocritus, and Virgil, in the Bacchanalian scene, No. 42, we seem to track our accomplished painter along one of those wild wood-paths, opening into a verdant glade with a rocky back-ground, which were trodden in raptured fancy by the Mantuan bard

“ Who first transferr’d to Rome Sicilian strains;”

and to have caught sight of the very same Silenus who appears in his admired poem, with the two sylvans that found the tipsy, moralizing sub-deity asleep under the trees. Classically authorised, the artist has associated with them a party of uproarious revellers and satyrs, animated by Bacchanalian potations, and by such music as the “ gamesome pipe”

“ Stirs up among the loose unletter’d hinds;”

a party so thoroughly homogeneous, that they are, in fact, fit for no other company, and, least of all, for orderly and civilized society, where

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decorum and sobriety are held in indispensable esteem ; for, as Mr. Hazlitt has pertinently observed, " theirs are not pious orgies." But this acute observer and critic has added other remarks of an apologetical or explanatory character, of which, in justice to Poussin, as well as with reference to his own genuine enjoyment of beautiful pictures, the reader should be rendered aware.

Hazlitt says, " The Dance of Bacchanals is one of this master's finest pictures, both in the spirit of the execution, and the ingenuity and equivoque of the invention. If the purity of the drawing may make amends for the impurity of the design, it may pass ; assuredly the same subject badly executed would not be endured : but the life of mind, the dexterity of combination displayed in it, supply the want of decorum. The old adage, that ' vice by losing all its grossness loses half its evil,' seems chiefly applicable to pictures. Thus, a naked figure that has nothing but its nakedness to recommend it, is not fit to be hung up in decent apartments. If it is a nymph by Titian, or Coreggio's *Iô*, we no longer think of its being naked ; but merely of its sweetness, its beauty, its naturalness. So far, art, as it is intellectual, has a refinement and an extreme unction of its own. Indifferent pictures, like dull people, must absolutely be moral !"

Mr. Angerstein obtained the present picture from the Barberini Palace. Its dimensions are 4 feet 8 inches by 3 feet 1 inch.













# SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

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## A MAN'S HEAD IN PROFILE.

No. 50.

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THIS is a side-view, with the countenance and eyes inclining upward, and the face somewhat averted, of a fine, gray, and grizzle-headed man—gaunt, bearded, and Romanesque—whom Sir Joshua met with accidentally, a mendicant in the street. The president, struck with the picturesque character of his head, and its suitability for certain purposes of his art, took him home and painted from him; and he afterward served as his model for the picture of Count Ugolino, which is so much and so justly admired at Knole Park, and was recently exhibited, to the great delight of the public, at the British Gallery.

Sir Joshua also made another picture from this original, from which a mezzotinto print was engraved, and called by the name of “*Cartouche*, the robber.”

We here behold the model, draped ideally in dark crimson; and it is not improbable that this picture is, in all other respects, the very study which Reynolds first painted of this sharp-featured veteran—perhaps before he had settled the composition of his Ugolino, or made up his mind whether to introduce the Man *en profile*, or represent that front view of his features, on which he has superinduced that sublime expression of utter hopelessness, subdued by resignation, and carrying its meditations beyond this world, which rivets the attention both of the studious and the careless observer.

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

The reader here contemplates the Man's head unmodified by those external circumstances of costume and passionate expression, which make all the difference between an humble beggar; an incarcerated nobleman; and a resolute, if not ferocious, bandit chief; while the young painter or the studious connoisseur busies his fancy in tracing how the hand and mind of the artist proceeded in converting the patient, enduring, but energetic mendicant, into the stern and strategic chief, Cartouche; or the incarcerated and despairing parent,\* unforsaken by fortitude, as his agonised sons perish miserably around him.

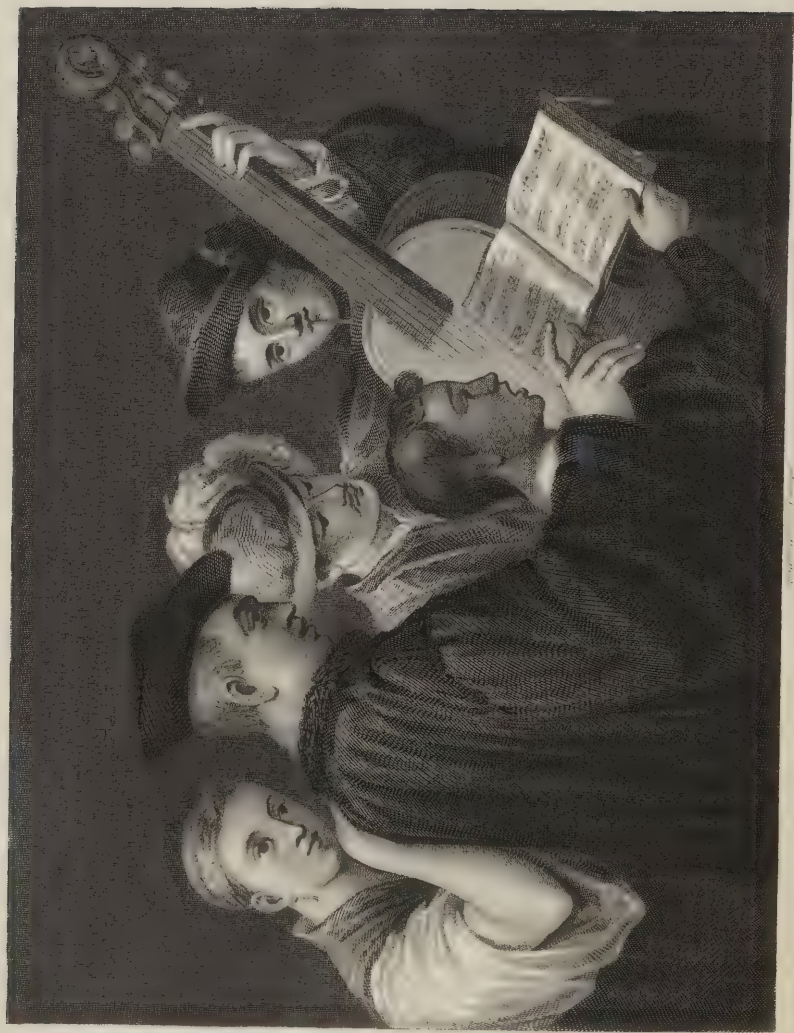
The picture is 1 foot 11 inches in height, by 1 foot 6 inches in width, and was bequeathed to the National Gallery by the late Sir George Beaumont, Bart.



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\* The reader, who may not be conversant with the Italian poets, will not quarrel with us for adding, that in the thirteenth century, when the Guelph and Ghibelline factions distracted the south of Europe, Count Ugolino and his sons were cruelly locked up in the tower del Fama, at Pisa, by the remorseless Archbishop Ruggieri, who threw the key into the Tyber, and left Ugolino and his sons to perish by starvation. An atrocity which Dante has nobly revenged by turning the whole story to fine poetic account in his "Inferno."





From the Museum of the City of London







# TITIANO VICELLIO.

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## A MUSIC PARTY.

No. 51.

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CADOR, in the Venetian territory, situate among the mountains of Friuli, gave birth to the great Titian, in the year of our Lord 1480. He was of noble parentage, and having at an early age exhibited strong talents for imitative art, he was placed for instruction, first under Zuccati, and afterwards, Giovanni Bellini, of Venice. He began with the laboured and dry style of his masters, who, it is supposed, taught him to emulate Albert Durer, of Nuremberg, whose engravings having reached Italy, had there obtained for him that splendid reputation which was destined to shine through Europe.

But seeing the works of Giorgione, young Titiano leaped from this style with the velocity of a spring which had been held back, toward breadth, and suavity, and richness of colour; and soon became, in those respects, as distinguished as was Raphael in power of composition and gracefulness of form. Fuseli says of him, that “to no colourist before or after him did Nature unveil herself with that dignified familiarity in which she appeared to Titiano. His organ universal, and equally fit for all her exhibitions, rendered from her simplest to her most compound appearances, with equal purity and truth. He penetrated the essence and the general principle of the substances before him, and on these established his theory of colour. He invented that breadth of local tint which no imitation has attained; and first expressed the negative nature of shade. His are the charms of glazing, and the mystery of reflexes, by which he detached, rounded, connected, or enriched his objects.

#### THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

His harmony is less indebted to the force of light and shade, or the artifices of contrast, than to a due balance of colour equally remote from monotony and spots."

He was much and deservedly patronized, not only by the great of his own country, but by the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and his successor Philip. He travelled to Spain, lived there for years in considerable splendour, was knighted by his imperial patron, and pensioned by his son and successor.

The present Musical Party is believed to have been the production of that period of Titian's life, when to imitate Giorgione was the limit of his professional aims. It was once in the collection of our King Charles I. and has been less carefully preserved than most other of the works of this artist.

A party of five have, either by accident or appointment, met together, and are performing in concert. The boy who is singing appears to be the pupil of the elderly man, who beats time with his hand, while another performs the accompaniment on the violoncello.

How the picture travelled from the collection of King Charles to that of the late Mr. Angerstein we have not learned, and only wish that it had been taken more care of. Its dimensions are 4 feet 1 inch by three feet 2 inches.













# SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS.

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## THE RAPE OF THE SABINES.

No. 52.

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p. 52

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OUR late friend Hazlitt, when he saw this fine picture several years ago, in Mr. Angerstein's Gallery, saw it surrounded by the more severe and learned, and to him more attractive, art of the Italian schools; from which he appears to have reluctantly permitted his attention to stray toward Rubens, and to stray but by halves. He would not else, we think, have applied to the Rape of the Sabines, and in the way of opprobrium, such epithets as "plump florid viragoes struggling with bearded ruffians." Not but what these ravishers are, and *ought to be*, "bearded ruffians;" and every one knows that most women, when thus rudely and suddenly assailed, are florid with indignation. It is the opprobrious manner of introducing the terms that we object to.

The first Romans *were* bearded ruffians, and nothing better. Mere refugees, who resorted to the sanctuary or asylum which Romulus had established for all comers; and the truth is, that Rubens's Romans are rather too well dressed.

But women did *not* resort to this asylum, and the consequence was, that Romulus and his followers soon found themselves in want of wives; and the legislator needed no Sybil to inform him that wives must be had, if he desired the perennial existence of his newly founded city. He therefore sent ambassadors to the Sabines and other neighbouring states, desiring the honour of intermarriage between their subjects respectively: but these wary neighbours were too justly apprehensive of danger, to permit their

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young women thus to intermarry ; and Romulus therefore had recourse to the scheme of instituting, or seeming to institute, solemn games, which he termed *Consualia*, and pretended they were in honour of the god of *Counsel*.

Upon this occasion, great numbers of the Sabines, anxious to behold the newly erecting city, and its fortifications, resorted thither; and, as had been foreseen—desirous of gratifying the curiosity of their females—brought with them their wives and daughters.

The games accordingly began ; and soon began the violence also. At a preconcerted signal—which Rubens appears to have known or supposed was the raising or sloping forward of one of their ensigns, the trumpets sounded, and forth started the bearded ruffians, and seized the Sabine women.

But these women exhibit genuine signs of heart-rending distress and indignation, on being disappointed of the spectacle they came to enjoy, and at being entrapped, and torn away from their near and dear relatives. One of the principal matrons makes an agonised appeal to the outraged deity that presides over hospitality ; another would rescue a beloved daughter from the indecent grasp of a young Roman ; and all are in a state bordering on distraction ; therefore, though our critic might, without reproach to Rubens, term his Romans, “bearded ruffians,” he is not justified in attaching the scandalous epithet of “plump florid viragoes” to the Sabine women—not that they *are* Sabine women, but that they *are not viragoes*.

They are, in fact, *Flemish* beauties. Addressing himself to the Flemish public, Rubens had to avail himself of the conventional beauty of Flanders ; and this he has done, producing, at the same time, a rich, harmonious, and splendid picture. If the principal fore-ground figure, attired in black and yellow, should be found to resemble the artist’s first wife, it only shows that he was himself partial to this species of beauty, which the French aptly enough characterise by their colloquial term, *em-bon-point*.

The picture was in the Angerstein Collection, and measures 7 feet, 9 inches ; by 5 feet, 6 inches.











# BAROCCIO.

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## THE MADONNA DEL GATTO,

No. 53.

p. 53

FEDERICO BAROCCIO was born at Urbino, in 1528, and was the disciple of Battista Venezano, but he derived his knowledge of perspective from his uncle Bartolomeo Genga. In his twentieth year he visited Rome, where he pursued his studies incessantly, and proved one of the most graceful painters of his time. At his return to Urbino, he painted several pictures which procured him great applause; but that of St. Margaret raised his reputation to the highest pitch, and induced Pope Pius IV. to invite him to Rome, where he employed him in the decorations of his palace of Belvedere, in conjunction with Zuccherò. He excelled equally in history and portrait, but his genius inclined chiefly to the painting of religious subjects; and his works sufficiently evince that the utmost of his ambition was to imitate Correggio in colouring, and Raffaello in design. But in the natural, grand, and graceful, for which Correggio is distinguished, Baroccio was far inferior, though perhaps rather more correct in the outlines. It is easy to observe, however, that he endeavoured to resemble that illustrious artist in the sweetness of his tints, the harmony of his colouring, the grace of his heads, and the disposition of his draperies, though he was sometimes apt to express the muscular parts of the human body too strong. He rarely painted any historical figure without either modelling it in wax, or placing some of his disciples in such attitudes as he wished to represent. In most of the works of Baroccio it is not difficult to perceive who were his favourite masters, so that he seems to have had less of originality in him



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than most of the principal painters. He was a complete master of the chiaro-oscuro, and by the skilful management of his colours, produced a charming effect. In a church at Ravenna is a noble picture of his, representing the Death of St. Vitalis, the design of which is correct, the figures highly graceful, and there is an elegance in the whole which conceals the poverty of the subject. Baroccio died in 1612.

The picture well known under the title of the "Madonna del Gatto," from the cat introduced in one corner of it, is a pretty, lively, domestic group; but a bad representation of the "Holy Family." The little St. John is amusing himself by tantalising a cat with a terrified goldfinch, which he holds up a little out of its reach; the infant Saviour, nestling in its mother's bosom, looks on and is pleased; whilst Joseph leans forward, and seems to enjoy the joke mightily!

In treating the subject of the Madonna and Child, or of the Holy Family, preceding artists had seldom forgotten that a certain devoutness of sentiment, and dignified deportment in the figures, could not, properly, be altogether dispensed with; however, like Correggio, Titian, and even Raffaele himself, they might often, for the sake of picturesque variety, depart, more or less, from that rigid system of regularity in their distribution, which the painters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries had used, as best conducive to the solemnity of character befitting sacred imagery; and though, sometimes, they would allot secular employments to these venerated personages, exhibiting Joseph at his carpenter's bench, or the Virgin filling a vase with water from a streamlet, still they were careful to avoid any thing approaching to unbecoming levity.

It is, however, due to Baroccio to observe, that his pictures, in general, have no want of proper devout feeling. In other respects, this is a good specimen of his talents, and of the beauties and vices of his colouring; which last have occasioned it to be remarked that, like Parrhasius of old, he fed his figures on roses.

From the Cesare Palace, Perugia.—Bequeathed to the National Gallery by the Rev. W. H. Carr. Height, 3 feet, 9 inches; width, 3 feet.









# RUBENS.

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## HOLY FAMILY, WITH SAINTS.

No. 54.

~~p. 54~~

THIS picture, said to have been one which remained in the possession of Lady Rubens after the artist's decease, appears not to have been rightly understood by former commentators. It should probably have been entitled, *The Triumph of St. George*, instead of being vaguely termed, "The Holy Family, with St. George and two female Saints."

St. George bravely encountered and overcame the Dragon, rescuing the beautiful Princess of Selene from his vile satanic clutches. After the Holy Champion had disabled the voracious Dragon, by implanting his spear in the shoulder of the monster,—dismounting from his charger, and gallantly addressing the devoted damsel, he requested her girdle, and binding it around the Dragon's neck, lo! he became tame, and suffered himself to be "ledde as he had beene a meeke beest:" so saith that lion of literature, the redoubtable and veritable Wynkyn de Worde.

The dreadful Dragon was accordingly thus bridled and led into the terrified city of Selene, where the king and his subjects, astounded by the victory of the Champion of the Holy Cross, and grateful for the miraculous rescue of His Majesty's daughter, allowed the triumphant Knight there to erect an Arian christian church, after himself and fifteen thousand of his subjects had been initiated by baptism into the true faith. The church was dedicated "To St. George and Our Lady;" and a fountain of living waters miraculously sprung up within it.



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In the chivalrous age when this valorous champion lived, which was during the fourth century of the christian era, the founding and edifying of a christian church in a pagan country, was styled *planting* the *Banner* of the true Faith: and *that act* of St. George constitutes the poetry of the subject of Rubens's present work. The successful champion is here planting, or unfurling, the red-cross banner: he is accompanied by the rescued princess—now become his proselyte—who leads on the conquered and bridled dragon; and he is introducing her to the society—that is, figuratively and pictorially, to say—to *the knowledge of* the Holy Family, and St. Mary Magdalen.

The literal meaning of all this, when divested of its romantic colouring, is, that after George (the son of a Cappadocian fuller) had become Bishop of Alexandria, and had been canonized; and after, in polemic controversy, he had overcome the dragon of the Athanasian heresy, and converted the Chief of Selena and his endangered daughter, he erected, first a font, and afterwards a church, within the Selenian metropolis. The sleeping St. Joseph; the Lamb, with its surrounding group of the infant Baptist and Cherubs; the Madonna and Bambino; and St. Mary Magdalen—another illustrious female sinner who had repented, and become a convert to Christianity:—by all these painted particulars, thus scientifically grouped, is to be understood no more than that St. George introduced his high-born pagan proselyte to the knowledge of the immaculate conception, and the other sacred and fundamental points of intelligence of the orthodox faith.

The picture was purchased for John Julius Angerstein, Esq. by the advice, or with the approbation of Sir Thomas Lawrence, of a certain picture-broker, and thus came to be deposited in the National Gallery. It measures 5 feet 4 inches by 4 feet 1 inch.









of the Muses, Unpublished





# ANNIBALE CARACCI.

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## SILENUS GATHERING GRAPES.

No. 55.

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p. 55

THE practice of Annibale Caracci was not more invariably conformable to that system of principles which has been stigmatised with the epithets of eclectic and heterogeneous, than the conduct of most men is uniformly accordant with their moral professions. Not only his practice but his principles appear to have varied—we will not say vacillated—from time to time, as his mind became progressively informed. It was natural to expect this, and it is far more interesting to trace its progress and changes, than it is just to stigmatise, or impute to this distinguished artist “deficiency of sensibility and judgment.”

In a letter from Annibale, written to his uncle Lodovico during his professional travels, he affirms with an oath, notwithstanding that “the terrible manner of Michael Angelo, and the just symmetry of Raphael” were then regarded as elementary in their Bolognese Academy, that “Coreggio and Titian are the only true painters.” But this might only have been in the momentary fervour of his admiration of certain of their performances, which were then new to him; for in the decorations of his friend’s harpsichord, produced soon afterward, and of which the present picture of SILENUS GATHERING GRAPES was one, (and his Pan instructing Apollo in the use of his newly-invented syrinx, another,) Raphael, whom in the same letter he appears to abjure, is quite as much imitated as Titian, and more than Coreggio. It is, indeed, a good deal in the Arabesque taste of those chambers of the Vatican which Raphael

#### THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

and his pupils decorated in this fanciful manner. It is divided into three compartments—the central one being the most spacious—by the ascending stems of young trees, around which climbs the gadding grape-vine, forming a canopy above, from which the fruit hangs here and there in pendant bunches.

In the side compartments are introduced little Genii or Zephyr-boys, as if sporting among the vine foliage, which form a fine contrast to the corpulent and unwieldy Silenus. In the more ample central compartment, is a well-composed and ably-drawn group, consisting of two Fauns, or sylvan men of the forest, who in the skin of a leopard or tiger, which appears to have formed his nocturnal couch, bear aloft the sage preceptor of the God of wine, so that he may have the pleasure of gathering his own fruit.

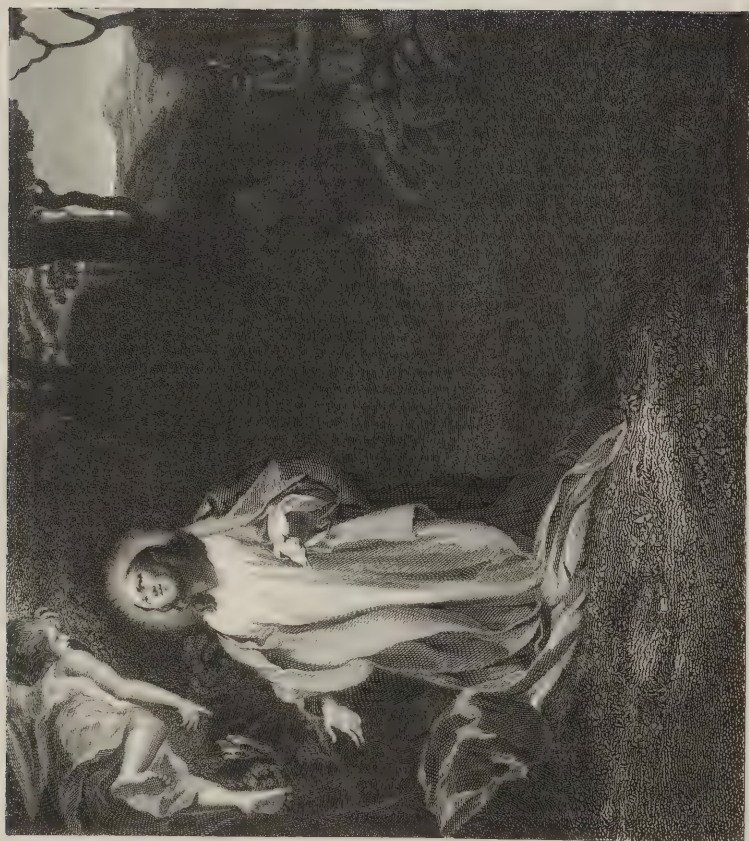
The picture, painted "*a Colla*," was formerly in the Lancelotti Palace, and came into the National Gallery with the rest of the collection of the Rev. W. Holwell Carr.

Its dimensions are 2 feet, 11 inches, by 1 foot, 9½ inches.













# ANTONIO COREGGIO.

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## CHRIST PRAYING IN THE GARDEN.

No. 56.

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p. 56

WE should conceive that Coreggio must have painted his CHRIST PRAYING IN THE GARDEN, at about the same period of his life with his famous Nocté (or Nativity,) a period when he appears to have acquired the powers of dipping his pencil in the profound gloom of night as well as in the brightest sun-beams, and of contrasting in the same performance the most brilliant lights with the deepest shadows.

In the present work he has obviously combined these extremes of light and darkness—the subject admitting of such display, if not demanding it—and has carried the principle quite to the extreme.

This subject has sometimes been designated—perhaps with more propriety than the title which is bestowed on it above—“The agony of Jesus Christ on the Mount of Olives.” The spectator is clearly taught to suppose himself on an elevated station; this is obvious, from the distant horizon, where the morning is breaking, rising so high in the picture; while the *agony* of Christ, though combined with as much of godlike serenity as it was possible to blend therewith, is plainly and admirably expressed in the picture, just as it is related by the Evangelist; that is to say, as if his human and his divine nature were in strife, and occasioned what has been with rhetorical propriety termed the agony of our Saviour.

By St. Luke this awful struggle is recorded as follows:—“He came out and went, as he was wont, to the Mount of Olives; and his disciples also followed him. And when he was at the place, he said unto them, Pray,

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that ye enter not into temptation. And he was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, and kneeled down and prayed, saying, Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done. And there appeared unto him an angel from heaven, strengthening him. And being *in an agony*, he prayed more earnestly: and his sweat was, as it were, great drops of blood falling down on the ground."

Poets sometimes write so ignorantly, and one should be almost inclined to think jealously, of pictures, that it seems not improper to remind here those readers who have credulously listened to Sir Walter Scott's and Mr. Cunningham's discoveries or announcements, that but an instant of time can be commanded by those who wield the pencil, and how much can be imparted in that magic instant, when compared with the slow and dragging process of literature?

Coreggio has ably availed himself of this prerogative of his art, and has imparted to us what was simultaneously proceeding lower down on the Mount of Olives, and at a still greater distance on the road from Jerusalem, which the Evangelist describes in the following terms:—

"And he (Christ) rose up from prayer, and when he was come to his disciples, he found them sleeping for sorrow, and said unto them, Why sleep ye? rise and pray, lest ye enter into temptation. And while he yet spake, behold a multitude; and he that was called Judas, one of the twelve, went before them."

His Grace of Wellington possesses a duplicate of this picture, which formerly belonged to the King of Spain. The present is in the Angerstein Collection.

Dimensions—1 foot, 4 inches, by 1 foot, 2 inches.







*Completing the scene*

*Completing the scene*







# REMBRANDT.

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## THE WOMAN TAKEN IN ADULTERY.

No. 45.

p 57

ONE of the very finest and most elaborate of Rembrandt's historical works is here set before us. It was painted during the youthful prime of his life, for his friend and patron the burgomaster Six, with whose descendants it had ever since remained, till the approach of the republican French armies toward Amsterdam, and their known avidity to possess themselves of first-rate works of art. These circumstances, added to the portability of so small a performance, induced the Six family to ship, and consign to England for sale, this fine specimen of the talent of Rembrandt. It was accordingly put up to auction by the elder Christie in Pall Mall, but the biddings not rising higher than four thousand five hundred guineas, it was bought in at that sum, and afterward disposed of for the same, by private contract, to John Julius Angerstein, Esq.

Some critics have erroneously ascribed the work to Eckhoudt, or to Gerard Douw, on account of the high finishing which is bestowed on it, though none ever doubted that it was from Rembrandt's design: but youth is the season of the patient manual execution of an artist; and it is to be remembered that, at the time when it was painted, minute diligence alone gratified the prevailing taste of Holland and the Low Countries.

The principal group—which, in its spread of light, takes the general form of a broad-based pyramid—is so contrived, that Jesus Christ,

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elevated above the rest of the figures on some stone steps, forms the apex, and receives a certain portion of the principal light ; the chief breadth of light falling on the detected and contrite sinner, who is dressed in white, variegated and relieved by certain ornaments denoting that she belonged to the middle grade of Hebrew society. Her hypocritical accuser—whom it is not difficult to perceive is a much greater sinner than herself—habited in a robe of black, is unveiling her with malevolent exultation. His witnesses stand around ; amongst whom we distinguish a Roman soldier, in his helmet and plate-armour, holding the train of the Adulteress, and a Jew Rabbi, or magistrate, in a rich oriental dress, with a silver frontlet, or phylactery, to his turban. There is humanity and pity about the countenance of this man. He will not “throw the first stone.” He even places his hand on the shoulder of the accuser, as if to moderate his asperity.

The figure of the merciful Saviour rises higher than the rest, and has been pronounced “too tall :” but as this extraordinary height confers a species of *superiority*, which places Jesus Christ above those figures that are merely human, it is far from being objectionable. His mild benevolence is quite exemplary. He is compassionate and dignified, and seems pronouncing the emphatic words, “Go, and sin no more.”

Behind him is a group of his disciples, attentive to his divine instructions ; but it does not appear as if St. Peter was meant to be particularised among them, as has been supposed. The Evangelist does not bear record that Peter was present.

The dimensions of the picture are 2 feet 9 inches by 2 feet 3 inches.





*From the original in the collection of the Earl of Arundel.*





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picture; and Lord Byron has, we think, successfully argued, that it is what any given work of art derives from the mind of the artist, and not what may happen to be its local or proper subject, or the ideas or objects of which it is constituted, which makes it admirable or otherwise.

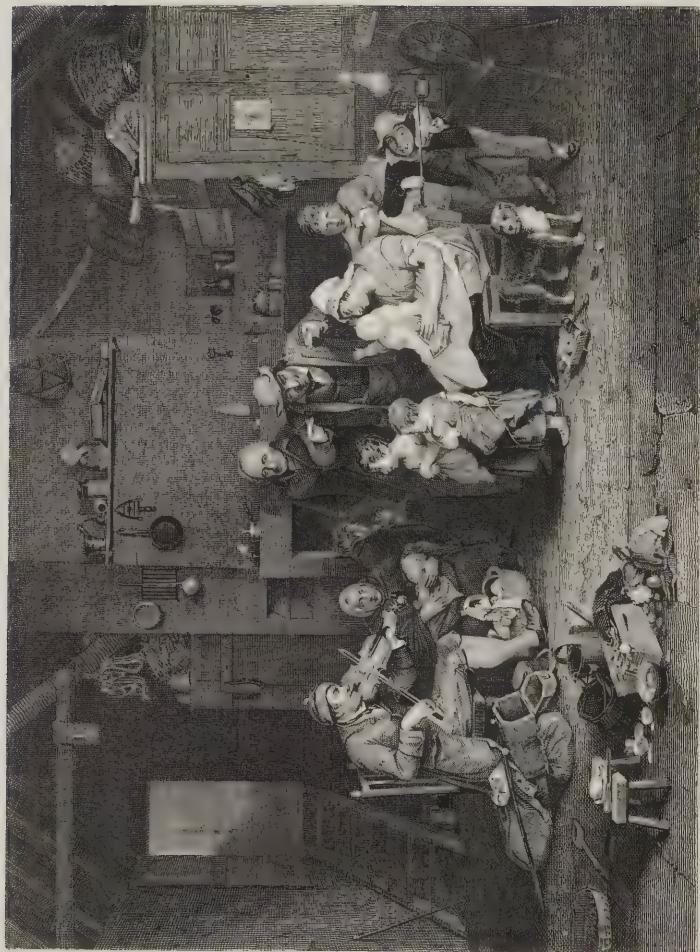
Those of our readers who are connoisseurs, as well as those who would become so, should approach and inspect this picture, and afterward place themselves at a greater distance, and look at it afresh. It is decidedly a work of genius, and is entitled to due homage. It has been hastily—or, to speak more critically, it has been rapidly—produced, while the artist's eye and mind were “in a fine frenzy.” The tasteful observer will find pleasure in tracing through their rapid transitions every movement of Rembrandt's hand and pencil, and in noting how consecutively all have worked together to produce a miraculous effect!

As the subject will readily be allowed to be somewhat less agreeably interesting than would be Diana and her nymphs, the spectator's mind is left more at leisure to dwell on its technical merits; and if lines of beauty and gracefulness do not predominate, the eye may still luxuriate on the admirable manner in which the round of harmony is filled up.

The picture belonged to the Carr collection, and measures 2 feet by 1 foot 6½ inches.











# WILKIE.

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## THE BLIND FIDDLER,

No. 99.

p. 59

MR. WILKIE first became known to the public by the exhibition at the Royal Academy, in 1806, of his painting of the Village Politicians. This was his first essay, and it was received with merited praise; a writer of the day says, "Of this very surprising picture, it is difficult to speak in higher terms than it deserves; some of the diurnal critics have compared and indeed preferred it to Hogarth. This judgment (or rather the want of it) must have been pronounced upon it by those who did not know Hogarth's pictures; it is much more in the style of Teniers, but it is not an imitation of him. Mr. Wilkie may be said to have looked at Nature, with the same spirit and eye that Teniers would have looked at it, and he has delineated the alehouse politicians of Scotland with the same fidelity that Teniers has represented the Dutch and Flemish boors. The interior of a country alehouse, and the general effect of the whole, are in the finest style, and lead us to rejoice at the appearance of so promising an artist, said to be not more than eighteen or nineteen years of age. We do not know him, but sincerely congratulate him on his first essay, which gives every promise of the painter being destined to rank very high in his profession, and that in a very short time." These anticipations of the critic were very soon realised, for in the exhibition of the following year, appeared the Blind Fiddler, which at once established the character of the Artist. It is thus noticed by a writer of that day: "The Blind Fiddler, is the only picture which that extraordinary young artist, Mr. D. Wilkie, has in this

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Exhibition ; and it is conceived and executed in a style which leads us to regret that there are not more. It is highly finished, without any appearance of being laboured ; and the story is so told as to interest the spectator in the scene. Not attempting to allure the eye by glittering colours, the painter has displayed a genuine unadulterated representation of Nature. The characters are admirably contrasted, and marked with a felicity of expression more strictly appropriate than has often been delineated, except in the works of the inimitable Hogarth.

“It has lately become a fashionable opinion among painters, that all pictures which are to be exhibited, must be coloured above Nature, to prevent their being either overborne by the works of others, or overlooked by the visitors in so large a room. This has sometimes led them into a meretricious colouring, in which, attempting to be splendidly attractive, they have become offensively gaudy. This picture proves the impropriety of any such systematic departure from truth, and we hope will impress upon the minds of our young artists the truth of an old proverb, ‘That all which glitters is not gold.’”

The author of the Descriptive Catalogue justly considers this as one of Mr. Wilkie’s best works. “The figure of the child,” says he, “who, with her left hand up to her mouth, gazes with rivetted attention upon the old musician, forgetful of the little cart which she has been dragging about with a string, is admirable for its truth of expression. From the uplifted toe of the fiddler, we learn that he is a good timeist ; whilst the man snapping his fingers, informs us that he is playing a lively tune.” Short as these remarks are, no one can read them, and look at the picture, without acknowledging them to be just and illustrative of the subject.

. Presented by Sir Geo. Beaumont. Height, 1 foot, 11 inches ; width, 2 feet, 7 inches.







THE GARDEN OF THE GODS

THE GARDEN OF THE GODS





# NICHOLAS POUSSIN.

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## A BACCHANALIAN DANCE.

No. 62.

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P. 60

DURING his residence at Paris, and while he was struggling to get from thence to Italy, Poussin became acquainted with Marino, an Italian poet of some temporary celebrity, who was passionately fond of pictures. "Men of genius (observes the French biographer of our painter) understand each other, and agree well together, *when the arts they practise are dissimilar*; and as the infirmities of the poet obliged him to keep much to his bed, and as Poussin was at the time (and indeed at all times) a close domestic student, the poet and painter were much in each other's society. They not unfrequently read poetry together, and mutually listened to each other's comments.

"From this period it is (says the same authority) that we are to date Poussin's decided taste for poetical compositions, in which nymphs, satyrs, and shepherds, are the principal characters; and also his deep and various knowledge of subjects derived from fable and history." Local circumstances separated these friends for awhile; but they afterwards met at Rome, where the poet introduced our artist to Cardinal Barberini, and some other distinguished characters, intending him further acts of friendship; but proceeding onward to Naples, Marino died there, and left the painter destitute—excepting his rich attainments.

Marino has, by an excellent judge of our own country, who is well practised in the art, been deemed one of the first corrupters of the fine Italian

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

taste for poetry, which had formerly prevailed through the preceding century. But this reached not to Poussin. It happened between them, as it sometimes happened in the ancient theatre, where action was assigned to one player, or mime, and utterance to another, and where, while the vocalist performed ill, the pantomime was admirable; and on the whole it would appear that the conversation of Marino operated as little else than an index, pointing the mind of the artist toward the beauties and merits of the Greek relievos, and that to this latter source, next to his own genius, we owe the finest exertions of the talents of this great master in the art of painting.

His bacchanalian and other subjects, taken from classic poetry and mythology, are so perfectly Grecian in costume, style, and even in the unusuality of their prevailing tone of colour, as to make us fancy, while we gaze delighted, that we are transported away from our own times, and that we behold subjects dictated by Theocritus, or even by Anacreon, and painted by some Greek artist who lived in the remote ages and countries of those poets.

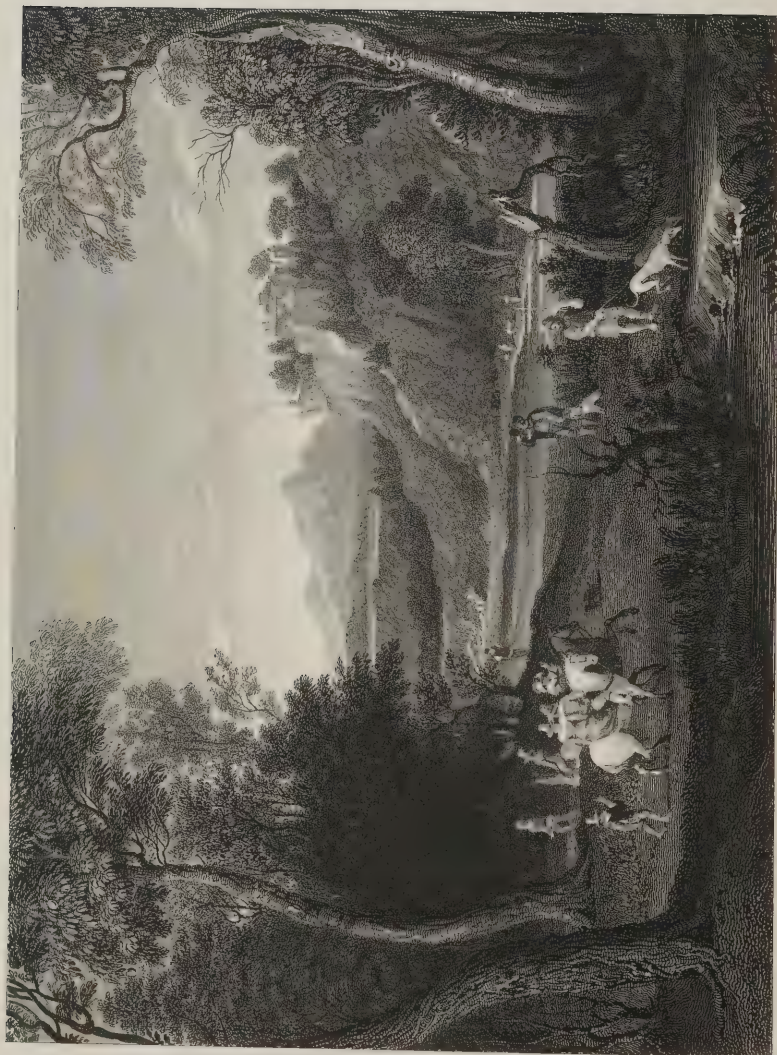
Here a jocund group of the rural powers are dancing and frolicking near the sculptured shrine of the god Pan, in honour of the vintage season. The back-ground is of sycamore and plane trees, tinged with autumnal hues; and the wanton group consists of four wood-nymphs, or bacchantes; two bacchanals, or perhaps fauns, (though their tails are not visible;) and three or four chubby boys. The heads of the dancers are enwreathed with vine and ivy leaves; garlands of flowers bestrew the ground; and a satyr, who has rushed in from a neighbouring thicket, interrupts the dance by clasping a fallen nymph, who, with the finest arch expression of countenance in the world, is half-averting, half-inviting a kiss. Meanwhile another nymph would batter the satyr's head for the naughty trick, and a third would prevent her, but all in sport—of course.

This picture was formerly in the Collection of Mons. de Calonne, and measures 4 feet, 7½ inches, by 3 feet, 3 inches.













## ANNIBALE CARACCI.

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### LANDSCAPE, WITH PRINCE GIUSTINIANI RETURNING FROM COURSING.

No. 61.

p. 61

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THE party, who have been enjoying their field or woodland sport, are forth-issuing from a grove which constitutes the left-hand screen of the composition, and from which the stems of a few loftier and nearer trees come forward with picturesque effect.

Near the fore-ground, in a crimson hunting-dress, sits the Prince Giustiniani, with a lady seated on a pillion behind him, followed (as we deem from his quaint habit) by a dwarf on foot; or it may be intended for a serving-boy, in a livery of scarlet hose and blue jacket. On ground a little raised, is a huntsman blowing the return notes on his bugle; and somewhat nearer, beneath a shattered tree, is another attendant, who, holding in a leash two hounds weary and thirsty with the chase, permits them to drink at a rivulet.

The prince appears to have just received some message or communication by his dwarf, perhaps that the serving-up of a morning repast awaits their orders, and turns round to consult the lady's pleasure thereupon.

At some distance in the mid-ground rises a rocky eminence surmounted by rather a picturesque castle, with out-buildings, the mild red and grey tints of which come off from the blue sky with pleasing effect; as do the brilliant white horses and figures from the dark verdure beyond. Blue distant mountains fill up the interval between the grove and the rocky cape on the right hand.

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

We conjecture that the scene, which has not the air of a composed landscape, is a view from nature; and that though the castle seems inaccessible, there is in reality some easy mode of ascent to it, not seen in the picture; it being, in fact, a hunting seat of the Prince Giustiniani, where a repast for the sporting party is preparing. And to this inference we think the painter intended to lead us by representing the smoke peeping up so perpendicularly, as we here behold, from a chimney of the Chateau: a pretty certain indication of the hospitable welcome within. In the Pastorals of Virgil is a suggestion of this kind, which has been much admired as a natural touch, where a weary peasant, returning from his evening labour, anticipates domestic enjoyment, as he

“sees curling smoke from cottages ascend:”

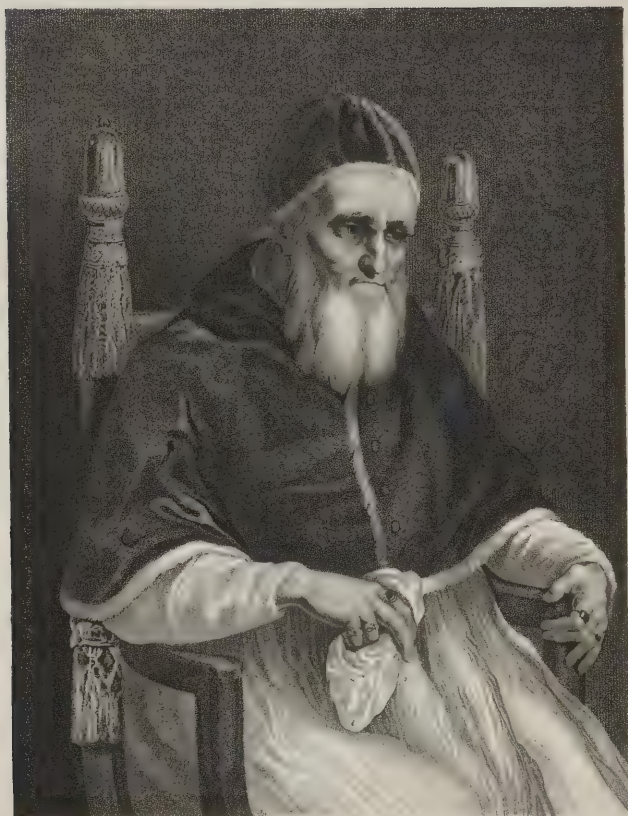
and Caracci seems here to have shown us that such a circumstance is quite as available to a painter as a poet.

Such a refreshment, we ween, will not be unacceptable; for, whatever may have been the produce of the morning's sport, the weather has been but dull, and the effect of the picture is in other respects rather more cheerless than for the credit of Annibale we could have wished. The wood from which the coursing party are approaching, and the overshadowed verdure of the nearer ground, appear of too dark and gloomy a green. Perhaps it may have faded in the course of the two hundred and fifty years since the picture was painted. It came from the Justiniani collection at Rome, and is now in that which the Rev. W. Holwell Carr bequeathed to his country. It measures 4 feet 5 inches, by 3 feet 5 inches.









THE LIFE OF THE VENERABLE FATHER

JOHN BISHOP

LONDON: PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, 1794.







# RAPHAEL SANZIO D'URBINO.

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## PORTRAIT OF POPE JULIUS II.

No. 62.

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p. 62

THE costume of this portrait, the chair in which his Holiness is seated, in short, every part of the picture, conspires to shew that it is in all respects a *matter of fact* portrait; in painting which, not the faintest shade of what is termed *idealising* a head, has obtained in the mind of the artist; and that Raphael, who must have painted it during the earlier part of his illustrious career, (his later and riper years being passed under the pontificate of Leo X.) must have thought or felt it necessary to suppress the powers of his fine imagination whilst painting a *Portrait*; perhaps considering that such works should be, both ostensibly and really, mere unadorned transcripts of Nature. The present work is therefore simply the likeness, carefully rendered, of a fine square-headed old man, sincere in his resolves, if not upright in his intentions; calm, self-possessed, and who wished to pass for no more than just the man he was.

The picture is carefully and conscientiously painted, and, the artist having been sedulous of accuracy, it affords a fine study for the craniologists of modern times; the character of the second Julius being pretty well known, and his forehead, as here portrayed, remarkably broad, lofty, and flat. Among his merits we should not forget that he was the first of the Roman pontiffs who patronised Michel Angelo and RAPHAEL.

This great painter was born at Urbino. His father, Giovanni Sanzio, was an indifferent artist, and placed Raphael for his better instruction, first under Bartolomeo Corradini, and subsequently under

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Pietro Perugino, something of the dryness and exactitude of whose manner he retained, and occasionally discovered—particularly in the landscape passages of his works—until some years after he had painted the above portrait of Pope Julius. But he struck out his own transcendental style of grandeur combined with grace and simplicity, after journeying to Florence, and contemplating the performances of Michel Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci.

He subsequently proceeded to Rome, and produced there the twelve Cartoons, (of which we have seven at Hampton Court;) the immortal Transfiguration; the graphic splendours of the Vatican; and various other extraordinary works, which have remained the wonder and example of succeeding ages of art. He was much befriended by that tasteful and powerful family of De Medicis; of whom it has been emphatically said, that they governed a republic, without arms, and that their vast riches were expended in the service of art and mankind. He was also befriended by Cardinal Bembo, Count Castiglione, Ariosto, and other of the most splendid stars of the literary constellation which then irradiated Italy. He was patronised by popes, princes, dukes, and cardinals, while he was almost adored by the public; and in all probability would himself have been raised to the nominal honours of a Cardinal's hat, but that he

“Fell from the zenith of his proud career,  
“Full in his fame, and sparkling in his sphere.”

Raphael died on Good Friday, in the year 1483, which having been also the day of his nativity, he had exactly attained the age of thirty-seven. Plutarch might have found other and more splendid points of comparison between this great artist and that Raphael of English poetry, and of our own age, who, within these few years, died at the same period of life; but these we leave to the discerning reader.

The present picture is from the Angerstein Collection. It came originally from the Borghese Palace, and is painted on wood. Its dimensions are 3 feet, 6 inches; by 2 feet, 8 inches.







THE VIRGIN MARY







## SEBASTIAN DEL PIOMBO.

—  
PORTRAIT OF JULIA GONZAGA, AS A SAINTED MARTYR.

No. 24.

—  
p. 63  
—

THE natural talent of Sebastian was better adapted to portraiture than to the painting of historical subjects; yet, though he lacked invention as a painter, he made some chemical discoveries applicable to his art. He occasionally practised a mode of painting on stone tablets, which the expense of transportation gradually brought into disuse, and he obtained great praise and some profit, from having discovered a mode of preventing oil colours, when employed on plaster or stucco, from becoming dark; which he effected by applying in the first instance a preparation of gum-mastich mixed with Grecian pitch.

Professor Phillips informs us that many persons of rank and renown sat to Sebastian for their portraits. Among them were Pope Clement VII.; Aretino the poet; the princely De Medicis, and Lady Julia Gonzaga. It appears that the Lady Julia was high in the favour of Cardinal Hippolito de Medicis; and this is probably one reason why we here behold her as a sainted martyr. At another we shall presently arrive.

Gonzaga is here represented something larger than life, with a fine, manly cast of countenance, bordering on the majestic, &c. that would nearly have suited a Zenobia. Her head rises nobly from her ample shoulders, as on a Tuscan column; and she is habited in a quiet green dress, inclining to bronze colour, trimmed with green a little more vivid, perfectly unobtrusive, and which sets off the carnation tints to advantage. This dress, as well as the wearer, has a matter-of-fact physiognomy; and it is not unlikely

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that the artist, seeing how well it became her, requested her to sit in it; for where the woman is fine, her dress need not be so.

This portrait was celebrated long before it was imported into England, and deserves its celebrity. It is mentioned by tourists as "a divine performance full of life and character," and Professor Phillips, an excellent judge of such matters, says truly of Sebastian's portraits that he "finished them with great care, folding his draperies with peculiar felicity, and giving great truth and exactness of action to the heads and hands." These encomiums are quite applicable to the work before us; and Lanzi adds to them, that "Sebastian painted portraits and easel pictures for private rooms in great numbers, with comparative ease; and that we nowhere meet with more beautiful hands, more rosy flesh-tints, or more novel accessories than in these."

It may possibly have been in part owing to this propensity to please his patrons by the display of "*novel accessories*," that Gonzaga appears in the present picture with a halo of light encircling her head, and in the character of a Saint—perhaps Saint Cecilia, the patroness of Italian music.

The name of the artist is inscribed on a plinth at the lower corner of the picture on the right hand. It was bequeathed to our National Gallery by the Rev. W. H. Carr, and once adorned the Borghese Palace. Dimensions, 3 feet, by 2 feet, 6 inches.













# SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS.

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## THE CHATEAU OF THE ARTIST.

No. 64.

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p. 64

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THE Chateau of Sir Peter Paul Rubens—if such it be that is here depicted,—is a fine old moated mansion, turreted, and of cinque-cento architecture. At its farther end rises a watch-tower—no uncommon nor unnecessary appurtenance of the moated and castellated residences which stand in low countries, and on debateable land. Its windows glitter in the rays of the morning sun, which, by the long shadows it projects, gives effect to a landscape which is evidently the portrait of a real scene, though we cannot vouch for its being the country-seat and pleasure-grounds of this distinguished artist.

The season represented, is that which succeeds the harvest, when sportsmen go forth with murderous weapons, and intentions unchecked by compunctious visitings of conscience, and which partridges, if they kept almanacs, or were duly cognisant of their own danger, might justly dread. But

“Alas! regardless of their doom,  
The little victims play.”

A covey of some nine or ten, which an eager sportsman with his setter (miscalled a pointer, in some printed book or other) have discovered, are in most imminent peril, at a short distance from the fore-ground. On the immediate fore-ground, the sportsman, with his old-fashioned firelock, intent on his game, and having cocked his fowling-piece, is cautiously and

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silently creeping, under the sheltering shadow of an old weather-torn tree stump, which is festooned with the mandrake-vine and other parasites, and fringed with bramble; the whole of which is painted with great attention to the details of Nature.

It is an apparent portrait of a real scene, elaborately depicted—the fore-ground with such careful attention to the minutiae, that a near bush is thickly inhabited by robins and finches, while the sedges, flowery fore-ground, shrubs and weeds, and multifarious branching as well as foliage of the nearer trees and bushes, are detailed with almost botanic accuracy. Sir George Beaumont, to whom the public is indebted for the valuable bequest, was rather fond of descanting on the various beauties and merits of the fore-ground, and of comparing it with the slovenly productions of a similar nature of the landscape painters “of these degenerate days.”

Rubens appears in the present instance to have promised himself to produce an interesting picture, of such a cheerful cast as might harmonise with human feelings, but more especially with Flemish feelings—on a fine autumnal morning—out of an assemblage of circumstances, some of which were not, perhaps, of themselves very favourable to such a purpose; but if not picturesque, those circumstances were perfectly Rubens-esque, and it is the mind of the artist operating on his materials, that makes the picture.

What the painter thus seemed to promise, he has faithfully performed. Accordingly, though the hour represented is early, the sun has manifested sufficient power to dispel the morning mists, which so frequently shroud these low and flat countries, and the clouds are breaking—if not into splendour—into dappled forms, glad colours, and cheerful promise: while the knight, if this be indeed the Chateau of Rubens—in either event, the lord of the mansion, with part of his family, have stepped forth from a side door, to “meet the sun,” and inhale the early breezes of “incense-breathing morn.”

The picture is 5 feet 4 inches in length, by 4 feet in height.





*The Resurrection of Christ*





## GUERCINO.

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### THE DEAD CHRIST, WITH ANGELS,

No. 65.

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THIS celebrated painter, who obtained his popular name of Guercino from the circumstance of the loss of an eye, was born at Cento, a village near Ferrara, in 1590. His proper name was Giovanni Francesco Barbieri. He acquired the elementary principles of his art, first from Giovanni Battista Cremonini, and next from Benedetto Gernari; after which it is said, that he studied in the school of the Caracci, but this is scarcely credible, since his style is totally different from that of either of those great masters. Guercino had three manners, neither of which have a resemblance to the style of the Caracci. His first, and least known, seems to be an imitation of Caravaggio, full of deep shades and strong lights; flesh of a yellow tinge, and a general colour that was far from being harmonious. His second and best period was compounded of the Roman, Venetian and Bolognese schools, blended however with somewhat of Caravaggio's bold opposition of light and shade. His last manner was a palpable imitation of Guido, and in this he lost not only his originality, but his power and elegance. The pictures in his first manner are mostly at Bologna and Cento; though the second were at Rome, in fresco or in oil, and the principal of them are an *Aurora*, in the villa Ludovisi; a *St. Petronilla*, which the French carried off to Paris; and a *Dido*, in the Spada Gallery. Of this style also is the cupola of Piacenza, painted by Guercino. The pictures of his third manner are, or were, mostly at Bologna. Guercino went to Rome on the invitation of Pope Gregory XV. but after spending



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two years there, during which he executed a number of great works, he returned to Bologna, nor could any temptations or advantageous offers draw him again from thence. Christina, Queen of Sweden, in her passage through that city, visited him, expressing the pleasure she felt at taking into her own hand, that which had painted one hundred and six altarpieces, one hundred and forty-four pictures for persons of the first rank in Europe, and had besides designed ten works of merit. Guercino received the honour of knighthood from the Duke of Mantua. He acquired great riches by his profession, but bestowed them liberally in acts of charity, building of chapels, and founding hospitals. He died in 1666. To the works already mentioned should be added, his celebrated pictures of St. Philip Neri, in the Chiesa Nuova at Rome; the Resurrection, at Cento; and St. Helena at the Mendicants in Venice. Guercino also etched some prints in a style of excellence.

“THE DEAD CHRIST WITH ANGELS,” is a fine cabinet specimen of this master. The naked figure of our Saviour is easy and natural in the attitude, and drawn with great boldness of outline; the two weeping angels are good figures; and the group, as a whole, is alike admirable for the arrangement of its lines, and the distribution of its broad and powerful masses of light and shade.

From the Borghese Palace.—Bequeathed to the National Gallery by the Rev. William Holwell Carr. On copper—length, 1 foot, 5½ inches; height, 1 foot, 2½ inches.





PAN TEACHING APOLLO THE USE OF THE LYRE.

*From the Original. Picture by Adamantio Caracci.*





# ANNIBAL CARACCI.

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## PAN INSTRUCTING APOLLO

No. 66.

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p. 66

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ANNIBAL, the painter of the charming little picture of *Pan instructing Apollo*, was the nephew of Ludovico Caracci, and his coadjutor in the institution of the Bolognese school: but the uncle, more anxious for the success and permanence of that school, or more wary of clerical patronage, when invited to the Roman metropolis, declined the honour and the supposed advantage, and with the approbation of the Cardinal Farnese, sent thither his nephew Annibal, whom the Cardinal employed in painting the splendid gallery which bears his name.

Annibal laboured ten years at this stupendous work, when the penurious ecclesiastic presented him with no more than five hundred crowns: but in Rome, he failed not to avail himself of the opportunity of studying from the antique statues and relieves that were there accumulated, and from the compositions of Raphael; and hence he was led to modify, and, in part, to abandon, his earlier style, formed on the blandishments of Correggio, for a more learned, but more dry, style, both of design and colouring.

The biographers of the Caraccii allow that Annibal possessed more fire, boldness of conception, and singularity of thought, than Ludovico and Agostino; and that his designs are more profound, his expressions more lively, and his execution more firm; adding, that his genius was better adapted to poetical and profane, than to sacred subjects; and that, upon the whole, no painter is more universal, more easy, more certain, or more

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generally approved. In short, Annibal is almost universally esteemed the paragon of the eclectic school.

The "PAN INSTRUCTING APOLLO" exemplifies these encomiums. It is a very poetic fancy, or fable, or sequel to a fable, on the part of the painter, invented and executed in the true Theocritan taste. Pan had pursued the chaste nymph *Syrinx*: the celestial powers, listening to her prayer, had metamorphosed her into a reed, in order that she might escape from his urgency: but the god contrived that she should still be subservient to his enjoyment, by constructing, of that reed, the musical instrument which, by the Greeks, was called after the name of this exemplary nymph.

Pan having, therefore, a clear right to the invention of the instrument, it is quite poetical to suppose the god of music would be so pleased with it, as to desire to learn the method of performing on it, and that the sylvan deity must have been his instructor. This idea constitutes the foundation upon which Caracci has erected his elegant fable; but we suspect that he has fallen into an error, in giving *nine* pipes or notes to the syrinx. The figure of Pan is said to be the portrait of a certain corpulent music-master, with whom the artist was upon terms of intimacy: it is very possible, therefore, that the Apollo may be another portrait, and that the whole pictured fable may be the offspring of private friendship. But, whether so or not, it is the most elegant of compliments to the music-master, to have it supposed he was capable of pleasing and instructing an Apollo! The knowledge of these localities may be lost—they have been in part lost; and Caracci has wisely contrived that his picture shall always be sufficiently intelligible, and extremely interesting without it.

This capital little picture belonged to the Angerstein Collection; but came originally from the Lancelotti palace. It is painted on wood, and is supposed to have once formed the ornamental frontispiece to a harpsichord. Its dimensions are 2 feet, 8 inches, by 1 foot, 2 inches.











# CLAUDE LE LORRAINE.

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## CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS,

No. 67.

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CEPHALUS, the son of Deioneus, king of Thessaly, by Diomedes, daughter of Xuthus, married Procris, daughter of Erechtheus, king of Athens. Aurora fell in love with him, and carried him away; but he refused to listen to her addresses, and was impatient to return to Procris. The goddess sent him back; and to try the fidelity of his wife, she made him put on a different form, and he arrived at the house of Procris in the habit of a merchant. Procris was deaf to every offer; but she suffered herself to be seduced by the gold of this stranger, who discovered himself the very moment that Procris had yielded up her virtue. This circumstance so ashamed Procris, that she fled from her husband, and devoted herself to hunting in the island of Eubœa, where she was admitted among the attendants of Diana, who presented her with a dog always sure of his prey, and a dart which never missed its aim, and always returned to the hands of its mistress of its own accord. Some say that the dog was a present from Minos, because Procris had cured his wounds. After this, Procris returned in disguise to Cephalus, who was willing to disgrace himself by some unnatural concessions to obtain the dog and the dart of Procris. Procris discovered herself at the moment that Cephalus shewed himself faithless, and a reconciliation was easily made between them. They loved one another with more tenderness than before, and Cephalus received from his wife the presents of Diana. As he was particularly fond of hunting, he every morning early repaired to the woods, and after much toil and fatigue, laid him-

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self down in the cool shade, and earnestly called for *Aura*, or the refreshing breeze. This ambiguous word was mistaken for a mistress; and some informer reported to the jealous Procris, that Cephalus daily paid a visit to a mistress, whose name was *Aura*. Procris too readily believed the information, and secretly followed her husband into the woods. According to his daily custom, Cephalus retired to the cool, and called for *Aura*. At the name of *Aura*, Procris eagerly lifted up her head to see her expected rival; her motion occasioned a rustling among the leaves of the bush that concealed her; Cephalus listened, and thinking it to be a wild beast, he let fly his unerring dart. Procris was struck to the heart, and instantly expired in the arms of her husband, confessing that ill-grounded jealousy was the cause of her death.

The most striking beauty in Claude's painting, is a passage on the left, where a deer is represented descending a hillock, and the sun appears setting behind a cloud. The hint was doubtless taken from Nature.

Presented to the National Gallery, by Sir George Beaumont, Bart. Length, 3 feet, 4 inches; height, 2 feet, 5 inches.







*The Cottage at the Foot of the Mountain*





# REMBRANDT VAN RHYN.

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## TOBIT AND THE ANGEL.

No. 68.

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THIS composition, if so it might be called, consists of little else than an acre or so of what a landscape painter terms, broken ground; that is to say, a few gravelly banks, patched with green sward, not very picturesque, and a pool of water; beyond which are seen a clump of dark trees, and above, a few clouds of lumpish forms. Indeed, the forms are lumpish throughout, which may be one reason why they hold together so well; while another is, that the cool greens and the cerulean part of the sky, with the reflection of these in the water, are in good juxtaposition to the orange tints of the gravelly banks.

But it is the merest burlesque for Rembrandt to have passed off this low country landscape for the banks of the Tigris, or the clumsy figures which he has here introduced, for those of Tobit and the angel Raphael. We have already, in our account of Domenichino's Tobit, recited this apocryphal and romantic legend; and it were idle to repeat it, for the sake of shewing how unlike the painted Angel and Hebrew traveller are to those of the scripture. The spectator sees that there is nothing in the least oriental, either in the verdure or costume, or in the forms or colours of the latter.

Sir Joshua Reynolds says, that at every recurrence to Nature as an example, the student in painting renews his strength: and the truth appears to be that Rembrandt, in obedience to this precept, or rather to a similar knowledge existing in his mind—has gone forth from his studio

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with his pigments and pencils, on some occasion of leisure, 'to make an out-of-door study from Nature ; and seeing that these bits of broken ground, combined with the translucency of the water and verdure of the trees, produced something of a picturesque effect, has seated himself before them. After his return it appears to have occurred to him that he might make something saleable of what he had been copying, by introducing the figures of Tobit and the Angel, which has accordingly been done ; and done very hastily and with little reflection, so as to verify what has been written of him by his learned commentator—namely, that “ Rembrandt was a genius of the first order on whatever relates not to form : ” and that “ he possessed the power of pleasing, in spite of the most portentous deformity. ”

The picture came into the National Gallery with the rest of the Collection of the Rev. W. H. Carr ; but before it became his property, we well remember it in the Collection of Mr. Emmerson ; further than which, we are not able to trace its *pedigree*.

It measures 2 feet, 1 inch ; by 1 foot, 9 inches.







*From the Original Picture in the Parthenon*







# DOMENICHINO.

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## THE STONING OF SAINT STEPHEN.

No. 69.

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THE simplicity which overrules this composition seems not very far removed from the style of that venerated old master, Massacio: but we also discover here the influence of the Bolognese preceptors of Domenichino, in the small number of figures he has introduced where the Scripture suggests, if not a multitude, certainly more than six or seven perpetrators of the atrocious murder of this zealous and intelligent proselyte to the Christian faith. We think this will appear, from reflecting on the following circumstances:—

Holy Stephen had just been pronouncing in a public assembly—along with much incitement to the true religion—a learned epitome of the history of the Jews, with their apostasies from the worship of Jehovah, commencing from the earliest ages: this exposure irritated and incensed the Scribes, Pharisees, and elders, who were there congregated. The history of the Acts of the Apostles, says:—

“They were cut to the heart, and they gnashed on him with their teeth. But he, being full of the Holy Ghost, looked up stedfastly into heaven, and saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing on the right hand of God, and said, Behold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of man standing on the right hand of God!”

Of the poetry of this sublime vision, Raphael, in his last cartoon of the martyrdom of St. Stephen, had ably availed himself, by introducing a celestial group sitting among the clouds in the upper part of his

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picture; reasonably inferring, that if Stephen saw this celestial appearance whilst so arguing or declaiming in the congregation, the deities would preside at his martyrdom, and be ready to confirm to him this assurance and prospect of immortal bliss: but Domenichino, too scrupulous to adopt the idea in its plenitude, has introduced only a slender and solitary ray proceeding from above, toward the head of the proto-martyr. The scriptural record proceeds as follows:—

“Then they cried out with a loud voice, and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord, and cast him out of the city, and stoned him: and the witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man’s feet, whose name was Saul.

“And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit. And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge. And when he had said this, he fell asleep.”

It seems impossible that this distressing catastrophe should be told in painting better than we here behold, unless by the introduction of an additional figure or two on the right hand. The suborned witnesses, of whom we read in the preceding chapter, could not be fewer than two: two therefore, of the most malignant of the stoners have the upper part of their bodies naked—their clothes lying at the feet of Saul, who sits near the left hand corner of the picture, in the act of urging the barbarians. The Saint, meanwhile, having been beaten to the earth, seems uttering his entreaty for pardon of his murderers, with a fine expression of resignation, and his eyes turned toward heaven.

The picture is in the Carr collection, and was once in that of Prince Lucien Bonaparte, of Canino. It measures 2 feet 1 inch by 1 foot 7 inches.







Engraved by W. B.

THE CLUST' AND A CORONA

from the *Statue of the* by *Phidias*

of the *Statue of the*

84

1840







# NICCOLO POUSSIN.

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## CEPHALUS AND AURORA.

No. 70.

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POUSSIN has here depicted a beautiful Greek fable, founded on a supposed, and most probably real, historical fact. Cephalus, a young Thessalian prince, was wedded to the beautiful Procris, to whom he was affectionately attached: but he was also, like many of the high-born gentry of modern times, fond of those field sports which induce hunters to rise early in the morning, with or before the sun; which circumstance, the ready ingenuity of classical fiction easily converted into a fondness for Morning personified, or the Goddess of Morning; and hence, by a certain poetic reciprocity, it was fabled that Aurora was fond of Cephalus; and allured, or carried him away from the embraces of his beloved Procris.

The presence and possession of *Good* is oftentimes attended by regret for that which, being absent, and also esteemed to be good, is the object of *Hope* and *Desire*. The genius of conjugal fidelity is here represented as holding up the picture of Procris to the mental eye or imagination of Cephalus, even while he is dallying with the goddess Aurora, who would detain him in the woods; that is to say, while he is actually engaged in his woodland morning pleasures. Meanwhile, at a distance, the sun is seen poetically rising from the horizon in grand Miltonic style. The reader will probably remember the passage in our great epic, which is here most exactly represented, where the poet treats—

“Of day-spring; and the Sun, who scarce uprisen,  
With wheels yet hov’ring o’er the ocean brim,  
Shoots parallel to th’ earth his dewy ray.”

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A certain writer, in his "*Critical Dissertation*" on this fine poetic design, has most egregiously misrepresented the intentions of its highly gifted author, by construing it into a mere coarse human intrigue, and by writing as if he did not know that Aurora was the personified ruddy day-spring, the precursor of the rising sun, but supposed she was some other bonny lass, who minded sleeping out on the dank earth no more than a hardy Highlander.

"Other painters," he says, "have delineated on ceilings Aurora carrying her lover through the air; Poussin desires to add *sentiment*, and pictured *them on the ground, awakened by the morning light*;" which is to say, that Poussin has pictured *the morning light*, as well as Cephalus, as *awakened* by the morning light"—a bit of nonsense, of which he does not appear to be in the least aware. He proceeds: "Reflection seems to have come upon Cephalus with *the dawn*; thoughts of Procris rush upon his fancy; he turns from *the Goddess*, who, with arms around him, endeavours by gentle force, and probably pleasant *words* [as if she had been a vocal goddess], to hinder his departure," &c. for there is a great deal more to this purport, for which we have not room; in the course of which our contemporary treats of "the sly industry of an intriguing Cupid, who is spreading a couch for Aurora." But, should our readers desire to see further development of this writer's erroneous pretensions to picture-knowledge, we would refer them to Mr. Landseer's amplified descriptive and explanatory catalogue of the pictures in the National Gallery.

The picture was bequeathed to the public by G. J. Cholmondeley, esq. It measures 4 feet 3 inches by 3 feet 2 inches.







70%







# ANNIBALE CARACCI.

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A RIVER SCENE, WITH BOATS, &c.

No. 71.

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THE eclectic theory of the school of the Caraccii was not found—and not even conjectured—to be so practically applicable to landscape painting, as to the painting of historical subjects. There was no mingling, by recipe, certain ascertainable portions of the amenity of Claude, with the warm verdure and luxuriance of Gaspar Poussin, and the savage grandeur of Salvator Rosa, in order to produce a perfect landscape, or perfect style of landscape—for these luminaries of landscape painting had not then appeared, and the elements of that sphere of art were then unascertained further than the sensibilities of Domenichino, of Rubens, and of Titian were reducing its chaos to elemental order. The Caraccii were therefore obliged to go nearer to the fountain-head for information, and thence to deduce their landscape rules—if they had any.

In the river or lake scene before us, a festive party of Italian ladies and gentlemen, embarked on a sailing excursion, have put forth from the land, and if we rightly construe the actions of their steersman, are either tacking toward a wooded island or cape at a little distance: or perhaps may be retarding the progress of their vessel, in order that a certain musical companion may overtake them: for another boat of smaller capacity is putting off from the shore, in which sits a solitary minstrel, singing to the music of his guitar, who may be supposed to have arrived at the place of rendezvous and embarkation, somewhat behind the

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appointed time, and a boatman to be giving him a cast that he may join his friends, who seem to be not more than fifty yards ahead—a very natural and not unfrequent incident on such occasions, and which here contributes materially to the pictorial effect. Near the middle of the fore-ground stand a countryman and a fisher with his angling rod, either conversing, or listening to the soft music which we may fancy is wafted across the waters.

The point of sight and the line of the horizon are pretty high up in the picture, in consequence of which the eye glides agreeably over an expanse of smooth waters in which bordering groves and cottages are reflected, to blue distant mountains, which form the boundary of the landscape.

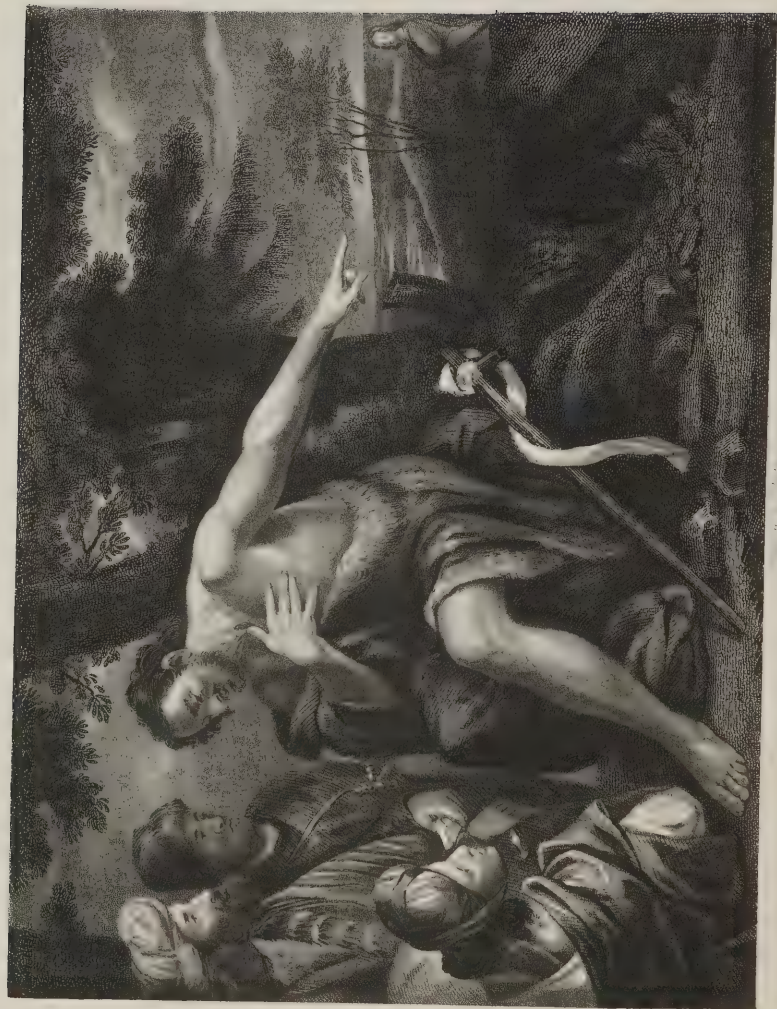
The scene is tranquil, and would be pleasant and joyous—we should rather say, more so than it is—were there more in it of genial light and warmth: but the cool blue tints are somewhat too prevalent. Though painted in Italy, and probably intended to represent that country and climate—or, it may be, those of Switzerland—it looks too much like a Cumberland lake scene; or even a scene farther north. The trees in the retiring distances are somewhat deficient in intervening air-tint; and all the trees want character, and seem not sufficiently varied in other respects from each other. They are too much generalised—too eclectic: so at least it would be said, were this a modern production.

For one of the above-mentioned purposes, the nautical skill of those in the pleasure boat is on the alert—endeavouring to catch, and avail themselves of what little wind is stirring, which is scarcely enough to produce a halcyon ripple on the surface of the waters: but the white sail of this boat is what is technically termed out of keeping—that is to say, is too white for all the rest of the picture.

This work belonged to the Carr Collection, and its dimensions are, 4 feet, 5 inches; by 3 feet, 1½ inch.







*Engraved by J. Smith from a painting by G. Kneller*  
The Resurrection of Christ  
By J. Smith  
Printed by J. Smith, at the Sign of the Three Kings, in Pall Mall





# FRANCESCO MOLA.

## ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST, PREACHING.

No. 72.

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PIETRO FRANCESCO MOLA was of Lugano in Italy, or perhaps was born at Como: but the year of his birth has been variously recorded from 1609 to 1620. He was a disciple of Cesare d'Arpino; but travelling afterward to Venice, he carefully studied there the works of Titian and Giorgione, and nearly abandoned the principles of his first preceptor. Finally, he attached himself to the school of the Caraccii, imitating more especially Guercino and Albano, of the excellences of which masters his style eminently partook, and on some points transcended them, displaying occasionally more vigour and more invention. He died in the prime of life, whilst preparing for a journey to Paris, having been appointed painter to the court of France.

Mola painted landscape as well as figures, aiming at that generalised boldness which constitutes, or is a primary element of, what is termed the historical style of landscape. His "Baptist preaching," is an instance of his successful combination of the two branches of the painter's art, being painted in a broad and decided manner, with the landscape and figures in perfect unison, and a fine mellow tone pervading the whole performance.

His preacher of repentance has but few auditors, but is so composed that more may easily be imagined on the left hand, beyond the boundary of the picture frame. They consist of a well-dressed woman in the foreground; beyond whom is seen three other hearers of the word—to wit, a



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turbaned Pharisee of some rank in society, and two men of scarcely inferior grades, intended, it may be, for Levites, who all seem listening attentively to the novel but divine doctrines.

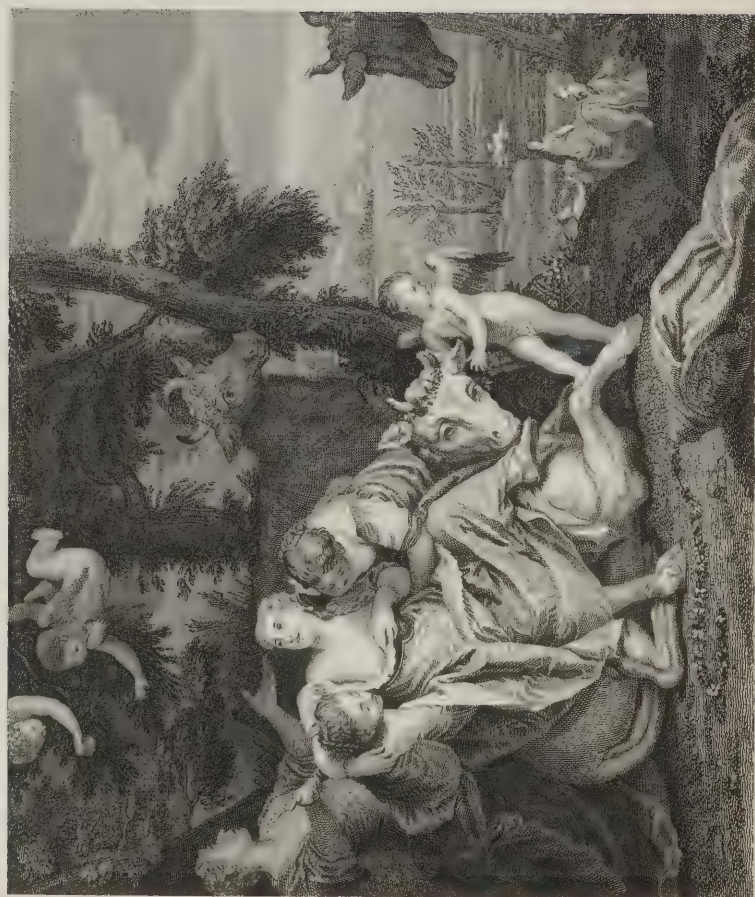
We suspect the subject of Mola's picture to be more particularly taken from the gospel of St. John the Evangelist, which mentions that the Jews sent certain persons into the desert to inquire of John the Baptist who he was. "They who were sent were of the Pharisees," and the painter appears to have supposed that, after making their report, they returned the next day, on the further prosecution of their mission; for the Evangelist proceeds to state that "these things were done in Bethabara, beyond Jordan, where John was baptising." And that the next day, John seeing Jesus coming unto him, exclaimed, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world!—*This* is he of whom I said, After me cometh a man which is preferred before me, for he *was* before me."

At the distance of some fifty yards or so, on the right hand, we obscurely behold the Saviour approaching, and the Baptist is pointing towards him as he utters this remarkable apostrophe.

This solitary specimen of Francesco Mola's abilities, came to the National Gallery with the Carr Collection, and was formerly in that of Mons. Robet of Paris—Its dimensions are 2 feet, 2 inches, by 1 foot, 8½ inches.











## PAUL VERONESE.

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EUROPA,

No. 73.

p. 73

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EUROPA, from whom the division of the globe which we inhabit is supposed to have derived its name, lived quite in the remoter depths of time, probably before Jupiter was deified, and while he was simply a Cretan Prince. We know from Thucydides, that in those ages, piratical expeditions were common in the Mediterranean; and it seems not improbable that the Prince of Crete (in which island Jupiter's tomb was once to be seen) may have piratically landed on the coast of Phœnicia from a ship named the Bull, and which bore a bull's head on its prow, and finding the Princess of Tyre at play with other maidens near the shore, may have carried her off. This appears to be the most natural and probable explication of the old Greek legend of Jupiter and Europa; or, the Rape of Europa. The event notoriously happened during the fabulous ages; and what extravagant fabulists the Greek poets were, is well known. But the story, as they have transmitted it, and as it is here depicted by Paul Veronese, is as follows:

Europa was the daughter of Agenor, King of Phœnicia and Telephassa. She was so beautiful that Jupiter became enamoured of her; and the more effectually to engage, first her attention, and afterwards her affections, assumed the shape of a bull, and mingled with her father's herds, while the Princess with her female attendants were gathering flowers in the meadows. Europa caressed the beautiful white bull, and gradually emboldened, took the fancy, as he kneeled down, to seat herself upon his

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back. But no sooner was the Bull-God aware that she was firmly seated, than he rose, moved toward the margin of the sea, and presently plunging in, the Princess grasping his horn, and Neptune smoothing the way for them, swam over to Crete, &c. &c.

Our readers will scarcely have failed to observe the near agreement which subsists between the classic story and the picture here produced by the Veronese artist : almost the only difference being, that the painter, in adapting it to his art, has added a few touches of his own which are both poetical and pictorial, and at the same time so perfectly congenial with the subject, that they appear like restorations of the lapses of literature. The Bull is kneeling to receive his precious burthen : the princess, with the assistance of two of her attendants, is confidently seating herself ; while a third has presumed to offer some objection or prudent remonstrance. Two little Loves are sporting in the air above ; while the head of the transformed Jupiter is enwreathed with a band of flowers held by the Master Cupid, who seems prepared to lead them by means of his flowery wreath toward the sea. That the amorous Bull is licking the raised foot of Europa in return for her caresses, is not less well thought of, than it is ably expressed.

The re-introduction in the offskip of the Bull with the Princess mounted on his back, led by her two attendant maidens, must be allowed to be against critical rule, yet will probably be thought an allowable exception. The composition of the picture is extremely beautiful, and the colouring superb. It was once in the Orleans collection, and subsequently in that of the Rev. W. H. Carr, and it measures 2 feet 3 inches, by 1 foot 11 inches.









THE MADONNA AND CHILD.

WITH ELIZABETH AND ST JOHN.

*From the Original Painting by Andrea Del Sarto in*

*the National Gallery.*

*Printed by W. H. Colburn, 15, Abchurch Lane, London.*





## ANDREA DEL SARTO.

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THE MADONNA AND CHILD, WITH ELIZABETH AND ST. JOHN.

No. 74.

p. 74

ANDREA DEL SARTO, or ANDREA VANUCCHI, was the son of a tailor at Florence, whence he obtained the name of *Del Sarto*, that of his father being *Vanucchi*. He was born in 1488, and received his first instruction from Giovanni Basili, a mean artist, with whom he spent three years with intense application; at the end of which period he became the disciple of Pietro Cosimo. His perseverance under that master rendered him in a short time very eminent; but the morose temper of Cosimo compelled Andrea to quit him, and to endeavour to perfect himself by attending to the works of other famous artists. While with him, he had appropriated every holiday to design after the paintings of Vinci and Buonaroti, to which he could gain access; and he continued to persist in this practice, by which he formed an admirable taste, and signalised himself above most of the young men of his time and country. Andrea having formed a friendship with Francesco Bigio, they determined to live together, and accordingly painted, in conjunction, several pieces for the churches and convents of Florence, so that the reputation of Andrea was daily advanced, and his improvement promoted by every work he finished, either in fresco or in oil. At last his fame was raised to its highest pitch by that noble design which he executed alone for the Carmelites at Florence, representing the preaching of St. John. The attitude and air of the head of the Baptist were exceedingly fine; the countenance full of spirit, and strongly expressive of his character; and the sun-burnt tint of his flesh properly suited to

#### THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

his life in the desert. Notwithstanding his employment at Florence, he could not resist the impulse to see the works of Raffaele at Rome, whither he went, and examined every thing with attention. The French king, Francis I. on receiving some of his works, invited him to his court, and made him many valuable presents. His first piece after his arrival was a portrait of the Dauphin. Afterwards, he painted a picture of Charity, and numerous designs for the nobility. Amidst this flow of good fortune, he received letters from his wife, soliciting his return to Florence, upon which he requested a few months' absence, promising to return with his family, and settle in France. The king confided in his integrity, made him several presents, and intrusted him with a large sum to purchase statues, paintings, &c. Andrea, however, soon forgot his engagements, and violated every tie of honour after he arrived at Florence, by squandering away the king's money, as well as his own, and never returned to his royal benefactor. At last he sunk into poverty, and after suffering a variety of difficulties and distresses, died of the plague, in 1530, abandoned by his wife, and by the companions of his extravagance. The works of Andrea abound in the churches, convents, and palaces at Florence. A remarkable circumstance is recorded, which places the excellence of this artist in a strong point of view. In 1529, when the soldiers took Florence, and entered the monastery of the Salvi, they were so struck with his picture of the Last Supper, in the refectory there, that they felt an indescribable awe, and retired without committing any violence.

In the picture of the Madonna, the divine infant is represented sporting on the lap of its mother, whose head, though not beautiful, has a pleasing benignity of expression. Her figure is simple in its attitude, and seen nearly in front, and is finely contrasted with that of Elizabeth, who, seated in profile, her aged and marked features thrown into shadow, embraces the harbinger of "glad tidings."

Formerly in the Collection of the Prince Aldobrandini; bequeathed by the Rev. W. H. Carr.

On wood: height, 3 feet 5 inches; width, 2 feet 8½ inches.











# MURILLO.

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## SPANISH PEASANT BOY,

No. 75.

p. 75

BARTOLOME-ESTEBAN MURILLO, the greatest of all the Spanish painters, was born at Seville, on the 1st of January, 1631. He received his first instructions in the art from his relation, Juan del Castillo; but the latter having gone to settle at Cadiz, Murillo was obliged, for the means of subsistence, to have recourse to painting banners and small pictures for exportation to America. In that line he obtained full employment, and began to distinguish himself as an able colourist. He was still very young, when he happened to see some works of Pedro de Moya (who was passing through Seville on his way to Cadiz), which being painted in the style of Vandyck, inspired him with the desire of imitating that great artist, under whom De Moya had studied shortly before his decease. The time he was able to avail himself of Moya's instructions was very short, and he resolved afterwards to repair to Italy for improvement. But his means were totally inadequate to meet the expenses of such a journey: collecting, however, all his resources, he bought a quantity of canvass, divided it into a number of squares, upon which he painted subjects of devotion, and flowers, and with the produce of the sale of these, set out upon his journey, unknown to his relations and friends. On his arrival at Madrid, he waited upon Velasquez, his countryman, and communicated his plans to him. Struck with the zeal and talents of the young artist, Velasquez treated him with the greatest kindness, and diverted him from his project of the journey to Rome, by assisting him in a more effectual way, procuring him full employment at

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

the Escorial, and in the different palaces of Madrid. Murillo returned to Seville in 1645, after an absence of three years; the following year he finished painting the little cloister of St. Francis, and the manner in which he executed it, produced sentiments of the greatest astonishment among his countrymen. His picture of the death of Santa Clara, and that of St. James distributing alms, served to crown his reputation. In the first he showed himself a colourist equal to Vandyck; and in the second, a rival of Velasquez. They obtained him a multitude of commissions, which were not long in procuring him an independent fortune. His success, however, never led him to be careless of his reputation; he gradually perfected his manner, by giving more boldness to his pencil, and without abandoning that sweetness in his colouring, which distinguished him from all his rivals, increasing its strength, and giving greater freedom to his touch. It is impossible within our limits to mention all the works with which he enriched the churches and convents of Seville, and other cities of Spain. Having been invited to Cadiz, to paint the grand altar of the Capuchins, he there executed his celebrated picture of the Marriage of St. Catherine. As he was about to finish it, he wounded himself so dreadfully on the scaffolding, that he continued to feel the effects of it until his death, which happened at Seville, in April, 1682. To the greatest merit as an historical painter, Murillo joined that of equal excellence in flowers and landscape. All his works afford incontestable proofs of the perfection to which the Spanish school had attained, and the real character of its artists; for, as Murillo never quitted his native country, he could not be influenced by any foreign style; and this originality of talent places him in the first rank among the painters of every school. He has neither the charming dignity of Raffaele, the grandeur of Caracci, nor the grace of Correggio; but as a faithful imitator of Nature, if he is sometimes vulgar, he is always true and natural; and the sweetness, brilliancy, freshness, and harmony of his colouring, make us forget all his defects.

The picture of a Spanish Peasant Boy is painted with great lightness of pencil; it was presented to the Gallery by M. M. Zachary, Esq.

Height, 1 foot 10 inches; width, 1 foot 4 inches.





1811. 1812. 1813. 1814. 1815. 1816. 1817. 1818. 1819. 1820.







## ALBERT CUYP.

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### LANDSCAPE AND CATTLE,

No. 76.

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p. 76

ALBERT CUYP (or KUYP), was the eldest son of Jacob Gerritze Cuyp, who studied under Abraham Bloemart, by whose instruction he became an extraordinary good painter of landscape. He sketched after Nature the views in the environs of Dort; always introducing pieces of water, or rivers, with cattle on the banks, and particularly cows and sheep. He also frequently painted battles, and the marchings or encampments of armies. He had a good pencil, a broad and free touch, a sweet and agreeable tone of colouring, an outline generally correct, with great transparence in his water, and good keeping. The memory of Jacob Cuyp is held in just esteem at Dort, for being the founder of the academy of St. Luke, in that city, which he established in concurrence with Isaac Van Hasselt, Cornelius Tegelberg, and Jacques Grief, in 1642. His son Albert was born at Dort, in 1606. He received no instruction but from his father, though his manner was very different, being abundantly neater, nor was his penciling so rough and bold. The father principally adhered to one or two species of animals; but to Albert, oxen, sheep, cows, horses, fruit, landscape, smooth water, or ships and boats, were all equally familiar. He excelled in every thing that he attempted to represent, and painted every object in the same free and natural manner; always lovely and true in his colouring, as well as clear and transparent. He observed attentively even the particular times of the day, to express the various diffusions of light on his objects with all the truth of Nature;

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and in his pictures, the morning attended with its mists and vapours, the clearer light of noon, and the saffron-coloured tints of the evening, may readily be distinguished. He likewise excelled in moonlight pieces; some of them being so admirably expressed, that the glittering reflection of the lunar beams on the surface of the water appear more like real nature than an imitation of it. But though he painted every variety of scenery, whether of land or water, well, he enchanted most by his winter pieces. The principal performance of this master is the representation of the Cattle-market at Dort, and the Square where the troops and soldiers exercise. In that picture, he has painted the most beautiful horses that appeared on the parade, so like, that every one of them might be as distinctly known in the painting, as in their evolutions. His studies were entirely after Nature, and most of his landscapes were sketched from scenery in or about the city of Dort. He left a number of drawings and designs heightened with water-colours, which, together with his etchings, are much valued as curiosities. He died at Dort, in 1667. Albert had a younger brother, Benjamin, also a painter. He adopted the manner of Rembrandt, and painted small historical pictures, with admirable force of colour, and an excellent management of the *chiaro-oscuro*.

The rise which has taken place in the estimation of Albert Cuyp's pictures within the last fifty years,—during which period they have, perhaps, more than quadrupled their value,—may be reckoned among the best proofs of the advancement of the public taste in this country; at least so far as respects the Dutch school of painting. Despising the elaborate finishing which constitutes the chief merit of so many painters of that community, it was the aim of Cuyp to represent the beauties of Nature by a process wherein the powers of his intellect, rather than the labour of his hand, should be apparent; and the student may learn from his works, which consist in a great measure of cattle-pieces, that, even in the humbler departments of painting, grandeur of style in drawing, and breadth of manner in execution, may be employed with advantage.

Angerstein Collection—Length, 6 feet, 6 inches; height, 4 feet, 4 inches.





NO. 10

1790







# DOMENICHINO.

## ERMINIA DISCOVERING THE SHEPHERDS.

No. 77.

p. 77

SOME slight acquaintance, at least, with a few preceding circumstances, as detailed in the "Jerusalem Delivered" of Torquato Tasso, is indispensable to the true understanding of this well-studied work from the pencil of Domenichino.

Erminia, the heroine of the picture, had, from a lofty turret within the beleaguered city of Jerusalem, beheld the christian knight, Tancred, with whom she was in love, wounded in a fierce duel with a gigantic paynim; and, disguised in the armour of her heroic friend Clorinda, had romantically stolen forth at midnight, very slenderly attended, and on horseback, for the purpose of medicating his sufferings: but certain centinels of the christian camp espying her in the moonlight, her purpose was frustrated, and she was pursued. Her fleet courser, however, outstripped her pursuers; she rode onward without retrospection for an incredible length of time and distance; till, overcome by weariness, she dismounted from her war-steed, fell asleep, and awakened only to indulge in lamentations of her untoward fate.

Tasso and Domenichino here take up the story, which, as faithfully rendered from the Italian, by friend Wiffen, proceeds as follows:—

" Her plaints were silenced by shrill music, sent  
As from a rural pipe; such sounds as cheer  
The Syrian shepherd in his summer tent,  
And mixed with past'ral accents rude but clear.  
She rose, and gently, guided by her ear,  
Came where an old man on a rising ground,  
In the fresh shade, his white flocks feeding near,  
Twig baskets wove, and listened to the sound,  
Trill'd by three blooming boys, who sate disporting round.

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

“ These, at the shining of her silver arms,  
Were seized at once with wonder and despair ;  
But sweet Erminia soothed their vain alarms,  
Discovering her doves eyes and golden hair.  
‘ Follow,’ she said, ‘ dear innocents, the care  
Of favouring Heaven, your fanciful employ !  
For the so formidable arms I bear,  
No cruel warfare bring, nor harsh annoy,  
To your engaging tasks—to your sweet songs of joy.’ ”

Domenichino has thoroughly entered into the interest of the part of the story which he undertakes to tell. The maiden has put aside the terrors of the pastoral group, by doffing her helmet (which lies on the ground) ; and, while her luxuriant hair and mantle are abandoned to the influence of the gale, is addressing the old shepherd. The three chubby boys sit on a bank behind their father, and suspend their music as the stranger speaks. To their fear has succeeded delight at the declarations and beauty of the disguised youthful warrior : sheep in their pens are beyond, and still further, a copious river winds through the landscape. Erminia, characterised by serene innocence, perceives that she has attained the welcome which she sought.

The picture is painted with a degree of boldness suited to its rather large dimensions ; yet with delicacy appropriate to the feminine and infantile forms of which it mainly consists. It belonged to J. Julius Angerstein, Esq., and measures 7 feet by 4 feet 10 inches.







W. H. B. 1724

From the Original Painting by C. J. P. in  
the Collection of the  
Royal Academy







# GASPAR POUSSIN.

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## A LAND STORM,

No. 78.

p. 78

WE rarely see a composition of Gaspar Poussin without a picturesque winding road forming a conspicuous feature of the landscape. Here such a road leads off to the left, turning toward a castle on the right-hand side of the central fore-ground. In the generality of his pictures, these winding roads have the effect of leading onward the spectator's attention, invitingly, as it were, toward some important object, such as a towered city, or a grand and dilapidated palace, or other edifice of former days; but, in the present instance, all beyond the road is murky indistinctness, save where light gleaming from the horizon, beneath heavy rain-clouds, flashes across the dark horrors of a dreadful tempest.

By the force of the raging elements, a large tree has been snapped short, near the root and not far from the fore-ground, and its gnarled and groaning limbs and rustling foliage, on which also the light gleams partially, are contorted; so that the tree—or the hamadryad, for there is poetry in the landscape—seems in an agony. The sky is dreadfully dark and portentous. A thicket beyond the road, forming the left-hand side screen, is agitated and torn by the violence of the storm: between its swinging branches and lower extremities, the light part of the sky appears with dazzling splendour; while the rain beats hard against the hills, and drenches the lofty patriarchs of the forest.

Beyond the foreground objects and winding road, a general murkiness—such as affects the optic sense when it painfully endeavours to peer

### THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

through rain and hurricane—pervades the scene, except where light partially tips the distant trees with splendour, and gleams on a mountain ridge, and the watch-tower of a romantic castle, which stands, a stately image of stability, where all else seems going to wreck. Upon the same principle that Handel, and other great musical composers, have dashed *their* storms with counterpoint and contrasting passages, Gaspar has placed this perpendicular, enduring, and immoveable castle, where we find it in *his* composition, by way of contrast, where all other objects are bent, agitated, and yielding to the destructive power that sweeps across the landscape. It stands with the calm dignity and self-possession of a philosopher contemplating an earthquake, a battle, or some theore terrible catastrophe,

“ Unhurt amidst the war of elements.”

Meanwhile shepherds, alarmed, are driving their flocks and herds toward sheltered places. Under the lee of a rocky and nearly perpendicular bank, and among the lower umbrage of some dark trees, one of these sheltering nooks presents itself, and the cattle are entering; but even the disciplined, humble, and obedient sheep—meek followers of their leader's example as they are known to be—are so distracted by the unusual violence of the tempest, that one of them, which two shepherds are endeavouring to overtake and reclaim, has madly started away from the flock.

The original picture formed part of the Angerstein Collection, and formerly belonged to the late Lord Lansdowne. It is 6 feet in length, by 4 feet 11 inches in height.







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JOHN R. HARRIS, A. M. AND J. H. HARRIS, A. M.

Published by





## GASPAR POUSSIN.

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LANDSCAPE, WITH ABRAHAM PREPARING TO SACRIFICE  
HIS SON ISAAC,

No. 79.

p. 79

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THE family name of this artist was Dughet, but he changed it in consequence of the alliance of his sister with Nicholas Poussin. He is said to have been born in France, in 1600, but better accounts place his birth at Rome, in 1613. On the marriage of his sister, he became the pupil of his brother-in-law, who at first only employed him to prepare his palette, pencils, and colours; but by the instructive precepts and excellent example of that eminent master, he became so great a proficient, that he gradually rose into the highest reputation. It is beyond doubt, that he was one of the most celebrated painters of landscapes that ever appeared, and it is generally thought no artist ever studied Nature to better purpose, or represented the effects of land-storms more happily than he did; every tree shows a proper and natural degree of agitation, and every leaf is in motion; his scenes are always beautifully chosen, as also are the sites of his buildings; which last have a pleasing effect, by a mixture of simplicity and elegance; his distances recede from the eye with true perspective beauty; his grounds are charmingly broken, and his figures, trees, and other objects are so judiciously placed, and proportioned to the distance, as to create a most agreeable deception. He had a free and delicate manner of pencilling, and was exceedingly expeditious in his work; for his imagination was scarcely more ready to invent than his hand was to execute; and it is confidently asserted, that he finished a large landscape, and inserted all the requisite figures, within the



## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

compass of one day. By some connoisseurs it has been observed, that the pictures of Gaspar have sometimes too great a verdure; that his masses are often too much of one colour, and that frequently there is too much blackness in the foregrounds of some of his compositions; but notwithstanding such small imperfections, his paintings are always beautiful. Gaspar had three manners in his paintings, which are distinguishable without any great nicety. The first was rather dry, and the last, though agreeable, was unequal to that of his middle time. His second manner was, by many degrees, his best, as it was more simple and learned; and his colouring appeared so lovely, fresh, and full of truth and nature, that no eye can behold one of his landscapes of that period without admiration. He designed human figures indifferently, for which reason he frequently prevailed on Nicholas to paint them for him; and they were always introduced with the utmost propriety. This great artist produced a few spirited etchings of landscapes. He died at Rome in 1675.

However numerous and deserving of admiration are the paintings of Gaspar Poussin, it would perhaps be difficult to name one possessing greater merit than the present landscape; it has, in fact, always been considered his *chef-d'œuvre*. The figures of Abraham and Isaac are evidently the work of his own pencil, and are kept in harmony with the rest of the picture, which is too often not the case in some of his larger productions, where the figures have been put in by other hands; they are proceeding up the Mount, a gloomy unfrequented path, Abraham following his son, who is represented bearing the wood for the sacrifice. The low tone of colouring of the fore and middle-ground, with only here and there a partial gleam of light falling on particular objects, shows the intention of the painter to have been to concentrate his principal light near to the horizon—carrying the eye to the extensive flat country in the extreme distance surrounded by mountains. Nothing could be better conceived or more happily executed; every part of the picture contributing to the effect and harmony of the whole, which may perhaps be truly said to approach as near as possible to perfection.

From the Colonna Palace.—Length, 6 feet 6 inches; height, 5 feet 3 inches.





THE FISH MARKET  
A Rural Scene. The Fish Market.  
The Fish Market.





# GAINSBOROUGH.

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## THE MARKET CART,

No. 80.

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P. 80

THE talents of Gainsborough, as an artist, were unquestionably of the first class, whether he be considered as a painter of portraits, of landscapes, or of fancy pieces. In landscapes, his powers were great and versatile, insomuch that no person, who is not well acquainted with his different works, could suppose that the pictures of his youth are the productions of the same man who painted those of his latter days. This difference, however, is not occasioned by the inferiority of the former, when compared with the latter, but by a distinct manner of execution, and, above all, by a variation in their style or choice of subject.

In his early landscapes, every part is copied from the detail of Nature, with simple effect and artless description, something in the style of Rysdale. In his latter works, bold effect, great breadth of form, with little variety of parts, united by a judicious management of light and shade, combine to produce a certain degree of solemnity. This solemnity, though striking, is not easily accounted for, when the simplicity of the materials is considered, which seldom represent more than a stony bank, with a few trees, a pond, and some distant hills, resembling those scenes which are found in the vicinity of Bath.

Gainsborough was in the habit of making what might be called models for landscapes, which he effected by laying together stones, bits of looking-glass, small boughs of trees, and other suitable objects, which he contrived to arrange, so as to furnish him with ideas and subjects for his rural



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pictures. Upon this practice Sir Joshua Reynolds very justly observes, that such "methods may be nothing more than mischievous trifling, or they may be aids, according to the general talent of him who uses them."

In his fancy pictures he much excelled his portraits, particularly in the execution of the heads of the figures; yet in all there appears a singular process, from an indeterminate manner of *hatching* and scumbling the features, which leaves the face with an unfinished appearance. Indeed, all his portraits, it must be allowed, convey the idea, that the artist who painted them was fearful of losing the likeness which he had obtained, and therefore did not finish the head.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, in one of his discourses, has very happily palliated the objections that have been made against the peculiarity of Gainsborough's manner or process of painting, in the following terms:—"It is certain, that all those odd scratches and marks which, on a close examination, are so observable in Gainsborough's pictures, and which, even to experienced painters, appear rather the effect of accident than design; this chaos, this uncouth and shapeless appearance, by a kind of magic, at a certain distance, assumes form, and all the parts seem to drop into their proper places; so that we can hardly refuse acknowledging the full effect of diligence under the appearance of chance and hasty negligence. That Gainsborough himself considered this peculiarity in his manner, and the power it possesses in exciting surprise, as a beauty in his works, may be inferred from the eager desire which we know he always expressed, that his pictures at the Exhibition should be seen near, as well as at a distance."

"THE MARKET CART" is one of Gainsborough's gayest pictures; the subject, two girls seated on a cart loaded with turnips, carrots, and other vegetables, and two rustic boys walking beside it. On the left, in the fore-ground, are a man and a woman seated; and on the right, a lad is seen issuing from a thicket, with a bundle of sticks. The picture is richly and harmoniously coloured, and has otherwise great beauties; but in respect of execution, it is not perhaps exempt from the vice of manner.

Height, 6 feet, 1½ inches; width, 5 feet.

Presented by the Governors of the British Institution.







Engraved by J. Macdonell





## CLAUDE LE LORRAINE.

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### THE MARRIAGE OF ISAAC AND REBECCA,

No. 81.

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p 81

IN conformity with the printed catalogues, the custom of the Gallery, and the labels appended to the pictures, we have entitled our plate (No. 81.) *The Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca*; but it is a sad misnomer of a delightful scene, peopled with holiday nymphs and swains, who are assembled, *à la fête champêtre*, on a verdant and flowery spot of level ground, where, having deposited the vases and canisters containing their viands, they are gaily tripping it to the sound of tabor, pipe, and cymbal. Some children, and groups of rural lovers, are present; a shepherd leans on his pastoral crook; and a village maiden, who has been sent for water, stops with her pitcher, and forgets its weight, as she listens to the music and enjoys the hilarity of the evening. Fishers are busy at a distance; and near the fore-ground, a rustic boy drives the cattle to water, and a returning hunting-party, or an equestrian party of pleasure, are just entering the landscape from the left-hand side.

But all this has nothing to do with Isaac and Rebecca. It is merely a pastoral dance, or rural festival in a genial climate, where Nature is pouring forth her vital and vegetable abundance, and Claude might luxuriate in those amenities which characterise his beautiful scenery, and have immortalised his pencil.

Being an exhibition of the rural cheerfulness of a genial climate under a mild government, this performance might, with more propriety, have been denominated *l'Allegro*; and, with trifling licence of paraphrase, the

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mirth-stirring verses of Milton would not seem inapplicable to the scene and its jocund inhabitants. We mean more especially the stanzas—

“Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,  
Whilst the landscape round it measures :  
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,  
Where the nibbling flocks do stray :  
Mountains on whose barren breast  
The lab’ring clouds do often rest:  
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,  
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide,—  
Towers and battlements it sees,  
Bosom’d high in tufted trees.”

And, nearer to Claude’s charming fore-ground—

“*If no merry bells ring round,  
Still the jocund rebecs sound,  
To many a youth, and many a maid,  
Dancing in the chequer’d shade ;  
And young and old come forth to play  
On a sunshine holiday ;  
Till the live-long daylight fail.*”

The trees which adorn this landscape are of fine forms and exuberant foliage: numerous cascades and *cascatella* embellish the distance, (which cascades, by the way, are not very well accounted for, since they seem to gush from near the *tops* of the hills). The light is artfully distributed through the scene, and catches brightly on the water-wheel of a mill near the middle-ground; from which conspicuous circumstance this subject is known in Italy under the title of *La Molina*, or *The Mill*. The dilettanti of that country never appear to have dreamt of calling it the Marriage of Isaac and Rebecca.

The Prince Doria, at Rome, has a duplicate picture of this subject, also from the pencil of Claude. The present (said to have been originally painted for the Duke de Bouillon) belonged to the Angerstein Collection. Its dimensions are 6 feet 7 inches, by 4 feet 11 inches.









*Presenting the Virgin Mary*





# PAULO VERONESE.

## THE CONSECRATION OF ST. NICHOLAS.

No. 82.

p. 82

PAUL CAGLIARI, or Caliarì, surnamed Veronese from the place of his nativity, found the public strongly and so almost exclusively prepos-  
sessed in favour of his immediate predecessors of the school of Verona,  
that he could obtain little consideration there while young; so little,  
indeed, that he was compelled by sheer penury to quit Verona, but left  
behind him a Madonna, two Saints, with a few other proofs of his early  
powers, painted upon the altar of San Fermo. He first migrated to  
Vicenza, and thence passed to Venice. The Abaté Lanzi says, "His  
genius was naturally noble, magnificent, and vast, as well as pleasing;  
and no provincial city was capable of supplying him with either ideas or  
engagements commensurate to his powers, like Venice."

He there first aimed, and very successfully, at improving the style of  
his colouring upon the models of Titian and Tintoretto, as well as to sur-  
pass them in elegance and variety of ornament. Yet the first works that  
he produced there, for the Sacristy of San Sebastiano, present us only with  
the elements of the style he subsequently acquired, with regard to the  
hair of his heads, and the varieties of his attitudes, and the fine folding  
of his draperies; for his pencil was for awhile timid: but it was not long  
ere he displayed more freedom; and was, in consequence, engaged to paint  
the ceiling of the same church, a work whose novelty and success  
conciliated public admiration, and became the stepping-stone to very  
honourable commissions from the Venetian senate.

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

Meanwhile, he enjoyed an opportunity of visiting Rome in the train of an ambassador, which journey contributed surprisingly to his professional advancement, of which, soon after his return, he exhibited the most convincing proofs in the Palazzo Publico at Venice.

From the church of *San Niccolo de Frari*, in this superb city, the present picture, one of the chief ornaments of our National Gallery, was brought into England; and it abounds with the beauties which now seemed to throng around the pencil of Paul Veronese, and with that ecclesiastical pomp and circumstance which was characteristic of the age and country in which he lived : “ Dignified features, selected for the most part from Nature, and embellished by Art; graceful movements; fine contrasts and expressions; noble vestments, both for their shapes and materials; perspective, that gives distance to objects without displeasing by its abruptness when near; and the most lively colours, whether similar or contrasted, and harmonized with a peculiar science of art, such as is not to be taught.” This last constitutes the grand charm of the work of our distinguished artist.

St. Nicholas is here represented before the Pontiff of the diocese, as passing through the ceremony of being consecrated Bishop of Myra, a town of Anatolia, in Western Asia. This locality has given the painter occasion, or at least afforded him the opportunity, of enriching his composition by the introduction of two orientally turbaned heads among his ecclesiastical group.

This fine picture was presented or transferred to the National Gallery by the Governors of the British Institution. Its height is 8 feet 10 inches, and its width 5 feet 8 inches.







J. B. H. 1750.

THE NATIVITY.

By J. B. H. 1750.

Engraved by J. B. H. 1750.

1750.







# SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

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## THE HOLY FAMILY,

No. 83.

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p. 83

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IN composition Sir Joshua Reynolds is here exceedingly picturesque, more so than most of those numerous ancient masters who have treated this popular and profoundly interesting subject; he is powerful in chiar'-oscuro, and rich in colour, (with the exception of those faded tints to which we shall presently advert,) and while he is thus technically meritorious, the moral dignity and religious importance of his holy group is sustained by a mixture of grandeur and beauty, which few even of the most celebrated of the old masters have surpassed.

The relative importance of the divine infants is ably discriminated. The robust little saint, the future Baptist of the Saviour himself, bears his symbolical cross, labelled (in the Latin language) with that exclamation with which he afterwards made the deserts ring, announcing, "The Lamb of God, that taketh away the sins of the world," which is here introduced with the utmost pertinence, since in the infant Saviour we really do "*behold the Lamb of God!*"

St. John is characteristically clad in his camel-skin mantle. His action is at the same time perfectly infantile, and properly respectful; something of the consciousness of a superior presence, being successfully indicated in the timid air with which he approaches; something of that comparative unworthiness which the Baptist, when arrived at a more mature age, denoted by professing that the latchet of the shoes of Jesus Christ he was not worthy to unloose. The superior air of divine regard on the part of the

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

infant Saviour, is worthy of the philosophical mind, and bold pencil of its author. Reynolds has sought for, and has found, a principle of elevating the simple innocence of infancy into deific intelligence; that is to say, of inculcating that the boys he has here painted, are not common boys, but infants of divine origin and destiny; and, in accomplishing this, has conferred a mental expression on Jesus Christ, above or beyond his age.

In the character of the countenance of his Madonna, the painter has probably not been quite so successful. Aiming at virgin innocence and simplicity, he has sunk too far toward insipidity; at least we cannot but think thus, when we compare it with our recollections of the best of the Madonnas of Raphael. But her action is perfectly maternal, while it is influenced by due solicitude for her inestimable charge.

St. Joseph, placed beyond the rest of the group, and his figure partially overshadowed, acts his subordinate part with calm dignity; and the benevolent and placid elevation of character which marks his countenance is so fine, that we may well suppose Reynolds had entire faith in the divine and royal pedigree, as deduced by the evangelists Matthew and Luke.

Mr. Ottley thinks that "the head and hands of Joseph appear to be somewhat faded." They are faded but little; while those persons who remember this fine picture as it hung in Macklin's Gallery, more than thirty years ago, will perceive with regret, that other parts of it are a good deal changed. The little Baptist was then hale and robust in complexion: his lower limbs appear now as if they were bruised, or he had already been wandering in the desert in ungenial weather.

On the whole, the present is esteemed to be one of the very best of Sir Joshua's historical compositions, and is quite worthy of the high rank he holds in modern art.

It was presented to the National Gallery by the Governors of the British Institution; and its dimensions are, 6 feet 5 inches; by 5 feet 9½ inches.







Engraved by J. G. Thompson

# THE TEMPLE OF THE GODS OF THE HARBOR

From the Collection of the Earl of Sandwich

London, 1795

Printed by J. G. Thompson







## CLAUDE LE LORRAINE.

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### EMBARKATION OF THE QUEEN OF SHEBA,

No. 84.

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P. 84

CLAUDE frequently gave an uncommon tenderness to his finished trees by glazing; and in his large compositions he was so exact, that the distinct species of every tree might be distinguished. Among his performances in that manner, one was on the four lofty walls of a saloon at Rome. On the first side, he represented the vestiges of an ancient palace, bounded by a grove, incomparably expressed as to the stems, barks, branchings, and foliage of the trees, the proportional grandeur of which, as well as the length of the grove, were beautifully set off by the shrubs and plants with which the ground was diversified. From thence the eye was conducted to the second wall, which exhibited an extensive plain, interspersed with mountains and falls of water; a variety of trees, plants, and animals; this part was connected with the third wall, on which was shown a sea-port at the foot of some high hills, with a view of the ocean. On the fourth wall were represented caverns, rocks, ruins of buildings, and fragments of statues. This composition, though divided into so many parts, constituted but one entire prospect, the beauty, truth, and variety of which, the power of language cannot express. The figures painted by himself are very indifferent; though Sandrart assures us, that he spent a great deal of time upon them. Some assert that he was so conscious of his deficiency in this respect, that he usually engaged other artists to paint them for him, among whom were Courtois and Filippo Laura; this however has been disputed, and seems to be very uncertain.

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

The remarks by the author of the Descriptive Catalogue on the picture of the Embarkation of the Queen of Sheba, are so elegantly written, and his criticism so just, that we cannot omit giving them.

“This picture is, in the general arrangement, not very dissimilar from that of St. Ursula, viewed in a reverse direction by means of a mirror. The canvass, however, is larger, and as, at the same time, the figures and other objects represented in it are fewer in number, the result is, that a greater degree of simplicity and grandeur of effect pervades the whole. Here, moreover, the matchless pencil of Claude has depicted the glorious orb of day itself, rising in majesty, and dispelling, with its life-giving rays, the vapours of the morning. On the right of the spectator, the Queen is seen descending the steps of her palace, attended by her train, and about to get into the boat, which is ready to receive her. A large round tower, especially, which is built in the sea, but connected with the edifice upon the shore by a bridge of a single arch, is most happily introduced: it is all in shade, and casting a delicate tint of shadow upon the steps and lower parts of the palace, helps to confine the light to the central parts of the picture, and thus to render its focus more resplendent; whilst through the arch of the bridge, and above it, another large building is ingeniously represented illuminated. The left edge of the picture is bounded by part of a triumphant arch, which rises from the foreground to the top of the canvass; behind it are seen part of two large vessels, and beyond are other vessels lying at anchor near the wall of a pier, which juts out far into the sea. In this performance, Claude has represented the sea under the influence of a swell, as if the previous day had been stormy; and, in consequence, the reflection of the sun upon the waves is interrupted at intervals. It is almost needless to add, that he has imitated this effect of Nature to perfection.”

This picture bears the name of Claudio, with the date 1648, and was painted for the Duke de Bouillon, who was one of the artist's earliest patrons.

Angerstein Collection—Length, 6 feet 7 inches; height, 4 feet, 11 inches.







1800

1801

1802

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# GASPAR POUSSIN.

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## A VIEW OF LA RICCIA.

No. 85.

p. 85

WHEN Horace performed his favourite journey to Brundisium, he travelled but fourteen miles the first day, and passed the night at ARICIA. The application of the modern article, and a consequent mistake in the spelling, very common in the beginning of Italian names, has changed the ancient appellation of this little town into LA RICCIA. Eustace says it is extremely well built, and pretty, particularly about the square, which is adorned with a handsome church on one side, and on the other with a palace, or rather a villa. It stands on the summit of a hill, and is surrounded with groves and gardens.

Of the ancient town, the resting-place of Horace, which was situated at the foot of the same hill on which stands the modern La Riccia, there remains only some few ruined arches, a circular edifice – once perhaps a temple—and a few scattered substructions. A fragment of wall which once belonged to it, overgrown with bushes, appears at the right-hand corner of the fore-ground of Gaspar's view. The site of La Riccia, and the scene of the landscape before us, is in fact the remains of an ancient stone-quarry, partially overgrown with shrubs, trees, and other verdure; a quarry that furnished the immense foundations of the Appian Way, which is formed of vast blocks of stone, and is one of the most striking monuments now remaining of Roman enterprise and workmanship. The quarry rose from the old town up the acclivity of the hill; and some of the blocks of the Appian Way are not less than twenty-four feet in breadth, by nearly sixty in elevation!

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

Mr. Ottley writes of the present landscape, "The fore-ground represents a winding road, with a group of three figures in conversation; two of them with a dog being seated on the ground, and the other standing." But there is another figure in shadow, further advanced along the road; and it should be mentioned, that he who stands near the fore-ground seems, by the action of his outstretched arms, either relating some alarming adventure, in the interest of which the other parties participate; or perhaps he is intended for a topographer, and is pointing, with pertinent local propriety, to the relative sites of the ancient and modern La Riccia.

These Italian-shaped towers and turrets, rising on rocky banks, and from among sylvan groves, with here and there a fountain trickling or gushing from the mountain-side, constitute a scene so much resembling the tenour of Gaspar Poussin's materials of landscape, that the connoisseur of taste is strongly inclined to suppose, either that this artist must have designed the modern town; or that La Riccia was his landscape school, or at least was one of his favourite haunts of study, and where he first conceived the elementary principles of his peculiar style. A winding road leading toward a town, crested as is the present with buildings of some antiquity and of a certain picturesque character, combined with woodland scenery, sometimes graced by a river, and bounded by distant mountains, seen through the tender haze of the atmosphere of a southern climate, are the most frequent and charming subjects of the pencil of this accomplished artist.

As Mr. Ottley has added, "The whole is very picturesque, and painted in Gaspar's best manner."

The picture was brought from the Corsini Palace at Rome, and is part of the magnificent bequest to the public of the late Rev. Holwell Carr.— It is 2 feet, 2 inches, in length; and 1 foot, 7 inches, high.







THE VIRGIN MARY  
WITH THE CHRIST CHILD  
BY MICHAEL ANGELO  
FROM A PAINTING BY  
MICHAEL ANGELO  
IN THE MUSEUM OF  
FLORENCE





# ANTONIO CORREGGIO.

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## THE HOLY FAMILY,

No. 86.

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p. 86

CORREGGIO was so called from the place of his nativity, but his family name was Allegri, or Leti. The year of his birth is uncertain, some placing it in 1490, and others in 1494. It cannot be doubted that he was descended of poor parentage, and that his education was very contracted. We have no account of his early life that can be depended upon, nor is the name of his master recorded; yet he must have made a rapid progress, and have acquired distinction in his art when young, for his genius was original, and he seems to have been indebted to his own conceptions for the eminence he attained. He saw none of the classical remains of Grecian and Roman art, nor any of the works of the established schools of his native country. Nature was his guide, and to express the facility with which he followed her dictates, he used to say, that he always had his thoughts at the end of his pencil. An easy and flowing pencil, union and harmony of colouring, and a perfect knowledge of the chiaro-oscuro, give such a surprising relief to all his pieces, as to have made them the admiration of every age. Annibale Caracci, who lived about fifty years after him, studied and imitated his manner in preference to that of any other master. "Every thing that I see (says he) astonishes me, particularly the colouring and beauty of the children, who live, breathe, and smile, with so much sweetness and vivacity, that it is impossible to refrain from partaking of their enjoyment. My heart, however, is ready to break, when I reflect on the unhappy fate of poor Correggio."



## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

Correggio never visited Rome, but remained at Parma, where he was employed to paint, in the cupola of the cathedral of Parma, a representation of the Assumption of the Virgin. This task he executed in a manner that has long been the object of admiration, for the grandeur of its design, the boldness of the foreshortening, and general excellence. On going to receive payment for his labour, the canons of the church, through ignorance or avarice, found fault with the work, and though the price originally agreed upon was moderate, they reduced it to less than one half, which they paid in copper money. To carry home this unworthy load to his indigent family, poor Correggio had to travel seven or eight miles; and the weight of his burden, the heat of the weather, and the depression of his spirits, threw him into a pleuritic fever, which in three days put an end to his life, in 1534.

In the beautiful picture of *The Holy Family*, the Madonna is employed in dressing the divine Infant, who, represented as a flaxen-haired boy of two or three years old, is seated, full of play, upon her lap. She has just succeeded in putting his right arm through the sleeve of his little coat, and is endeavouring by gentle stratagem to do the same with the left; nowise disconcerted by the constant changes of posture with which he seems to elude her attempts; for her countenance beams with an expression of inward delight, joined to a certain girlish pride, arising from a consciousness of the perfections of the infant entrusted to her; which, says an eminent critic, perhaps no painter except Correggio ever conceived; and which, notwithstanding the superior excellence of the work in other respects, constitutes the greatest charm of the picture.

Mengs describes this gem as one of the finest paintings in the Royal Collection at Madrid, to which it then belonged. It has since passed through various hands, until purchased at three thousand guineas for the National Gallery; a great price for so small a picture, but not too much, when its extraordinary merits are considered.

On wood: height, 13 inches; width, 9½ inches.





allen





## GASPAR POUSSIN.

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### LANDSCAPE, WITH SHEPHERD AND FLOCK.

No. 87.

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p. 87

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THE late possessor of this picture, the Rev. William Holwell Carr, who obtained it from the Corsini palace, has inscribed beneath it, "A View near Albano." Having resided for some considerable time in Italy, Mr. Carr probably knew the very spot which is here represented; and, from the picture being of the very same dimensions with the "View of Areccia," which must be in the same neighbourhood, and of which the reader will find an engraving elsewhere in our volume, the two landscapes are not unlikely to have been painted as companions. The ancient city of Alba Longa, built by Ascanius, and which preceded the foundation of Rome, is believed to have stood along the range of distant mountains of which part is seen in our view: but its ruins are no longer extant.

The collocation of parts is here extremely simple. A rustic road passes along the skirts of a wood; and a lofty, rocky bank on the left hand, crested and fringed with trees, flings its broad shadow across a flock of sheep that are passing from pen to pasture, headed by their shepherd. And that is all, excepting the distant mountains, and two rural swains who sit in the shade.

The shepherds of Virgil's time, and of times still nearer to the golden age than that of the Mantuan bard, were used—if bards may be credited—occasionally to contend, in poetry and music, for a carved bowl, a pastoral flute, or some other rural prize, alternately singing the praises of their

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

patrons or their mistresses. Gaspar, or his more learned relative, Nicholas Poussin, who often favoured him with professional hints, appears to have caught an idea homogeneous with those of the Roman poet, from reading his pastorals, and to have employed it in embellishing a scene which would certainly be far less interesting without this accompaniment. One of the rustics, who are sitting beneath the shady bank, appears to have sent forth some such challenge to the piping shepherd who is passing, as—

“Since my voice can match your tuneful reed,  
Why sit we not beneath the grateful shade  
Which hazels intermix’d with elms have made,” &c. &c.

And the shepherd, having taken his flageolet from his lips, appears to be responding—not his present acceptance of the invitation, but rather to be stating his own want of time and present opportunity; or perhaps, as we may conjecture from the turn of his countenance and the action of his right arm, he may be modestly repudiating the bad taste which he conceives has dictated the challenge.

Height, 1 foot 7 inches; width, 2 feet 2 inches.









CLASSICAL

THE THREE FOUNTAINS

By J. Smith del.

Large size. Engraved by the Museum, Finsbury Square, London





# JULIO ROMANO.

## AN ALLEGORICAL GROUP OF CHARITY.

No. 88.

p. 88

THE paternal name of Julio was Poppi. He obtained the cognomen of Romano, because, after the demise of Raphael, he became the head of the Roman school of Painting. He is also regarded as the founder of that of Mantua. He was the most distinguished of the disciples of Raphael, but he also studied the style of Michael Angelo, and resembled Raphael more in energy than in gracefulness and delicacy.

At the head of all painters, since the revival of art in Italy, Du Fresnoy has placed Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Julio Romano: and Sir Joshua Reynolds approves of and justifies the arrangement. He says, "They all justly deserve the high rank in which Du Fresnoy has placed them. Michael Angelo, for the grandeur and sublimity of his characters, as well as for his profound knowledge of design; Raphael, for the judicious arrangement of his materials, for the grace, the dignity, and the expression of his characters; and Julio Romano, for possessing the true poetical genius of painting, perhaps in a higher degree than any other artist whatever."

These are lofty praises, which we are far from wishing or meaning to controvert or countervail. And in another place Sir Joshua even says, that "Julio Romano had conceptions that were more extraordinary, more profound, and more elevated, than his master himself." But we may at least be allowed to inquire whether it is owing to the extraordinary, or profound, or elevated character of Julio's style, that he has in the present

instance expressed himself so as to be variously understood by his critics and commentators? or are those commentators, or one of them, in error? But we must state their difference.

While one of them calls the present picture "Latona, with her two Children at the Fountain;" another pronounces it to be intended for "*Charity*." The reader will exercise his own judgment here; but we are decidedly of opinion that it is *not* Latona at the fountain; not only because her two children (Diana and Apollo, by name) were notoriously *twins*, whereas one of these is six or eight months, at least, older than the other, and is evidently able to walk alone, while his brother is a nursing of the lap; but because the classic story of Latona at the fountain required the presence also of certain Carian peasants, of whom Julio Romano has presented us with not the least sign.

This picture, bequeathed to the National Gallery by the Rev. W. H. Carr, was formerly in the Aldobrandine collection. It is on panel, and is square, measuring 13 inches either way.













# CLAUDE LE LORRAINE.

## SINON BROUGHT BEFORE PRIAM

No. 89.

p. 89

THE subject introduced into this landscape is taken from the second book of the *Æneid*.

“Meantime, with shouts, the Trojan shepherds bring  
A captive Greek in bands, before the king—  
Taken, to take—who made himself their prey,  
T’ impose on their belief, and Troy betray;  
Fix’d on his aim, and obstinately bent  
To die undaunted, or to circumvent.  
About the captive, tides of Trojans flow;  
All press to see, and some insult the foe.  
Now hear how well the Greeks their wiles disguised:  
Behold a nation in a man comprised.  
Trembling the miscreant stood: unarm’d and bound,  
He stared, and rolled his haggard eyes around,  
Then said, ‘Alas! what earth remains, what sea  
Is open to receive unhappy me?  
What fate a wretched fugitive attends,  
Scorn’d by my foes, abandon’d by my friends!’  
He said, and sigh’d, and cast a rueful eye:  
Our pity kindles, and our passions die.  
We cheer the youth to make his own defence,  
And freely tell us what he was, and whence:  
What news he could impart, we long to know,  
And what to credit from a captive foe.

His fear at length dismiss’d, he said, ‘Whate’er  
My fate ordains, my words shall be sincere:  
I neither can, nor dare my birth disclaim;  
Greece is my country, Sinon is my name.  
Though plunged by Fortune’s power in misery,  
Tis not in Fortune’s power to make me lie.

If any chance has hither brought the name  
Of Palamedes, not unknown to fame,  
Who suffer’d from the malice of the times,  
Accused and sentenced for pretended crimes,  
Because the fatal wars he would prevent;  
Whose death the wretched Greeks too late lament—  
Me, then a boy, my father, poor and bare  
Of other means, committed to his care,  
His kinsman and companion in the war.  
While Fortune favour’d, while his arms support  
The cause, and ruled the counsels of the court,  
I made some figure there; nor was my name  
Obscure, nor I without my share of fame.  
But when Ulysses, with fallacious arts,  
Had made impression in the people’s hearts,  
And forged a treason in my patron’s name,  
(I speak of things too far divulged by fame)  
My kinsman fell. Then I, without support,  
In private mourn’d his loss, and left the court.  
Mad as I was, I could not bear his fate  
With silent grief, but loudly blamed the state,  
And cursed the direful author of my woes—  
’Twas told again; and hence my ruin rose.  
I threaten’d, if indulgent heaven once more  
Would land me safely on my native shore,  
His death with double vengeance to restore.  
This moved the murderer’s hate; and soon ensued  
Th’ effects of malice from a man so proud.

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

Ambiguous rumours through the camp he spread,  
And sought, by treason, my devoted head;  
New crimes invented; left unturn'd no stone,  
To make my guilt appear, and hide his own;  
Till Calchas was by force and threatening wrought—  
But why—why dwell I on that anxious thought?

If on my nation just revenge you seek,  
And 'tis t' appear a foe, t' appear a Greek;  
Already you my name and country know:  
Assuage your thirst of blood, and strike the blow:  
My death will both the kingly brothers please,  
And set insatiate Ithacus at ease."

DRYDEN'S VIRGIL.

The judicious author of the Descriptive Catalogue justly censures the figures in this landscape. "All the rest," says he, "is very beautiful. In the middle-ground, on the left, is seen part of a city—Troy, we suppose—situated on a rocky eminence: the gate to it being approached by a long flight of stone steps, on which are numerous figures ascending and descending. The whole of this is in shadow; upon a plain below, which is represented in a light middle-tint, are other small figures, some of them collected in groups, variously employed; and at the corner, at bottom, are seen the tops of two or three tents, and a standard. Nearer the centre is a group of two trees, the one full of dark green foliage, the other scantily supplied with leaves of a yellowish hue, which rises from the fore-ground to near the top of the picture; finely contrasting the other lines of the composition, and by its depth of colour, throwing back the extensive and varied scenery in the distance, with great truth of effect. To this picture Claude has given a somewhat cloudy sky, which afforded him a legitimate opportunity of availing himself as much as he pleased of accidental shadows; and this, we think, is the secret of the effect: for, upon the supposition of intervening clouds, the various tracts of country, wood, plain, water, or rising ground, represented in it, from the fore-ground to the extreme distance, are ingeniously made to recede behind each other, by being thrown, alternately, into light, middle-tint, or shadow. This picture, which is from the Ghigi Palace, is finely preserved." Length, 6 feet, 2½ inches; height, 3 feet, 9 inches.

Bequeathed by the Rev. W. H. Carr.







Engraved by J. Outram.

G A N Y U

*From the Trimalchus in the*

Finsbury Square, London







## TITIANO VECELLIO.

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### GANYMEDE.

No. 90.

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p. 90

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THIS picture has not been so highly thought of as other works contained in the National Gallery from the pencil of the same artist; and has been supposed to have been produced at an advanced period of the painter's life. Titian died of the plague at the age of ninety-six.

His Ganymede is not at all handsome in countenance, nor more than a mere unintelligent, stout-made, rustic, Phrygian boy, such as without notice might have herded sheep on Mount Ida. He here reclines prone on the back of the Eagle, who is bearing him upward among the clouds, with some gracefulness of attitude. His ably drawn limbs and figure are boldly foreshortened and well-coloured, the warmer carnations being judiciously and skilfully blended with the cooler grey tints of the shadows, and harmonizing with a pale crimson scarf, which floats about tastefully as the Eagle flies.

The dark plumage of the bird, supported as it is by the prevailing grey tints of the clouds, affords a fine relief for the figure of Ganymede; but the attitude of the eagle appears somewhat awkward and constrained.

There is nothing of Greek beauty; nothing exquisite; nothing for a deity to have fallen in love with, about the face or figure of Titian's Ganymede. Now, Ganymede is fabled to have been a lovely youth, who, according to one legend, was the son of a Trojan king, and kept his

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

father's sheep on Mount Ida; but, according to another, he was hunting there, when Jupiter, becoming enamoured of him, despatched his eagle with orders to bring him to heaven, where he became cup-bearer to the gods. As Titian has placed a bow in his right hand, he has evidently preferred the latter legend.

From the upward gaze of the eagle and of the young hunter, it might be supposed that the artist intended to indicate that they were approaching the presence of the king of the gods; but a third version of the story informs us, that the eagle was no other than Jupiter himself, thus metamorphosed.

It has been conjectured, but we think without sufficient reason, that this picture was intended to fill the central compartment of a ceiling. For such a purpose it is by no means well calculated; since, by shewing the back of the bird, and the boy resting on that back, it inculcates, according to every rational rule of perspective, that the spectator is looking *down*; which, if you suppose it to have been the central compartment of a ceiling, must have appeared—certainly no painted *deception*, but a painted absurdity rather—as any one may convince himself by holding the print horizontally over his head, and looking up at it. He who would know how a painted ceiling ought to be treated, should study those of Rubens, which were so finely engraved in the Low Countries, in which all the figures and other objects are foreshortened upward, exactly as they would be if you were looking up at mythological transactions in the clouds.

The picture came from the Colonna palace, and was in Mr. Angerstein's collection. Its dimensions are 5 feet 8 inches in height, and the same in width.













# PARMEGIANO.

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## THE VISION OF SAINT JEROME.

No. 91.

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p. 91

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PARMEGIANO, or Parmegianino (according to the more recent Italian writers on art), was bestowed as an honourable cognomen upon Francesco Mazzuoli, an artist of deserved renown, who was born at Parma, in the year 1504. He was the pupil of his uncles, Michele and Filippo, and, at the age of nineteen, had attained considerable celebrity, having, before that time, attached himself with ardour to the study of the works of his contemporary, Coreggio. He then journeyed to Rome, and some of his productions which he carried with him were the means of introducing him to the reigning pontiff, Clement VII., who appreciated and highly honoured him.

Michael Angelo and Raphael now became his models, with whose great and various attainments he had the skill to blend what he had previously learned from Coreggio and Nature, and, under the influence of this newly-acquired gusto, he charmed the taste for elegance which then prevailed in the eternal city, by the production of several extraordinary works. He remained there, following his professional pursuits with youthful ardour, during the siege of Rome by the Colonnas; but, going to visit some friends, was made prisoner, and, after his ransom, his uncles, under some alarm for his safety, caused him to return to his native city. But he stopped awhile at Bologna, and, whilst there, is believed by some, from his previously-acquired chemical knowledge, to

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have invented the art of etching on copper plates. It is certain that he here produced a few of such works, where the elegance of his taste peers through the roughness and imperfection of undisciplined materials.

The then fashionable and alluring study of alchemy seized upon Mazzuoli's attention, soon after his return to Parma: he wasted much of his time and fortune in vain attempts at golden transmutation, and died there, at the early age of thirty-seven, leaving an unfinished vaulted ceiling behind him, which, according to Professor Barry, "exhibits powers that, if fully displayed, might have exceeded either Raphael or Michael Angelo."

The Vision of St. Jerome was painted whilst Parmegiano remained at Rome, as an altar-piece for the church of St. Salvador, at Città di Castello. It represents the figure of the Madonna, seated on a radiant glow of celestial glory, upon a crescent, and among clouds, as the enthroned Queen of Heaven; with the infant Saviour standing between her knees. Below, is that of the Baptist, looking toward the spectator, and pointing upward to the deities. And, in a cavern apart, St. Jerome lies dreaming, with one arm embracing a crucifix.

The late Marquis of Abercorn purchased this picture in Italy, of Signor Dumo, for 1500*l.*, and sold it to Mr. Davis, of Bristol, for a much larger sum (3000*l.* if we are rightly informed); of whom it was finally purchased by the Governors of the British Institution, and placed in the National Picture Gallery. It is painted on wood, arched at the top, and measures about 8 feet 10 inches by 5 feet 8 inches.







after William L. Freeman

THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS, BY WILLIAM L. FREEMAN.

From the original picture by William L. Freeman.

Printed by J. H. B. & Co.

London: J. H. B. & Co. 1848.







# REMBRANDT VAN RHYN.

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## CHRIST TAKEN DOWN FROM THE CROSS.

No. 92.

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Is engraved from a sketch in *chiar'-oscur*, that is to say, in oils, but divested of local colour. What Mr. Ottley has written of this work, is much to our purpose. He says, "The masterly performance now before us represents the dead body of Christ, lying at the foot of the cross, in the lap of his mother, who, overcome by the intenseness of her grief, has fallen into a swoon, and is assisted by the women her companions, and other disciples. Meanwhile the penitent malefactor, who, with his associate in guilt, still remains on his cross, looks down with reverential gratitude upon the crucified Saviour, full of the promise recently made to him of future happiness, and unmindful of present suffering. The whole is admirable for the effect, finely composed, and full of expression; leaving us only to regret—what, alas! is too generally to be lamented in the scriptural pieces of this great genius—that Rembrandt should have descended so very low in the scale of humanity, when seeking for models to assist him in representing the figures of Christ, and of his virgin mother. The portentous appearances which the artist has introduced into the sky, over the devoted city in the back-ground, are sublimely conceived, and add greatly to the dignity of the picture."

A bright light bursts from the sky of Rembrandt's picture, over the holy cross, illumines the principal group, and gleams with subdued brilliancy on the distant towers and temple of Jerusalem. Near the fore-ground, distinguished by his superior air and oriental habiliments, stands Joseph of Arimathea, as if to give directions respecting the removal to the sepulchre

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

of the dead body of Christ; but the swooning of the Madonna, and the sudden and necessary demands on the attention of St. John and the holy women, has caused those directions to be suspended for the moment. Behind this opulent proselyte, and in another turbaned head-dress, is a bearded and venerable figure, probably intended for Nicodemus, who had visited Jesus by night; and from a pharisaical logician having become a Christian convert, had upon the present occasion brought with him myrrh and aloes, wherewith to embalm the body of the Saviour. Embracing the feet of Jesus Christ, and absorbed in the extremity of her grief, is Mary Magdalen.

In these respects, Rembrandt's *deposition* from the cross (as Lanzi properly terms it) perfectly accords with the version of St. John, who having been himself *present* at the crucifixion, was master of more of the details of that important event, than the other Evangelists. The Gospel of this beloved disciple—who in the group before us appears immediately beyond Salome, or Mary the wife of Cleophas, pointing to the suffering Madonna— informs us, that “ Joseph of Arimathea, a disciple of Jesus (but secretly for fear of the Jews), besought Pilate that he might take away the body of Jesus: and Pilate gave him leave. He came, therefore, and took the body of Jesus.

“ And there came also Nicodemus (which at the first came to Jesus by night) and brought a mixture of myrrh and aloes, of about an hundred pound weight.

“ Then they took the body of Jesus, and wound it in linen cloths with the spices, as the manner of the Jews is to bury.”

This little picture was purchased at the sale of Sir Joshua Reynolds; and was presented to the National Gallery by the late Sir Geo. Beaumont. It is 1 foot, 1 inch, by 10½ inches, in dimensions.







J. M. W. Turner del. J. Smith sculp.





# DOMENICHINO.

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## ST. JEROME AND THE ANGEL,

No. 93.

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P. 93

ST. JEROME was a studious recluse and distinguished theologian of the fourth century of the Christian era, who, after travelling in pursuit of divine knowledge from Italy, to Antioch, and to Jerusalem, finally founded a monastery at Bethlehem, by the assistance of Paula, (a devout Christian lady,) over which he presided.

For the more complete abstraction of his mind from all temporal concerns, he is reported to have occasionally inhabited a cavern in the deserts of Syria, where a lion attended and guarded him, and where he lived a hermit life, absorbed in the study of the sacred Scriptures. Here he wrote critical dissertations on particular texts, and here, (if traditionary legends are to be listened to,) he, in part at least, effected that Latin version of the Old Testament which is since adopted by the Catholic church, and is commonly distinguished by the appellation of “the Vulgate.”

Domenichino has represented the holy hermit seated within this rocky retirement, engaged in his pious labours, with his books and antique scrolls of reference open before him, and nearly in a state of nudity—a scarlet mantle, which passes across his knees, and is loosely thrown over his shoulders, being his only covering. His limbs are of Herculean mould, and are finely drawn; his figure bearing some (though not very near) resemblance to the celebrated statue of Moses, from the chisel of Michael Angelo. The scarlet colour of his drapery denotes that he had attained the clerical dignity of a cardinal of the church of Rome. A



#### THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

cardinal's hat, too, rests against the skull, which groups with some books, constituting the cavern library of the holy student, whose guardian lion is present, but is too small to be very formidable. Several caverns, which were formerly tenanted by hermits, are yet remaining, according to the accounts of travellers, about "the Mountain of Temptation"—the scene of Milton's *Paradise Regained*—of which Jerome is, by the monkish historians, believed to have inhabited one: but these are chiefly near the summit of the said mountain, and Domenichino appears not to have contemplated this circumstance, his distant horizon being low. But a glimpse of the Jordan and some woodland, appear in the distance. That an angel should have assisted the saint in such pious and profound studies, will surprise no good Catholic. But the figure of Domenichino's angel is somewhat heavy, particularly the arms: his complexion is delicate, as doubtless it should be, when compared with the robustness of that of the mortal; and his light crimson drapery, while it plays round his figure, partakes of his floating motion. The rocky cave is dark and formless, except where its mouth, fringed with foliage, cuts against the sky.

The beard of St. Jerome is abundant and curling, and his countenance characteristically thoughtful and austere. It must be granted that the distance wants air, as most distances do that were painted before the time of Claude: but the effect, though somewhat too cutting and *liney* in certain parts, is, on the whole, broad and impressive.

Beneath the foot of a stick, which serves to support the books and hermitage furniture, may be obscurely traced a kid's head, at the right-hand corner of the fore-ground, of which we do not understand the meaning; unless it should be intended to imply that the attendant lion took his meals within the cave, and that it was, in fact, no other than a lion's den, which the saint had selected and converted to a scene of theological study.

The picture is from the Carr Collection; and its dimensions are 1 foot, 8 inches, by 1 foot, 3½ inches. It was formerly repositied in the Aldobrandini palace.









# ZAMPIERI,

COMMONLY CALLED DOMENICHINO.

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## TOBIT AND THE ANGEL,

No. 94.

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THE picture which has been thus denominated, represents a wild and secluded scene, without other human habitation, or sign of human habitation, than a distant castle on a rock—unless a few white specks in the extreme distance, bearing some resemblance to tents of those wandering Arabs, who, from the earliest periods, have made this part of Asia their occasional residence—may be so esteemed. It is such a scene as we may well suppose to have been not uncommon on the banks of the river Tigris to the southward of Nineveh, before Mesopotamia and Media were denuded of their wood.

Sequestered in situation and solemn in tone, the present subject was so far congenial with the native powers of Domenichino, and would appear, therefore, to have been selected by that princely donor, to whom the public taste, so long as these noble works shall last, will be so deeply indebted, as a favourable specimen of this artist's abilities on a small scale.

But Domenichino—less accurately versed in the Old Testament, and Apocrypha, than in the New—has painted the Angel who accompanied Tobit, *with wings*, although, as the sacred volume informs us, he had assumed the disguise of Azarias, the son of Ananias the Great; and has covered Tobit with drapery, notwithstanding he was bathing in the Tigris when the “great fish” attacked him.

This deception on the part of the archangel Raphael—for it was a



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celestial messenger of no inferior degree who accompanied Tobit to Ecbatana—has been objected to by certain critics and commentators, as unworthy of heavenly adoption; which may have been one reason why the whole legend is regarded as apocryphal. On the other hand, the Hebrew scholars and casuists insist, that, as *Azarias* literally means *help from God*, the word of promise was mystically kept with the young traveller, while a divine purpose was accomplished by the dissembling.

In either case, our Bolognese artist, who confessedly had not the organs of scholarship, (for in his youth he had been found incompetent to those literary pursuits for which his parents had at first intended him), has been inadvertent or uncritical in introducing the disguised angel Raphael with an ample and conspicuous pair of wings. It is granted that other artists have done the same; and perhaps the piety of the painters might feel some alarm: they might entertain conscientious scruples, and might hold it to be a species of misprision to paint a dissembling angel; or they might fancy an angel could not properly be an angel, without wings; whereas the Hebrew word, which the Bible translators have rendered *angel*, has no necessary reference to wings, but signifies simply a *messenger*. And hence in the primitive ages of Christianity each of the “seven churches” retained an appointed officer, whose duty was to perform journeys and deliver messages between and among the bishops and deacons; and these officers were styled the *angels* of those churches respectively.

This picture has been treated of as if the time it represented were morning. Projected shadows are long both in the morning and evening; and the cool freshness of Domenichino's tints might well lead even a critical observer into the supposition; but if the artist intended a morning, we cannot but notice it as another inadvertency on his part; for the book of Tobit expressly says, “As they went on their journey, they came in the *evening* to the river Tigris,” &c. &c.

The picture is painted on a plate of copper, and is 1 foot 5½ inches by 1 foot 1¼ inch. As we have intimated above, it was bequeathed to the National Gallery by the late Rev. W. H. Carr.













## LODOVICO MAZZOLINI.

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THE HOLY FAMILY, WITH ST. FRANCIS, ST. ELIZABETH, &c.

No. 95.

p. 95

LODOVICO MAZZOLINI was of Ferrara, and, like Ercole Grandi, learned the rudiments of the art of painting from Lorenzo Costa. Like him, too, he here presents us with one of the *curiosities* of reviving Art; and the style in which it is executed corresponds so essentially with Lanzi's description of that of Mazzolini, as to place its ascription to that artist beyond all question.

After clearing his earlier biography of certain doubts, of small interest to us moderns, the Abaté proceeds to state that he did not excel in large figures, but possessed rare merit in those on a smaller scale, which of course is to be understood with reference to his contemporaries and predecessors, and not to artists of subsequent ages.

We esteem the subject of the present picture to be a visit paid by St. Elizabeth, and her husband, Zacharias, the priest,—here (by pictorial license) personated by St. Francis,—to the Holy Family while residing at Nazareth, according to the Gospel of St. Luke. They have brought with them their son, the infant Baptist. The Holy Infants are very frequently brought together thus by the Italian artists; and as the one was only six months older than the other, the painters derived hence the most favourable opportunities of depicting the domestic charities in more than their native loveliness, because heightened by the sanctitude of religious sentiment. Yet the license by which a monkey is here added to the group, may well appear somewhat equivocal.

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St. Joseph, with the Madonna and infant Saviour, receive their visitors seated in front of a sort of triumphal arch of marble, adorned with antique sculptures of battles in relievo, the lower one bearing some general resemblance to the famous marbles of Phygalia, now in the British Museum. Whether the artist (as may be supposed) meant any juxta-position of the sentiments of "Peace and good-will towards men," which was now dawning on the world under the Christian dispensation, to the pagan wars of preceding ages; whether he had in mind that these holy and humble founders of the Christian faith established themselves and the new religion on the ruins of former triumphs; we cannot be certain: but in either issue, the circumstance coincides with what Lanzi and Baruffaldi have recorded of Lodovico's predilection for the antique relievos, as *materiel* in his compositions; and also shows that such monuments were now re-appearing in Italy, and exciting due reverence and corresponding influence on the reviving arts.

The chiar'oscuro of this picture is far better than that of Grandi's. The draperies, being all of a sombre cast, form a dark mass, which confers due brightness on the heads and on the marble sculptures.

Mr. Carr obtained this picture from the Durazzo palace at Genoa. Its dimensions are 1 foot  $8\frac{3}{4}$  inches by 1 foot  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches.









Jones & Co Temple of the Muses Finsbury 1801





# ANGIOLO BRONZINO.

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## THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

No. 96.

p. 26

FLORENCE gave birth to Angiolo Bronzino, in the year 1511. He studied under Pantormo, whose style, precepts, and manner, he so closely followed, that their works are sometimes mistaken for those of each other. But he also cultivated literature: he is held in some estimation as a poet; and took part with his pen in a dispute which was uselessly and somewhat invidiously carried on in Italy, during the sixteenth century, as to whether painting or sculpture ought to be esteemed the superior art.

Pilkington says that "his works at Pisaro, Florence, and Pisa bear lasting testimony to his merits; nor was he less esteemed and respected for his amiable qualities, than for his professional talents. His taste of design was grand; his pencil neat, but free; his colouring resembled that of Pantormo; and in his draperies he imitated the manner of Michel Angelo Buonaroti. He died in the year 1580."

These encomiums seem to belong to an artist of somewhat higher attainments than the Abati Lanzi ascribes to Bronzino, or than would seem to appertain to the painter of the present portrait; nor have we the opportunity of knowing whether it be an early work, since it bears no date. One of the first expedients in painting; one of the most artless, obvious, and immature rules of art, is to relieve light from dark, and bring dark off light, with little coquetry or address; and in the present picture, the green curtain constituting the back-ground, is so managed—according

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to the old Florentine system of effect, that the light part comes behind the dark side of the head, and *vice versa*. Yet this picture comes quite up to the mark of Lanzi's estimate of Bronzino's merits as a painter of portraits. "Many of his portraits (says this intelligent writer) in Italian collections of paintings are praiseworthy for their truth and spirit; but their character is frequently diminished by the colour of the flesh, which sometimes partakes of a leaden hue, and at other times appears of a dead white, on which the red appears like rouge. But a yellowish tint is the predominant colour in his pictures, and his greatest fault is a want of relief."

The *nameless* Lady before us—we wish (by the way) that my Lord Aberdeen, or some other senator of known taste for the Fine Arts, would bring a bill into parliament, compelling portrait painters to write their names, and the names of those whom they portray, on the backs, or somewhere about their pictures, for the benefit of posterity.—The nameless Lady is dressed in white, now somewhat soiled by the wear, with red sleeves, and puffed up and puckered shoulders, which look as preposterous as our modern ladies' sleeves will appear to future ages. She wears a bead necklace, and her dark brown hair appears beneath a sort of close Venetian, rolled-up turban, simple in form, but richly brodered; and her full bosom seems by no means pleasurably compressed by old-fashioned stays.

There is something fine about the face of this Florentine Lady, and seeming to betoken that she belongs to the Boccaccio coterie. It has been called "pretty," but is too grave and sedate, we think, for the correct applicability of the epithet. It is tranquil and mild in character, and in its pictorial treatment somewhat resembles the heads from the pencil of Da Vinci, though with more of the leaden hue which the Abati Lanzi notices; and with more of obscurity and less of reflex light in the shadows.

The picture is from the Collection of the Duke de San Vitali, of Parma, It was bequeathed to our National Gallery by the Rev. W. Holwell Carr; is painted on panel, and measures 1 foot 10 $\frac{3}{4}$  inches, by 1 foot 7 inches.















# GASPAR POUSSIN.

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## STORM, WITH DIDO AND ENEAS.

No. 97.

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p. 27

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THE power of Gaspar Poussin, in painting a land storm, we have already witnessed, and endeavoured to describe. Another dreadful tempest, but of a more supernatural and overwhelming character, is here presented to our notice. Dark clouds and drenching rains sublimely envelope the landscape: the thunder is rolling, and the celestial powers,

“Venus, and Hymen, and the queen of Heaven,  
Ride in the whirlwind and direct the storm.”

Dryden conditionally denounces the reckless or luckless mortal who should dare to select this subject from the Eneid, and let the lightnings flash among the cavern mysteries; but Gaspar, with congenial feeling, has felicitously avoided the denunciation and its penalties, by wrapping his cavern in gloom, while the light flashes brightly on the dogs and horse of his hero, and the allegorical loves who are introduced as poetical agents in the amatory adventure. By the way, the said horse should not have been saddled. Gaspar Poussin had not seen the Elgin marbles; neither probably did he consult his uncle Nicholas concerning this saddle, who was too good an antiquary, we think, to have advised its introduction.

At a distance, those who had accompanied Eneas to the chase, are scattering in wild dismay; and on the fore-ground, a tree has been shattered by the violence of the storm. The prevailing murkiness which we have formerly commended, and which Gasparo so well knew how to paint, re-appears here with great advantage.

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Modern scholastic critics have asserted that the hand of Time has injured this picture; “or perhaps the indiscreet use of some preparation of lead in the colours, and that the work has consequently assumed a dark hue, absorbing entirely the original colouring, and blending all in one mass of deep black shade, so that the details are with difficulty made out.”

Some little truth there may be in this supposition, but, we apprehend, not much. The picture has always been murkily and gloomily dark, and ought to be so, or it would not else accord with the poetry whence it is avowedly derived. When Juno lets Venus into the secret of her goddess-ship’s contrivance,—for be it known that Dido and Eneas are but puppets in this amatory tempest,—she says,

“Attend my counsel, and the secret share.  
When next the sun his rising light displays,  
And gilds the world below, with orient rays;  
The queen, Eneas, and the Tyrian court,  
Shall to the shady woods, for sylvan game resort.  
There, while the huntsmen pitch their toils around,  
And cheerful horns from side to side resound,  
*A pitchy cloud shall cover all the plain*  
*With hail, and thunder, and tempestuous rain;*  
The fearful train shall take their speedy flight  
Dispersed, *and all involved in gloomy night:*  
One cave a grateful shelter shall afford,  
To the fair princess and the Trojan lord.”

All of which happens accordingly; and the reader who shall enter into the comparison, will probably coincide with us, that Gaspar Poussin’s tempest is not darker, or more terribly obscure or drenching, than that raised by the queen of heaven, according to the description of the Roman poet. The figures in this piece are supposed to be painted by Albano and Francisco Mola.

The picture is 7 feet, 4 inches, by 4 feet, 10 inches; it was in the Rev. W. H. Carr’s collection, and formerly in the Falconieri palace.













# TITIANO VECELLIO.

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## VENUS AND ADONIS.

No. 98.

p. 98

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MORNING has arrived : the young hunter of Lebanon has sprung from his verdant and voluptuous couch. Grasping his feather-winged javelin in his right hand, holding his hounds in a leash with his left, and with his bugle slung by his side, he is ready to start for his favourite recreation of the chase: that is to say—the chase, as it was followed in the days of Adonis, before the sportsmen of western Asia were in possession of the equestrian arts. But Venus, dreading or anticipating a sad catastrophe, and reluctant to part from her lover, throws her arms around him, and would constrain him to remain.

The contending sentiments placed in this picturesque and poetical juxta-position, are well expressed. The group is of great beauty. A white veil or scarf hangs from the shoulder of the goddess, and over her right knee; her fair hair, braided, and rolled up *à la Grec*, is adorned with a wreath of large pearls (extremely appropriate to a goddess, who had risen from the sea), which, with the white scarf, before mentioned, confers *such* value on the carnation tints of her flesh, as painters delight to contemplate.

The character and expression of the countenance of Venus is affectionate, entreating, and would be resistless, but for the superior force of destiny. It breathes of love and the tenderest solicitude, as if anticipating the cruel stratagem of Mars: to all of which the hunter-youth—(Titian might, without impropriety, have spared him a little more beauty of countenance)—is totally insensible. Cupid is represented as sleeping

under the shade of trees in the back-ground, upon one of which hangs his bow and quiver of arrows—a thought worthy of an artist who was both painter and poet—intended, no doubt, to denote that unless Love be first awakened, Beauty may sue in vain.

There is nothing meretricious in this fine design; although its subject might seem calculated to entice a painter, who was not of a superior cast, towards such seducement. Its prevailing tones of colour declare the warmth of the climate, (of Byblos), and of the subject, the picture being nearly free from cold tints, and its shadows sustained by a neutral grey. The red draperies harmonize so admirably with the flesh tints, a shrewd observer might guess that our own Reynolds had studied this picture whilst forming his style, and that it suggested the numerous red curtains, &c. which accompany his portraits. The three hounds which Adonis holds in thin leathern traces, group exceedingly well with the rest of the composition. Better dogs—nor any other so good—had not then been painted, for Snyders had not yet appeared: and with poetic meaning, they seem, at least two of them, to snuff the game-tainted gales of the morning.

The picture was one in the Colonna-palace at Rome, but came to the National Gallery with the Angerstein collection. Its dimensions are 6 feet 2 inches by 5 feet 9 inches.













## GUIDO RENI.

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ST. JEROME,

No. 99.

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p 99

IN designating this fine old head after Guido, we have not departed from our usual rule of adopting the titles we find inscribed on the picture frames at the National Gallery, and on the printed catalogues: else, as we do not suppose the painter intended it for a St. Jerome, we should not have termed it such. We do not suppose it, because, had he so intended, we should (as wherever this holy personage has been painted or delineated by an able master) have been treated with something of the polemic and resolute character of a father of the Church so celebrated as St. Jerome; or his friendly Lion, or some signs of his literature, would have made their appearance in the picture.

It is in fact simply an aged, but vigorous and devout Hermit, near the entrance of his rocky cell, resting his left arm on a skull, that he may remember Death, and contemplating a crucifix, that he may inherit eternal life.

The painter of this devout personage, Guido Reni, was born at Bologna, in the year 1574, and studied in the far-famed school of the Caracci. He had previously been for a while the pupil of Denis Calvaert, a Flemish artist of considerable reputation; but the fame and the splendid talents of Lodovico and of Annibal, and the manifest grace and grandeur of their works, attracted his attention, and he soon became the principal ornament of their school. He subsequently migrated to Rome, where he studied the works of Caravaggio and of Raphael, and incor-

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

porating what he thus learned with his previous acquirements, formed a style of art for himself.

The execution of his pictures is of the most free and agreeable kind, his touch being light, full, and delicate; and though his works are finished very highly, yet they exhibit no appearance of labour. In expression he sometimes attained the greatest perfection, of which the "Ecce Homo," or head of the suffering Saviour, in the Louvre, is a fine example. The late President West had a duplicate of this picture, and there is a fine engraving from it by W. Sharp.

But Guido is, notwithstanding, accused of being addicted to the artificial grace of the theatre: and it has been said that his figures too often appear rather to act than to feel. Yet such was for a while the high respect paid to his abilities, that during the meridian of his life he was crowned with honour and riches.

It is lamentable to add that the vice of gaming, in which he too fatally indulged, deprived him of both, and embittered the remainder of his life, by reducing him to poverty and disgrace. He died at the age of sixty-seven.

The dimensions of the picture are 3 feet 10½ inches, by 3 feet 10 inches; and it is in the Collection of the Rev. W. Holwell Carr.







THE HARBOUR OF  
LONDON

FROM THE  
TOWER OF LONDON





# CLAUDE OF LORRAINE.

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## A SEAPORT OF ITALY.

No. 100.

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p. 100

THE three seaports from the pencil of Claude, which are contained in the National Gallery, are not exactly those which taste would have selected from the works of this distinguished artist, for a National Collection, had opportunity of choice been afforded, and either the fame of the painter or the gratification of the public been consulted. They too much resemble each other, and are all composed too much upon the principle of scenes painted for a theatre, where the spectator is conceived to be looking toward the natural horizon, and screens must jut out from either side of the stage or proscenium.

The spectator is now supposed to be looking seaward from a portion of the strand near a commercial quay, at a fine sun-set. The solar orb is within the picture, far declined toward the horizon, and flinging its lengthened stream of light across the undulating billows toward the foreground, except where its rays are intercepted by a boat, ship, or other distant object.

The precise time of the evening is indeed ingeniously indicated by the introduction of a clock-dial on the façade of one of the nearer edifices—a palace, or hall of commerce—where its hand points to the hour of five. It is therefore the autumnal season of a southern climate that is here depicted, but before the leaves have fallen from the trees.

Collectively, the scene is a commercial port, bordered by towers, arches, and other buildings, to which grand flights of steps ascend from the water's



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edge. A palace is at a distance; and nearly on the same plane, or in the offing, is a castle, and a lofty beacon or watch-tower, which projects its length of shade across the harbour; the reflection of the sun's disk striking on the sea at the angle of incidence, with nice attention to the laws of perspective, and the truth of Nature.

It appears to us that a sentiment of serene commercial prosperity, such as cannot fail to have moral influence on the mind of the beholder, is here intended by the artist; and let us add, is here accomplished. Accordingly, at least one argosie or merchant-ship of burthen—a near object, which has entered the harbour from the right hand, and which it would appear had recently arrived from foreign parts—is coming to an anchor. Mariners are towing her to her moorings by means of a rope, and it would seem that a merchant, impatient for news, was, with his friend, about to board her in a boat which appears not far from the fore-ground. Other marine and mercantile figures are seen variously occupied; but chiefly in giving and receiving such local directions as fancy easily supplies.

The fore-ground is bestrewed with fragments of columns and other architectural adjuncts, upon one of which, in the left-hand corner, is inscribed “Claudio, inv. Roma, 1644.”

The dimensions of the picture are 4 feet 3 inches in length, by 3 feet 3 inches in height. It was in the Angerstein Collection.







NO. THE EMPEROR THEODOSIUS ADMITTANCE INTO





# V A N D Y C K.

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THEODOSIUS, &c.

No. 101.

P. 101

SIR ANTHONY VANDYCK was born at Antwerp, March 22, 1598-9. His father was a merchant, and his mother, Cornelia Kersboom, distinguished herself by her genius in painting flowers. Anthony was first placed with Henry Van Balen, but afterwards with Rubens, under whom he made such progress, as to be able to assist in the works from which he learned. While at this excellent school, the following anecdote is told of him: Rubens having left a picture unfinished one night, and going out contrary to custom, his scholars took the opportunity of sporting about the room; when one, more unfortunate than the rest, striking at his companion with a maul-stick, chanced to throw down the picture, which not being dry, received some damage. Vandyck, being at work in the next room, was prevailed on to repair the mischief; and when Rubens came next morning to his work, first going at a distance to view his picture, as is usual with painters, and having contemplated it a little, he cried out suddenly, that he liked the piece far better than he did the night before.

Rubens discovering in his pupil an amiable temper, joined to the most promising talents, took a pleasure in cultivating both, by not concealing from him any part of that knowledge which he had himself attained by long experience. Rubens at this time gave him two pieces of advice: the first was, to devote himself to portraits, in which he foresaw he would excel; and the second, to make the tour of Italy, where he would have an opportunity of extending his studies. Vandyck accordingly set out for Italy, and stopping at Genoa, painted there many excellent portraits. From thence he went to Venice, Rome, and other parts of Italy, and

#### THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

returned to Antwerp. But the advantages he reaped in his own country were not proportioned to his merits, and as he loved to make a figure, he resolved to augment his fortune by a visit to England, where he had heard of the favour King Charles the First showed to the arts. On his arrival he lodged with Geldorp, a painter, hoping to be introduced to the king; but owing to some means, with which we are unacquainted, this was not accomplished, and he went back to Antwerp, greatly chagrined by his disappointment. The king, however, soon learning what a treasure had been within his reach, ordered Sir Kenelm Digby, who had sat to Vandyck, to invite him over. He immediately complied, and was lodged among the king's artists at Blackfriars. Thither his majesty went often by water, and viewed his performances with singular delight, frequently sitting to him himself, and bespeaking pictures of the queen, his children, and courtiers. Charles was so well pleased with this painter, that he conferred the honour of knighthood on him at St. James's, July 5, 1632, and the following year he granted him a pension of two hundred pounds a year, with the title of painter to his majesty. He continued to reside in England till his death in 1641.

Lord Orford has enumerated the best of his pictures, but the entire number is too great for our limits. Among those of transcendent excellence, however, we may notice the portrait of Charles the First, on horseback, in armour, at Blenheim; another, a whole-length in his coronation robes, engraved by Strange, and exhibiting, in his opinion, one of the most perfect characters of the unfortunate monarch; George Villiers, the second duke of Buckingham, and lord Francis his brother, when children, at Kensington; Philip, earl of Pembroke, at Wilton; where, Walpole says, Vandyck is on his throne, the great saloon being entirely furnished by his hand.

The picture of the Emperor Theodosius, &c. is copied, with variations by Vandyck, after one by Rubens, and is supposed to be equal, if not superior, to the original. With the affection of a grateful pupil, Vandyck has introduced the portrait of his master into the composition.

From the Angerstein Collection: height, four feet ten inches; width, three feet nine inches.











# SEBASTIAN DEL PIOMBO.

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## THE RAISING OF LAZARUS.

No. 102.

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p. 102

THE historian of the Roman and Venetian schools records of Sebastian del Piombo that he was the most distinguished of the disciples of Giorgione, to whose school he attached himself after quitting that of Bellini, "and, in the tone of his colouring and the fulness of his forms, imitated him better than any other artist." (He should, perhaps, have excepted Titian.) Invited to Rome by Agostino Chigi, he obtained there the reputation of being one of the first colourists of the age, and was incited to compete with Raphael, then in the height of his reputation, and busied on his great work of the Transfiguration, the fame of which it was intended that the resurrection of Lazarus should have eclipsed: but it failed of this lofty purpose.

It is however one of the largest and most remarkable pictures in our National Collection; and though controversy has arisen, as to the nature of the assistance which Michael Angelo afforded to his friend Sebastian;—chiefly, whether that assistance was limited to the design, or whether the great Florentine actually painted on the naked parts of the principal group, where Lazarus appears;—yet it is on all hands agreed that the picture is the production of their united labours; and certain drawings and sketches collected by the late Sir Thomas Lawrence, attest that Michael Angelo did certainly thus far assist the Venetian.

The figure of Lazarus is conceived and expressed with great power, and so are several others, particularly those who are assisting to rid him of his

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grave-clothes, and those old men near, who have just witnessed the miracle, more especially him with upraised hands and a venerable beard, just beyond Jesus Christ and the kneeling sister of the resuscitated—which figure, as we find it repeated in the Last Judgment of the Capella Sestina, we may be well assured is the invention of Michael Angelo.

But in the figure of the Saviour himself, which should have transcended all these, there is some falling off. He is rather too short; and though placed on a stone pedestal raised from the ground some eight or nine inches, he yet wants elevation, and is also deficient in that commanding majesty which is the natural concomitant, and ocular index of super-human power; which innate majesty it is the highest attribute, and, we had almost written, the peculiar privilege of painting and sculpture to display in its purity—that is to say, without theatric swagger or grimace.

Beyond are the holy women approaching toward the fore-ground, who have evidently not witnessed, and are not yet thoroughly informed of, the re-animation of their beloved friend and brother. The rest of the composition consists of various groups of Sadducees and Pharisees, disputing the marvellous occurrence with certain of the disciples, amongst whom St. John the Evangelist is distinguishable.

The picture was painted by order of Cardinal Julio de Medicis, then Archbishop of Narbonne, and was presented by him to the principal church of that city, from which it was obtained at a great expense by the Duke of Orleans. It is said to have cost Mr. Angerstein two thousand guineas. Its dimensions are 12 feet, 6 inches; by 9 feet, 6 inches.









W. & C. JONES & CO. LONDON

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## CLAUDE LORRAIN.

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### A SEA-PORT AT SUNSET, WITH THE EMBARKATION OF SAINT URSULA.

No. 30.

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p. 103

ST. URSULA embarked with a train of eleven thousand virgins ! which is rather a startling number. The painter appears to have thought so, and has therefore hit upon the ingenious expedient, of letting these virgins appear in his picture by their representatives. Here are about twenty-two, which is at the rate of one representative for every five hundred virgins—the spectator being, however, left at liberty to suppose (if he should so please) that the remainder of this pure and precious cargo, are advancing from beyond the portico, on the picture-frame.

It must be allowed that Claude has here drawn largely, and at sight, upon our credulity or our indulgence, if he expects us to fancy, with him, that the noble Palladian palaces, towers, and temples which adorn this beautiful sea-port, were erected here in England—for, to England the legend of St. Ursula appertains—before the year of our Lord 238. But fine painting like his calls forth charity with our admiration ; “ Charity covereth a multitude of sins ;” and candour obliges us to confess, that, of sins against chronology, costume, and common sense, here are a multitude to cover.

The eleven thousand virgins are recorded to have embarked from England—St. Ursula being a betrothed English princess—upon a pilgrimage to Rome, A.D. 238. They had a fair wind, and passed over the British Channel to the port of Tyelle, in Gaul, in the course of a single

#### THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

day: without debarking there, they proceeded to Cologne, where an angel of the Lord appeared to Ursula, and promised her that, after performing their pilgrimage to Rome, the virgins should return to that place, and there be honoured with the crown of martyrdom. The legend implies, that they boldly *voyaged* onward to Basle, and “lefte there theyr shyppes, and went to Rome a fote.”

The Pope, having also been born in Britain, was right glad at heart, and received his countrywomen, the Virgins and the Princess, with all honour; and that same night it was revealed unto him that he should receive *with them* the crown of martyrdom, which revelation Cyriac prudently kept to himself; and, after baptizing such of the virgin host as had not been previously initiated, would have resigned his holy office and dignity, but was opposed by the conclave of cardinals, who were adverse to his going after “these folysche virgyns, but he wolde not agree to abide.” The reader perceives that we have spared him and ourselves the trouble of following everywhere the obsolete orthography, and have altogether dispensed with those black-letter types which are so profoundly interesting in certain quarters.

The legend, rather unluckily for Claude, does not say whether the saint and virgins reimarked at the Tiburine port (now Civita Vecchia), or how they returned to Cologne; and we must abbreviate the remainder. It must suffice, that they did return thither, attended by the Pope, and a large company of Bishops and other ecclesiastical personages, who had been warned by visions to accompany them, and that the said ecclesiastics were there martyred, and this host of maidens lost their heads—the whole party being cut to pieces or decapitated—but not deflowered—by an army of Huns, who were at that time beleaguering the city; the Prince of the Huns himself despatching St. Ursula with an arrow, because she refused him for a husband.

The picture—one of the very finest sea-port subjects in the National Gallery—came from the Barberini Palace, and measures 4 feet 11 inches by 3 feet 8 inches.









Engraved by







# CLAUDE LE LORRAINE.

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## PASTORAL LANDSCAPE,

No. 104.

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p. 104

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CLAUDE GELEE was born of poor parents, in the year 1600, at Lorraine, by the name of which, as his birth-place, he became afterwards distinguished. Blest by few advantages of education, his progress is recorded as being below that of his school-fellows, in general terms; but nothing can be more probable than that the preceptor was more in fault than the pupil. At the usual age he was apprenticed to a pastry-cook, who also complained of his dulness, thereby rendering the former charge apparently more true; but, notwithstanding this reiterated assertion, it may be much questioned, whether the dulness in question might not rather have been termed *absence*, and that the wanderings of an imagination capable of appreciating all that was most beautiful in Nature, and striking in Art, were mistaken for stupidity, first by the constructor of syllables, and afterwards by the architect of pies.

This opinion is the more likely to be true, because we find that the contemned youth, who appears to have lost his parents in early life, and to have had no friend who could supply their place, on removing from the town where he was apprenticed, to Rome, did not seek to follow his profession, but, in preference, became the menial servant of a painter, Agostino Tassi, which unquestionably arose from his devotion to that art which he afterwards embraced so entirely, and with such distinguished success.

For a considerable time the employments of Claude in the *studio* of this painter, rose no higher than to clean the brushes, grind the colours,

#### THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

and perform the drudgeries incident to his situation. But, happily, Agostino was either gifted with more penetration than the former masters of Claude, or the excellence of his disposition (which is reported as kind and benevolent) induced him to give instruction to the vigilant and humble menial. Claude delighted to learn, and drinking instruction with enthusiasm, apparently new in his character, redeemed, by vigilance, the long period of time in which it might be said, that "Fortune had defeated the designs of Nature;" and under a very inefficient master, obtained the only instructions he was ever blest with—the lights which were to guide him to immortality.

Of amiable and unassuming manners, entirely devoted to his art, gentle and beneficent, observant and sagacious, Claude trod in a calm and certain path to that fame which he yet did not court, and that fortune which he never appeared to covet. Nature was the sole object of his admiration,—the power of imitating her, the end of his existence; and when courted by the world, and honoured by princes, he still held on, unmoved, his habits of vigilant study,—of a temperance which admitted of no innovation,—a simplicity of manners, as wise as it was modest.

Claude lived to the advanced age of eighty-two, admired as an artist above all who had preceded him, and sincerely beloved as a guileless, benevolent, consistent, and amiable man. He was buried in the church of Trinita del Monte, with all those affecting ceremonies and honours, which the Church of Rome and the taste of the Italian Sovereigns know so well how to display.

The composition of "The Pastoral Landscape" (says an able critic,) is very beautiful; and it may be conjectured, from the colouring, that the artist intended to describe the hour of eight or nine in the morning, at an advanced period of the summer. This picture formed part of the Angerstein Collection.











## SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

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### PORTRAITS OF THREE LADIES ADORNING THE ALTAR OF HYMEN.

79.  
p. 105

AT one period of the life of Sir Joshua, whole-length portraits were pretty much the fashion; and it was always a good custom in portrait-painting, where the subject admitted, to accompany such, either with depicted indications of the rank of the parties, or with professional insignia. But, as the President could not paint ladies as he did naval and military officers, resting upon swords, anchors, or cannon, other devices were sought, which might bring with them an air—or a painter's opportunity of displaying an air—at once picturesque and poetical. Miss Lewis, who afterward became Lady Dysart, was represented as Shakespeare's Miranda; a more youthful beauty personated Hebe; and another lady (whose name does not at the present moment occur to us) appeared brandishing a torch, and rushing forth, as "lovely Thais," to fire Persepolis—an exploit which Reynolds had much better have left to Romney and Lady Hamilton, for *his* Thais fired nothing, while Romney's fired the hearts of all beholders.

But, for ladies of less ambition, or more pastoral taste, more humble and rural characters were adopted. Mrs. Macklen and her daughter appeared at a spinning-wheel; and Miss Potts (now Mrs. Landseer), in the same picture, as a gleaner.

It must have been during this period, that the three beauties, who are here represented as offering incense to Hymen, and preparing to enwreath

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a terminal statue of that deity with a garland of flowers, presented themselves to the President, expressing their wish to be grouped all in one picture. For the sake of our readers, we wish we had been present at their interview with Sir Joshua on the subject; but can easily imagine, that when the eldest of the young ladies stated their wish, as three friends, two of them sisters, to be all represented in a single picture, and consulted him as to the most eligible vehicle or device, that the Knight, with gentle gallantry, and with his usual affability, would say, "Why, as you are all spinstresses, I can paint you *spinning*—like Clotho and her sisters—the three Destinies:" and that the lady would answer, "O, no! You know we are not Destinies, though we are spinsters." The Knight could not do less than reply to this,—“All beauties are Destinies, Madam; the fates of our sex depend on them. However, as spinning at a cottage-door might be too rustic, what does your Ladyship think of *weaving* or *turning* a flowery garland, with which to decorate the shrine of Hymen?” The conclusive rejoinder, “Aye, that will do, Sir Joshua; that will be more to our taste;” follows of course.

The autumnal hues, to which Reynolds was partial, are spread over the landscape. The group is rich in his yellow-brown and crimson tints, and is of some elegance, which is more especially seen in the attitude of the lady habited in white, who stands nearest the altar, and lets the flowery wreath fall into festoons, which the consummate address of the artist has contrived shall really decorate her own fine person, rather than the statue.

We have only space to add, that the deity to whom the fair votaresses are preparing to pay their vows—the middle one seems in the act of kneeling for that purpose—proved propitious. They became the Honourable Mistresses Townshend, Beresford, and Gardiner.

The picture was bequeathed to the National Gallery by the late Earl of Blessington. It measures 9 feet 6 inches, by 7 feet.





*The great Fair of London.*

*From the engraving of J. G. W. N.*







# R U B E N S.

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## SAINT BAVON.

No. 106.

p. 106

THE Rev. W. Holwell Carr, who bequeathed this superb picture to the National Gallery, brought it from the Conega Palace, at Genoa; and, not long after his arrival with it in England, liberally sent it to the British Institution, as a study for the young historical painters of London—a laudable example, which many British noblemen and gentlemen have since followed, with considerable advantage to the arts of their country.

Let due praise be awarded to Mr. Carr, for a deed so liberal and praiseworthy. Till then, though we had a public *drawing* school at the Royal Academy, we had no school of *painting*, either there or elsewhere, in England. We might have had one through similar auspices; fine pictures were not wanting; but, with the exception of the Professor Barry, the members of the Academy were supine, till Mr. Carr voluntarily came forward with this laudable and influential example.

The Saint Bavon consists of a multifarious, magnificent, and elaborate composition, designed and coloured with most masterly ability, wherein the holy proselyte is represented distributing alms among a multitude, consisting of the halt, the blind, and the lame; poor miserable women, children, and other suffering mendicants and cripples. In the centre, is seen a monarch ascending a grand flight of steps, at the top of which stands a bishop in the act of readiness to receive him. Below, and on the right hand, is a group of courtiers, some on horseback, others on

#### THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

foot, with various spectators. On the left, is a group of ladies, standing on an elevated platform.

The subject of the picture has some local reference to the city of Ghent, with which we are but imperfectly acquainted—a privation which we share with Sir Joshua Reynolds; for in the cathedral church of this city was formerly an altar-piece of this subject, also from the pencil of Rubens, which, with bad taste, or from some motive of personal favouritism, was displaced in order to make room for a mediocre piece of sculpture. So Sir Joshua hath recorded; adding, that “when Rubens was thus degraded, one may conclude his fame was not established. The picture is now placed in a chapel behind the great altar. The Saint is represented in the upper part of the picture, in armour, kneeling, and is received by a priest at the door of a church. Below is a man, who may be supposed to be his steward, giving money to the poor.

“This picture, for composition, colouring, richness of effect, and all those qualities in which Rubens more particularly excelled, claims a rank amongst his greatest and best works.”

The dimensions of the Carr picture are 6 feet 6 inches by 5 feet  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches.







Jones & C<sup>o</sup> Temple & the Mills for the Square





# TITIANO VICELLIO.

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## BACCHUS AND ARIADNE.

No. 35.

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p. 107

THE Bacchus and Ariadne is the finest work from the hand of Titian which our National Gallery contains. It was painted during the prime of the artist's life, for Alphonso I. duke of Ferrara, and has long been celebrated throughout Europe.

This picture ranks highly in composition and drawing (though the forms of some of its figures are allowed to be a little overcharged); but its *chief* merits reside in the *poetical conception* of the subject, and in its rich and splendid *colouring*; of which latter Sir Joshua Reynolds has left us a technical or professional analysis, which the student in painting may read with advantage, in his eighth discourse, but which is too long for our pages.

It may seem curious, and is certainly not one of the *proofs* that the present age is enlightened, that the principal excellencies of a prime work from the pencil of Titian, should have become the subject of so much egregious misperception, and of coarse and irrelevant remark on the part of a contemporary, who is ostensibly *selected* to write of works of art, on account of his superior taste and knowledge of such matters; and that the public should have tolerated this egregiousness.

We have said *misperception*, wishing to use a mild term, and because we cannot suppose our contemporary wished or intended to misrepresent Titian, where he treats of the present vividly-coloured picture as being a *night-piece*; and of Bacchus and his party having gone into a wood for the double purpose of *hunting* and *drinking*, when they are obviously returning from a *sacrifice*, and bearing along some of the limbs of the



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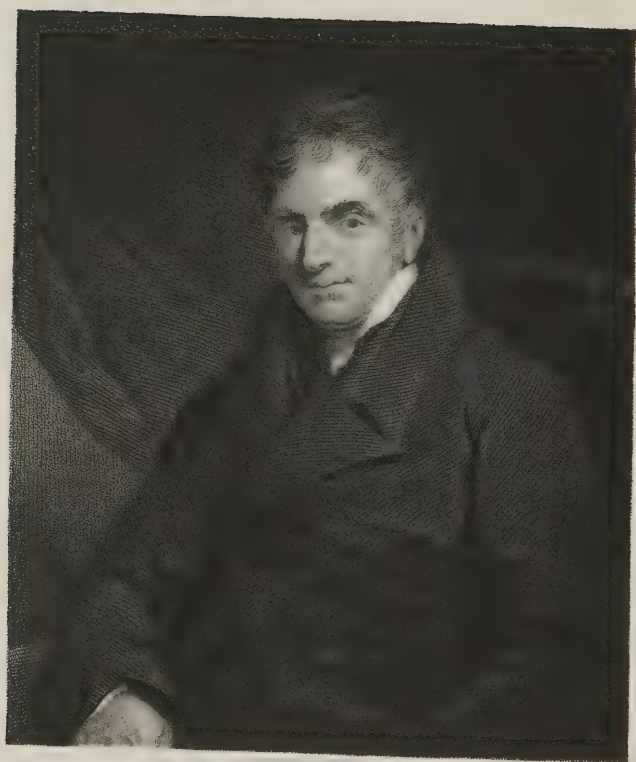
slaughtered victim. But it will be proper to substantiate these assertions of ours, in order to which we shall cite a few passages from what has been very justly written of these blunders, in a certain periodical, and which we could not readily put into more pertinent and appropriate language.

“How came our critic to entertain the singular fancy, that he saw in this floridly-coloured picture from the pencil of Titian, a moonlight! Really this is a most extraordinary revelation on the part of our critical dissertator and describer; who further *informs* us, that Bacchus and his revellers, ere they encountered the solitary daughter of the Cretan king, had been merely excursing for the double purpose of hunting and drinking. Though such observations may ‘split the ears of some of the groundlings,’ they will assuredly ‘make the judicious grieve.’ ‘Bacchus (he says), during an excursion for the double purpose it would appear of hunting and drinking, arrives at the wild sea-shore, with woods at hand, and temples at a distance, and with light enough from the *stars and moon* to observe not only the loveliness of the scene, but also the beauty of Ariadne, who, on hearing the approach of Bacchus and his revellers, throws down her mantle [which she has not thrown down] and *pitcher*, and *flies*, plucking higher a part of her lower dress as she *runs*, and showing a shapely leg.’ Now, none of the figures introduced into this composition have either bow, arrow, javelin, or other weapon, or indication even of hunting. Who would go hunting with old lazy-paced Silenus on his ass? and an Indian juggler, gymnosophist, or ophincus, entwined with serpents? The critical reader will not fail to note here, that Titian, by the introduction of this serpent-twined figure, shews that he *had* received a learned education, which Mr. C. has chosen to dispute: but what does the critic show by omitting all mention of this mystic truth?” There is more, and of a very conclusive character, but we have not room to insert it.

The picture is from the Villa Aldobrandini, and measures 6 feet 3 inches, by 5 feet 9 inches.











## JOHN JACKSON, R.A.

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PORTRAIT OF THE REV. W. HOLWELL CARR, B.D. F.R.S.

No. 108.

p. 108

THE distinguished painter of the present portrait was the son of a village tailor, and was born at Lastingham, in the North Riding of Yorkshire. From his infancy he discovered a great predilection for drawing, and at the age of nineteen, ventured to offer himself to public notice as a painter of miniature portraits in the city of York. During one of his excursions from thence, he became known to, and was favourably noticed by the late Lord Mulgrave, who recommended him to the patronage of the tasteful Earl of Carlisle.

Introduced at Castle Howard, Jackson had great opportunities of improvement, and the copy which he made there of Annibale Caracci's celebrated picture of the three Maries, being greatly admired, increased his reputation so as to induce and enable him to venture on a journey to the metropolis.

He probably brought with him letters of introduction to Sir George Beaumont, for we find him soon after making a very successful copy from a picture of Sir Joshua Reynolds's, lent him by the baronet, and at Sir George's instance—who also is believed to have kindly assisted him with pecuniary means for following up his London studies—entered as a student in the Royal Academy. This was in 1804, and in less than three years he was established among the most reputable portrait painters of the British metropolis, every succeeding exhibition adding to his professional fame.

In the year 1816, he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy,

#### THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

and, in 1818, a royal academician. During the former year, he accompanied General the Hon. Edmund Phipps on a tour through Holland and the Low Countries, and in 1819, he made the tour of Italy with Chantrey the sculptor, where he met with great attention from Canova, who sat to him for his portrait, which portrait, we believe, is still in the possession of our celebrated statuary.

Jackson married a daughter of Mr. Ward, the academician, by whom we believe he has left two or three children. He died at his residence at St. John's Wood, at the age of fifty-three. He was exemplary in his social and domestic relations, and his manners were frank and engaging.

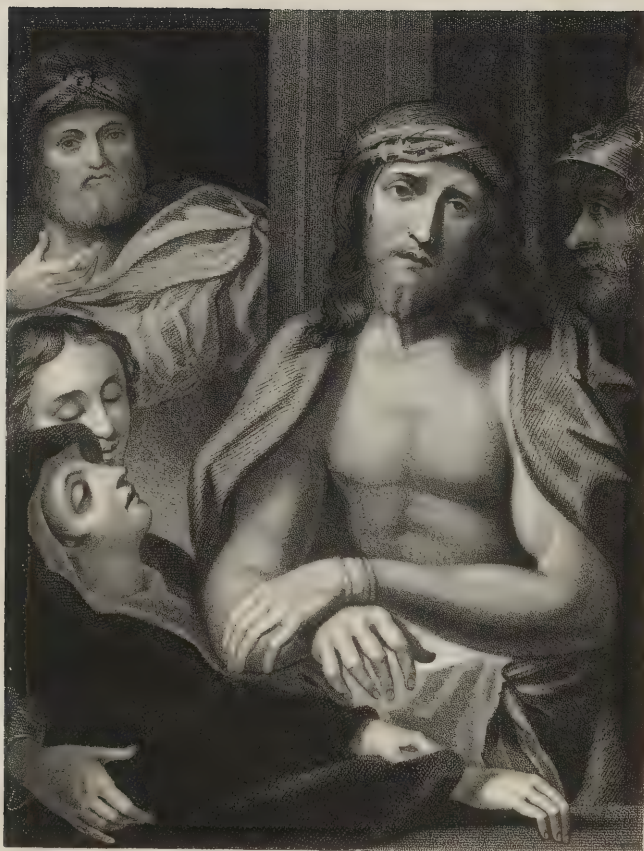
The likenesses of this artist are remarkably faithful, and though less delicately and elaborately finished than those of Sir Thomas Lawrence, evince more of intuitive energy of style. That which we now publish, is an excellent portrait of one of the most liberal and munificent of the contributors to the National Gallery. The original was a little more florid in complexion, and if our academician's colours have in this instance somewhat faded, it is by no means a fault that is generally imputable to his works.

The Rev. Mr. Carr was also of Yorkshire: his paternal name was Holwell, and he was the son of the Rev. William Holwell, B.D. vicar of Thornbury. He died Dec. 24, 1831, at the age of seventy-two. His portrait came to the National Gallery with his valuable Collection, and is of the usual half-length dimensions.













## ANTONIO COREGGIO.

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### THE "ECCE HOMO!"

No. 15.

p. 109

THIS is one of the two pictures recently purchased by Government, for the National Gallery, of the Marquis of Londonderry, at the price of eleven thousand five hundred pounds. It has, for fourteen or fifteen years, been a justly admired ornament of the collection at Holderness House, and was brought thither from the Colonna Palace at Rome. We were previously in possession of a copy from that highly celebrated and valuable work, either by Lodovico Caracci, or by some talented disciple of the Bolognese school; the original, however, is very much superior. Of course, the two pictures are alike in composition; but the drawing of Coreggio's is much more exquisite than that of the copyist, and the colouring and chiar'oscuro are also very much to be preferred.

Coreggio has a far more ample and efficient diffusion of light and clearness throughout his performance, and more especially on the figure of our Saviour, which is quite of first-rate excellence, and is the evident fountain whence the Caraccii and their pupils drew the general character of all those heads of the Redeemer, which appear in their numerous scriptural works, modified by the varying demands of each particular occasion.

Of the evangelical versions of this important passage of the history of human redemption, (which differ not from each other in regard of any of the essential points,) Coreggio appears to have preferred that of

### THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

St. John. The reader will trace, with due interest, the resemblance between the picture and the following passage from his Gospel.

“The soldiers platted a crown of thorns, and put it on his head, and they put on him a purple robe; and said, Hail, King of the Jews! And they smote him with their hands. Pilate, therefore, went forth again, and saith unto them, Behold, I bring him forth to you, that ye may know that I find no fault in him.

“Then came Jesus forth, wearing the crown of thorns, and the purple robe. And Pilate saith unto them, *Behold the Man!*”

One of these Roman soldiers appears, wearing a helmet, to the right of the Saviour, and seems touched with remorse. But the most pathetic passage in the picture, next to the transcendental character and expression of Jesus Christ himself, is the fainting Madonna, who, overcome with the excess of her sorrow at seeing her son brought forth bound and bleeding, and at hearing the brutal shouts of the rabble, who are supposed to be behind the spectator, has completely swooned away, and is supported by another of the holy women. Pilate, having withdrawn within the judgment-hall, and pronounced the emphatic words, “Ecce Homo!” his head, attired in an oriental turban, is seen through an aperture.









Engraved by J. G. Kneller

Engraved by J. G. Kneller

Engraved by J. G. Kneller

Engraved by J. G. Kneller





# ANTONIO DA COREGGIO.

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## MERCURY INSTRUCTING CUPID.

No. 110.

— Pl 110 —

THIS is one of the two pictures lately purchased by government of the Marquis of Londonderry, at the price of 11,000 guineas, and added to the National Collection.

According to some classical authorities, Mercury, whom Coreggio has here depicted as instructing Cupid in the art of reading, was his father. Without controverting, or insisting upon this fact, it is sufficiently credible that the deity, who, in his after existence, was to have so much to do in the dictation and construction of *billet-doux*, should, in his earlier infancy, have learned to read; and to whom should his mother have brought him for instruction, but to the god of letters?

Conformably to this idea, the great painter of Parma has chosen to fancy, very poetically, that Venus has here brought her infant son, while his wings were but budding, to an umbrageous nook, we may suppose, of Mount Cyllene, in Arcadia, to receive a lesson; or that Mercury, with more gallantry, has waited upon the goddess, in her own island of Cythera. The little deity approaches his task with an exquisitely-conceived child-like timidity, and an air of deferential respect toward his tutor; and Mercury sits—much as a mortal schoolmaster would sit upon such an occasion, but with scarcely any other attire than the *petasus* with which Jupiter had presented him; which, if we rightly remember, our great philologist, Horne Tooke, has rendered denotive of winged words,

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and which is, therefore, pertinent to the present occasion. The painter has converted this winged cap—an article evidently of Vulcanian workmanship—to a very ornamental head-dress, and a focus of brilliant light, at the same time that it indubitably indicates this deity.

Coreggio's Venus, though eminently graceful, assumes no airs of divinity or of voluptuous blandishment; but presents herself, simply and meekly, in her maternal character, divested of amorous witcheries. But we, notwithstanding, discover in the face and figure of the goddess much of the cast or kind of beauty which appertains to the handsome women of the Parmese territory, and of the north of Italy; just as in the Venuses and other female beauties of Rubens, we discover the felt and acknowledged loveliness of the Netherlands. We scarcely recollect a painted Venus more entirely naked than the present; and none else is so modestly contrived. In an attitude certainly of considerable elegance, and abounding in beauteous undulations of contour, but still calculated to attract us, *chiefly* by the interest which the goddess herself takes in the education of her son; whilst the little godling, with his callow, or half-fledged wings, his fair and silky hair, which seems just beginning to cluster into curls, and his unsophisticated, childish, and charming gracefulness, having advanced with an infantile timidity, calculated to please a poet and to interest every tasteful observer, toward his preceptor, holds his scroll-book, which is also held by Mercury, with the left hand, while he points, inquiringly and with becoming aptitude, with the right, to the very letter or word to which his attention is solicited,—“Conning his task with mickle care.”

This picture measures 5 feet 1 inch by 3 feet.









*From the Original Picture by Nicholas Poussin.*

1811. See also the original in the collection of the Earl of Pembroke.







# NICCOLO POUSSIN.

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## NYMPH AND SATYRS.

No. 91.

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*p. 111*

Two satyrs having their heads garlanded with vine or ivy leaves, or perhaps a satyr and faun, (for we see not the lower limbs of the farthest of the two figures), have rambled forth, as we may guess, upon a wanton excursion, and in a rocky, romantic, and secluded dell, overhung by picturesque foliage, and enamelled with flowerets, have stumbled upon a sleeping nymph, who would appear to have sought retirement from the noon-day heats of a tropical climate.

The nymph, who is beautifully fair in complexion, as contrasted with the ruddiness of the satyrs, has been veiled with white drapery, which one of the satyrs is stealthily withdrawing, and obviously with no very chaste intentions. These figures occupy the immediate foreground: and at a little distance beyond appears the other satyr, who, in jealousy, or playfulness, and by way of impeding or preventing the design of his companion, awakens a curly-headed urchin, who, having recognised the mischievous satyr, may be expected, in the next instant, to sound an alarm, and perhaps avert the impending danger.

Together, these four figures constitute a piquant and admirable group, pyramidically disposed, and so entirely in the taste of those antique times, when

“ Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,

“ Peeping from forth their allies green,”

that did we not recognise beyond all further question the hand-writing

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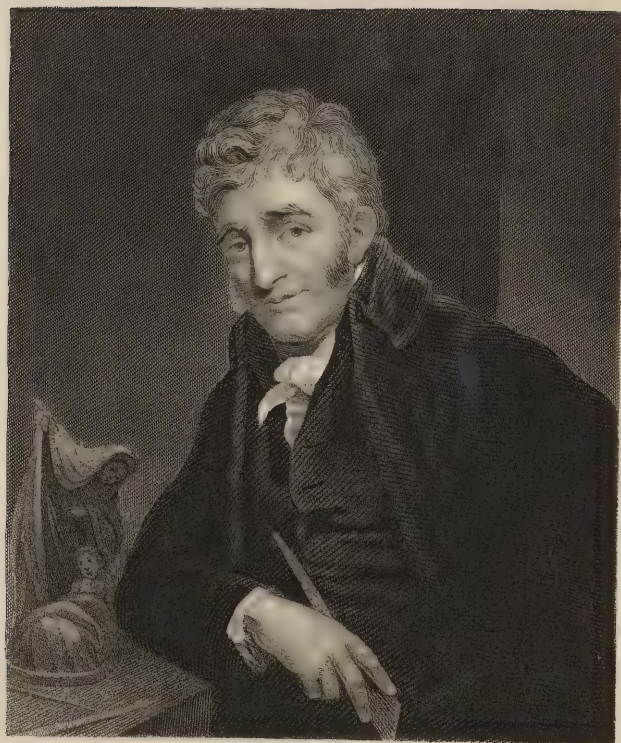
of Nicholas Poussin throughout the performance (at the youthful, or the middle period of his career,) we should incontinently seek about the near-ground for the name of some painter of ancient Greece, contemporary with Moschus or Theocritus.

But it is unquestionably one of the *Anacreontiques* of this great artist, to which we have formerly alluded, that we here behold, produced, in all probability, during his intimacy with the Italian poet Marino. The pencilling is exquisite, and the colouring rich, mellow, and congenial with the subject. It is not inferior in these respects to any work by the same artist in the National Collection.

It was bequeathed to the public by the late Rev. Wm. Holwell Carr, and measures 26 inches by 20.













# SIR WILLIAM BEECHEY, R.A.

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## PORTRAIT OF NOLLEKENS.

No 120.

p. 112

WITH his accustomed fidelity of portraiture, Sir William has here reintroduced to us the late distinguished sculptor and Academician, Joseph Nollekens, with all that simplicity of dress and deportment, and that unaffected look, which his surviving friends and brother artists must so well remember. The likeness is excellent, particularly with regard to those traits of study about the brow which added some expression to a head which Nature had touched off in rather a happy mood with regard to character.

With great propriety our artist here handles the chief instrument of his art, which in the practice of Nollekens was the modelling stick, and seems to have paused from using it, in order to listen to some professional observation from his friend the painter. This is so characteristic, so locally graceful, and so pertinent to the occasion, that we do not think Sir William, or any one else, could have possibly hit upon a more appropriate and gratifying manner of representing this distinguished sculptor to his friends and the public. We have scarcely a doubt that the action was copied from nature, as most pictorial happinesses of the kind are, for the two artists were long-continued friends, and the sculptor has been known sometimes to evince his approbation of the designs of the painter, by adopting and modelling from them. Further in the back-ground of this portrait appears a small model, seemingly unfinished, of an historical subject.

Concerning the biography of Nollekens, we have not space here to point out and demonstrate wherein disappointed hopes or wishes have led

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Mr. J. T. Smith into error, or worse, or for more than a very slight sketch. His father, Joseph Franciscus Nollekens was a painter of some merit, who had studied under Watteau ; and the subject of our engraving was born in Dean-street, Soho, on the 11th of August, 1737. At the age of thirteen, he was placed under Scheemaker, a sculptor of some, though not of first-rate eminence, residing in Vine-street, Piccadilly ; but young Joseph had previously learned drawing at Shipley's school in the Strand, and had occasional and very improving lessons on anatomical modelling from M. H. Spang, a Danish artist, of considerable talent, then residing in London.

After bearing away triumphantly three premiums from the Adelphi Society of Arts, and after serving his friendly master full ten years, " without the exchange of one unpleasant word," he travelled to Rome for improvement, where, being honourably noticed by Garrick and Sterne, whose busts he modelled, he was not long in obtaining both high reputation and considerable profit. He soon after gained the Pope's gold medal for a work in relieve ; and returning to his native country, devoted himself chiefly to the execution of busts, in which he excelled all the artists of his time. His Majesty, George III. sat to him ; he was honoured with the diploma of the R. A. ; and laid the foundation, and built the superstructure of that ample fortune and that endearing fame of which he died possessed on the 23d of April, 1823

The original picture is of the usual half-length dimensions, and was presented to the National Gallery by the late Rev. E. H. Kerrick, one of the executors of Nollekens. Its dimensions are, 30 inches by 25.













# JOHN OPIE, R.A.

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## TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

No. 113.

p. 113

THE father and grandfather of John Opie were reputable master carpenters of St. Agnes, a parish about seven miles from Truro, in Cornwall. He was early remarkable for the strength of his understanding, and for the rapidity with which he acquired all the learning that a village school could impart. At ten years of age he had made some proficiency in geometry; was familiar with Euclid, and was thought to be so capable of instructing the youth of Truro that, at the age of twelve, he set up an evening school in St. Agnes, where he taught arithmetic and writing, and reckoned among his pupils some who were really twice his own age.

But he could not submit to be brought up to his father's business; and, during his boyhood, having observed one of his companions drawing, he looked eagerly and in silence at the performance, and on being asked what he was thinking of, he replied, that he "was thinking that if he was to try, he could draw a butterfly as well as Mark Oates." He accordingly made the experiment—triumphed—and from that slight occurrence the bent of his talent was determined. But who sees not that, in fact, here is the latent sentiment which prompted Coreggio to exclaim, "I also am a painter!" when first introduced to the great works in the Vatican?

It happened soon afterward that his father, being employed in repairing a gentleman's house at Truro, young Opie attended him. In the parlour hung a picture of a Farm Yard, probably the first picture he had seen, and of humble execution. He stole from his father's side to contemplate it; and his first care, after returning home, was to procure such colours and canvass as that part of Cornwall afforded; and by these means,

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assisted by another journey or two to Truro, he produced a very tolerable copy of the Farm Yard.

His father checked, but his uncle promoted, his new studies; and Opie gradually, by copying the heads of his village acquaintance, attained a certain degree of skill in portrait painting, when he became accidentally known to Dr. Wolcot, then residing at Truro (and since celebrated under the *sobriquet* of Peter Pindar), who, having himself some skill in the art, a sound judgment, and a few tolerable pictures, gave useful instructions to the young Cornish student; and thus assisted and recommended, his fame found its way through the surrounding country, and he commenced itinerant portrait painter, visiting the neighbouring towns, and being sometimes the bearer of letters of introduction to the resident families of consideration.

Such were the professional beginnings of an artist and of a man of integrity, who gradually arrived at the honours of academicianship, and of being chosen Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy. Cut off in the prime of life, he was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, on Monday, the 27th of April, 1807.

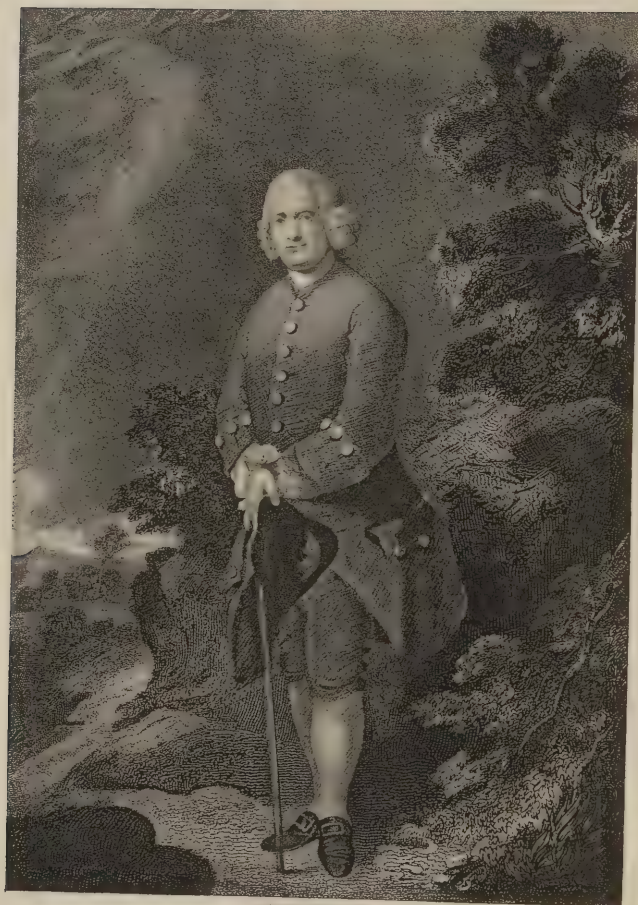
Opie came to the metropolis under the auspices of Dr. Wolcot, where his reception was warm, his progress eminently successful, and he was generally spoken of as the Cornish wonder! He painted at first with smaller pencils than he adopted when he had attained a broader and more masterly execution, and his hand more power—at which period of his life he produced numerous capital portraits; and among other historical works, those popular subjects for the Poets' and Shakspeare Galleries, and the History of England, which are well known. At this period, too, he produced the picture from which we now publish an engraving. It was a great favourite with the Professor Fuseli, and was painted for Mr. Silk, of Doctors' Commons, who bequeathed it to the National Gallery. It is taken from that scene in the garden, where Pandarus, introducing Cressida to her lover, says—

“Come—draw this curtain, and let's see your picture;”

and measures 7 feet 6 inches by 4 feet 10 inches.







F. SCHOMBURG. F. R. S.

*great Picture by Schomburg.*





# GAINSBOROUGH.

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PORTRAIT OF RALPHE SCHOMBERG, Esq.

No. 114.

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p. 114

THIS is a whole length portrait, introduced in an out-of-door scene, of a gentleman, descended from the celebrated Duke of Schomberg, a distinguished general of that name, who fought and fell at the famous battle of the Boyne: though not descended, we suppose, in a direct line, or he would have borne some higher title than that of Ralph Schomberg, Esq. Upon such points the heralds are rarely neglectful.

Scorning all meretriciousness, as he always did, Gainsborough has here placed before us the man himself, “with all *pours* and *contres*,”—all his localities of look, dress, and the silent part of his address. At a glance we perceive that Mr. Schomberg was short in stature, stout-built, and of an aspect bland, gentlemanly, benevolent, and intelligent, with a *tout ensemble* bearing no inconsiderable resemblance to our abstract ideas of the good Samaritans of the old school of medicine, the solemnity and elevated pretensions of whose first-rate wigs were firmly sustained below by a sedate reserve of gold-headed canes.

Concerning the biography of this gentleman we have nothing to impart. We believe that he was a court pensioner, and that the tenor of his way was noiseless. He looks contented, and probably

“Ne’er had chang’d, nor wish’d to change his place.”

Our painter has attired his subject in the customary dress which he wore when he visited, and probably when he appeared at Court, *i. e.* in



## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

a suit of unostentatious or subdued red, with embossed buttons of gold, or its semblance; and has, with judicious art, contrived, by means of the hair-powder, which fashion then scattered so abundantly about the shoulders, as well as the heads of her male votaries, to bring off the head and shoulders, or upper part of his figure, in a broad mass of light, from a dark-grey cloud; the light rekindles on a subordinate breadth upon the hand and ample dress ruffles of the wearer with excellent effect, and is led off into the landscape, near the horizon, with much of painter-like address.

The small three-cornered hat of black, which in the days of Schomberg, and about the time of the accession of our third George, topped the fashion, is placed in the wearer's hand, and, with much of Gainsborough-like skill, is also converted to a picturesque purpose, by being so introduced with reference to the rest of the performance as to give emphasis just where it is desirable, and diffuse an agreeable and natural cleanness and aerial tone through the whole picture.

This estimable work has recently been presented by the Schomberg family to the National Gallery. Its dimensions are, 7 feet 6 inches by 5 feet 1 inch.















